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TOILERS OF THE TENEMENTS

WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS OF THE GREAT SHOPS ARE MADE

BY

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IN February of last year, Mrs. Florence Kelley, an authority on the subject of tenement work, met two Italian children on Nineteenth Street in New York City, one morning, carrying bundles of "knee-pants" to a factory near by. When the boy was asked why he was not in school, he replied:

"I gotta scarlet fever, and we can't go to school because de Bo'd-a He'l' [Board of Health] ain't smoked out our house yet."

The child was in the "peeling" stage of scarlet fever, and investigation disclosed that the family were quarantined by the Health Department, but that they were "finishing" garments for the factory nevertheless. Before the Department of Labor (which was immediately notified) could take action, all the goods in the tenement had been returned to the factory and thence distributed to the retail trade.

This is a typical story, and many like it are

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constantly being told; yet the great shopping public usually discounts them or gets no keen realization of their significance. A generation ago, before the era of the factory, every woman was personally familiar with the places and the conditions in which her clothes were made; to-day the responsibility is shifted to the department store.

It is a matter of actual knowledge that many of the articles sold in the shops, especially those that have to do with new and popular fashions in women's dress, have, at some stage in their manufacture, passed through poor and unsanitary tenements. In other words, they have been produced under the so-called "home work" or "sweated" system of labor, which involves the industrial employment of married women and their children in their homes. A number of interdependent economic elements are at the root of this system: the most important are the vast yearly immigration into the United States of alien populations, the congestion of these foreign hordes in the most crowded industrial districts of our cities, and — as a result of the increase in rent and land values and the cheapening of the price of labor that necessarily ensue — the utilizing of this unskilled laboring population by manufacturers for the production of certain goods outside the factory.

During the last thirty years seventeen millions of foreigners have poured into our midst from central and southern Europe and Asia Minor: Italians, Hebrews, Poles, Russians, Bohemians, Rumanians, Greeks, Syrians, and many other races — most of them, except in the case of the Hebrews, passive, inarticulate, and illiterate, agriculturists by inheritance. These people differ fundamentally from the more intelligent and efficient Northern races that preceded them hither before 1880 — the English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, and Scandinavians, who, as we know, not only made their fortunes in our cities, but dared to become also the hardy and successful settlers of our distant Western plains. The recent immigrants, by contrast, are timid, utterly ignorant of our economic, social, and political conditions, and unfamiliar with any occupation but that of primitive labor in the fields. Yet, though they come, for the most part, from rural communities, they settle mostly in cities; because, on the one hand, they are too poor and ignorant to venture further into the unknown, and, on the other, they can get some sort of unskilled work, without delay, in the cities, through friends or relatives who have come to America before them.

Approximately four fifths of the total number of these invading immigrants land at Ellis Island; one third of these remain in New York State, seventy-eight per cent of them on Manhattan Island itself. New York City, with its vast industries and its factories, has obviously become the center of immigrant colonization in the United States. Between 1907 and 1909 nearly two million immigrants landed at this port, giving New York as their destination. Of these, nearly 600,000 were Italians, most of them South Italians and Sicilians, who form the largest racial unit in recent immigration, and whose women-folk furnish the largest number of workers for the tenement trades.

The Italians, and the other dark-skinned races who have swarmed and spread through New York from Brooklyn to the Bronx, have founded little multitudinous Sicilys and Calabrias and Syrias and Bohemias in the most congested and unsanitary sections of the city, near the factories and workshops on which they depend for a livelihood. The center of Manhattan Island, in the region below Fourteenth Street, is its most important manufacturing district. Here nearly half of the total number of factory workers (and many more of our poorest immigrants) are trying to exist on land the assessed value of which sometimes exceeds that in the "millionaire" residential quarters of the city.

Where People Live 1,000 to the Acre

In the most densely populated portions of the East Side there are 1,000 to the acre. Such a terrific figure can be reached only by means of high, six-story tenement-houses. The usual living apartment in such tenement-houses has two or three small rooms; into these are packed families with as many as eight or nine children, and often several lodgers besides. For Italians frequently take lodgers; and Poles and Lithuanians do so habitually. It is estimated that ninety-five per cent of the immigrant families live more than three in a room, while six people in one room is not an uncommon situation. Only one room in four in these tenements has adequate sunlight, and, in spite of the new tenement-house law, *there are still* 100,000 *tenement rooms in New York with no window even into an air-shaft or an adjoining room.*

But tenement rooms are used not merely for living and sleeping; they are, in thousands of cases, employed as work-rooms also. The husband often earns too little to support his family unaided. In any case, as the wife and children of his forefathers have always worked in the fields, and as the habit of familial labor is ingrained in his race and creed, the custom persists in spite of changed surroundings and conditions. The foreign-born women accept and approve the tradition, and, still keeping to their

THE RAPALLO FAMILY AT WORK ON ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

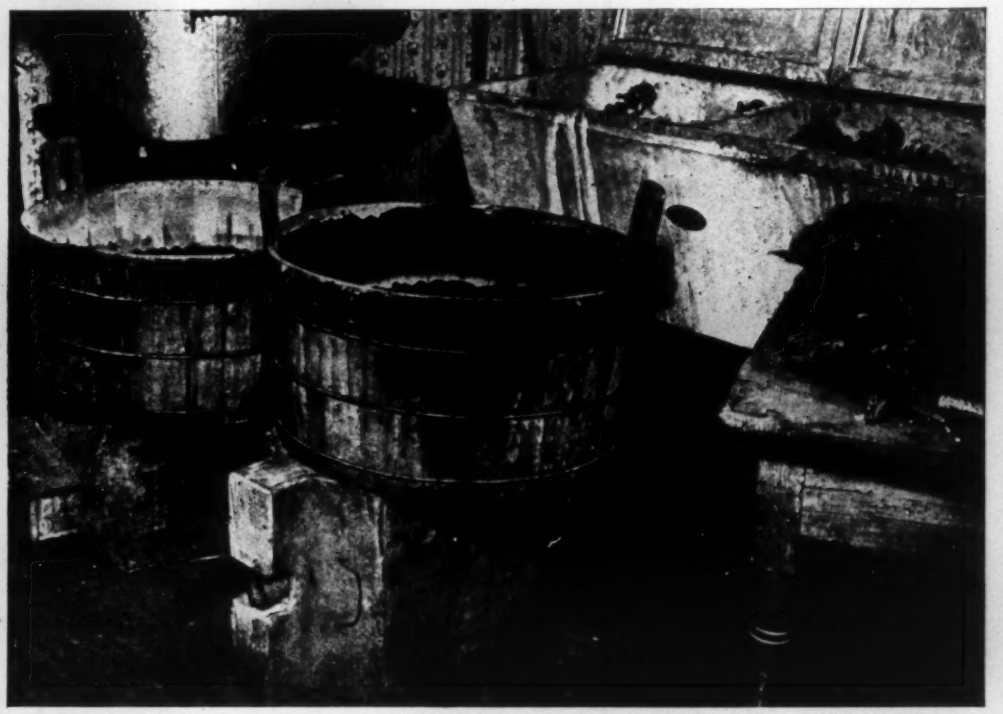
Mrs. Rapallo and her five eldest children make 18,000 violets in a week, for which they receive $4.50. This sum supports a family of eight. Seventy-three per cent of the artificial flowers of this country are made in New York tenements.

A TUBERCULOSIS SUSPECT ROLLING CIGARETTE WRAPPERS

Mrs. Olinsky, who is under medical observation, works for a well-known Fifth Avenue merchant. She licks the edges of the papers to moisten the paste.

MANUFACTURING "HUMAN HAIR," WHICH IS NOW SO FASHIONABLE

The hair is taken from the dead in China, and the tenement workers transform it into switches of all colors. Unless great care is exercised in its preparation, false hair may be the means of transmitting disease germs.



SWITCHES AND FALSE FRONTS IN THE MAKING.

The hair is boiled, bleached, and dried in unclean kitchens, and the combing is done in small, badly ventilated bedrooms. Dirty and clean hair pass through the same combs. Though revolting and dangerous, this industry is not prohibited by law.

THE PELLIGRINI FAMILY FINISHING CORSET COVERS AT HALF A CENT EACH

Olympia and Evelina Pelligrini, ten and eight years old, finish twelve dozen corset covers a day after school hours. The father is an invalid, and the two girls are the chief support of the family.

MRS. PRIOLA AND HER DAUGHTER AT WORK ON FANCY NECKWEAR

With the help of thirteen-year-old Angelina, Mrs. Priola can finish three collars in a day, for which she receives sixty cents. Angelina is often kept out of school because of the pressure of work.

MAKING "WILLOW" PLUMES FOR EXPENSIVE HATS

"Willowing" is paid for by the inch, and an eighteen-inch feather, which it takes two days to make, brings the tenement worker about eighty cents. The shops sell the same feather for from eight to twenty-five dollars.

"MAKING UP" THE HAIR INTO SWITCHES AND CORONET BRAIDS

The guide informed the investigator that "It iss not human hair; it iss dead Chinese criminals' hair." In this room, which was redolent of cooking, the hair was being made into switches and coronet braids.

GARMENT-FINISHING — THE WORST TYPE OF TENEMENT INDUSTRY

An entire family — even the babies contribute by pulling the bastings — cannot earn more than seventy cents a day at this trade. The most expensive custom-made clothes are finished in these foul workshops.

MAKING SILK POMPONS AT FIFTY CENTS A GROSS

The mother, who earns fifty cents a day, is the sole support of the family in winter. The father is an awning-maker and can find employment only in summer. The eldest girl cannot get an employment certificate because she is under weight.

homes as the center of existence, labor there with their children for many hours of each day. Usually they do not know even the name of the factory from which they get their work; its geographic relation to their home is the only point that interests them, and they go blindly back and forth with their heavy bundles and boxes of work, accepting without question whatever pay the "boss" gives them.

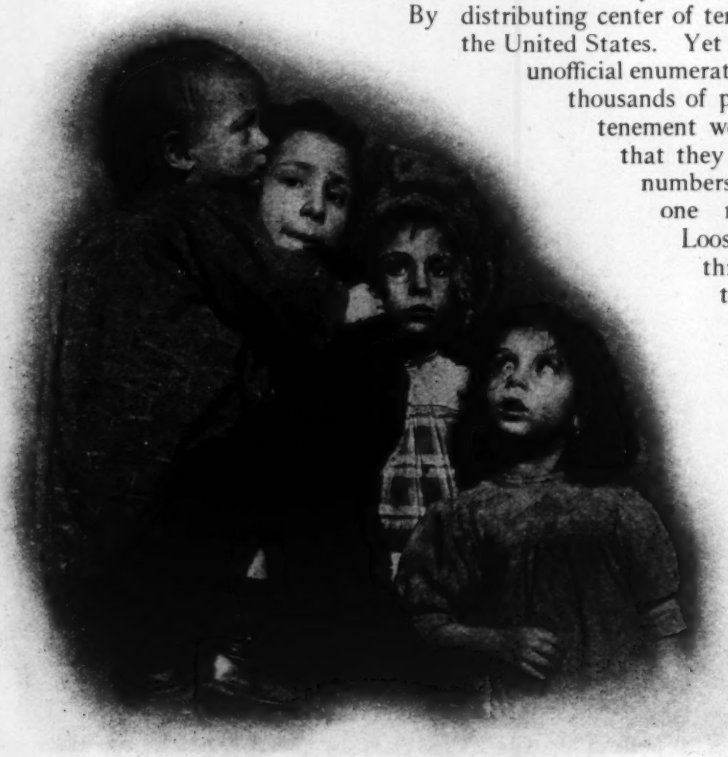
If the women of the tenements are dependent on the factories for their daily bread, many manufacturers rely equally on this tenement labor force, which is practically unlimited, completely unorganized, and which they can employ at their own terms. It is the manufacturer of "seasonal" or contract goods — goods that are manufactured at fixed seasons, or in response to a sudden demand on the part of the consumer — who sends most of the work into the tenements.

When a manufacturer invests capital in such a product, he is faced with the same problem of high rentals and land values that confronts the immigrant. The "home work" system enables him to avoid the heavy burden of maintaining throughout the year an establishment large enough to accommodate all the workers demanded by his business in the "rush" season. By drawing on the great reserve army of tenement workers he supplements his own workrooms, and is saved the expenses of higher wages, rent, heat, light, and machinery. Moreover, he is unhampered by the legal responsibilities entailed by factory work. The laws of New York State, which prohibit the employment of children under fourteen years of age, and regulate the hours of work of women and minors in factories, do not apply to tenement work.

AN ITALIAN "WILLOW" WORKER

New York City is the largest producing and distributing center of tenement-made goods in the United States. Yet no adequate official or unofficial enumeration is obtainable of the thousands of people engaged here in tenement work, nor of the trades that they follow. In fact, both numbers and trades vary from one month to the next. Loosely speaking, there are three general types of tenement manufacture — likely to change or merge with one another from day to day.

First there are the staple seasonal trades, such as garment-finishing, flower and feather making, etc. Here the demand recurs at fixed periods every year, and



LITTLE FLOWER-MAKERS OF THE EAST SIDE

the work is done always to a great extent in the tenements. Then there are the sporadic seasonal trades, such as embroidery-cutting, tassel-making, etc. These trades are intermittent, varying with the demand of the consumer. Lastly there are the ephemeral trades, governed by changing tastes and fashions, such as lace-making, bead-stringing, and the trade in human hair. These ephemeral trades are often managed by foreign women contractors, who employ women of their own nationality and sell the work to the shops.

*Artificial Flower-Making**

The artificial flower industry is one of the largest and most interesting of the seasonal trades in New York. Seventy-three per cent of the entire artificial flower manufacture of the United States is carried on in the Italian districts below Fourteenth Street. In almost every house — indeed, one might say on every floor of every house — whole families of Italians, from children of three and four years old to feeble men and women of great age, work at flower-making, night and day, during the busy season.

The season lasts from January to June. The cutting and dyeing of the various parts of the flowers and a certain proportion of the making are done in factories. The tenement worker's share may be "stemming" leaves, that is, fixing leaves to wire stems and winding the latter with tape; "making" the whole flower out of its separate parts; or "branching," a process that involves the wiring of leaves and flowers into sprays, and their arrangement in branches or wreaths.

Such work is paid for "by the piece," usually so much per gross or per gross of bunches. The sum varies from three and one half to five, twelve, fourteen, or twenty-five cents a gross. The pay is always too small to provide a "living" wage, even when a whole family is working together.

The system seems to defeat its own ends, even from the industrial standpoint. In 1908, $3,747,021 worth of artificial flowers were imported from France, where all the more beautiful and expensive types of flowers are made.

"You can't give these people over here anything but cheap stuff," said one manufacturer. "A few really skilled girls in the shop would be better for me than all these Guineas working all night."

The Rapallo Family at Work

After climbing four flights of dirty, ill-smelling stairs, I found the Rapallo family making violets together in their "fifth floor front" on Macdougal

CARRYING FINISHED GARMENTS TO THE FACTORY

* Most of the following reports are the result of a recent investigation by the New York Child Labor Committee, made with a special view of ascertaining the contribution of children to the newer kinds of tenement work.

CHILD WORKERS OF THE TENEMENTS

Street. In the front room, where the folding-beds were pushed out of the way, a large table, heaped with wire, green tape, green leaves, and purple petals, occupied the central space. Mrs. Rapallo, a woman of thirty, of the striking South Italian type, and her five eldest children, were gathered closely around the table, working on the flowers, while two babies were playing with the finished bunches of violets on the floor. The mother and the two older children, Michele, a boy of fourteen, and Maria, a girl of twelve, were fitting the petals to the stems with a bit of paste from a glass, by a deft turn of the finger. Pietro and Camilla, the younger children, were engaged in the simpler task of winding stems with green tape; while Antoinette, an undersized child of nine, under the mother's direction made the flowers and leaves into a "corsage bouquet." Such a bouquet sells in the shops for about a dollar and a half.

All the family looked happy except Michele, who bent over his work with a scowling face. I hoped to find out what was the matter by asking him how soon he would graduate from school. He pulled his cap over his eyes and did not reply.

"Mike no like school," explained Mrs. Rapallo; "he want to work out, but he has one hundred and thirty days of school to make up yet."

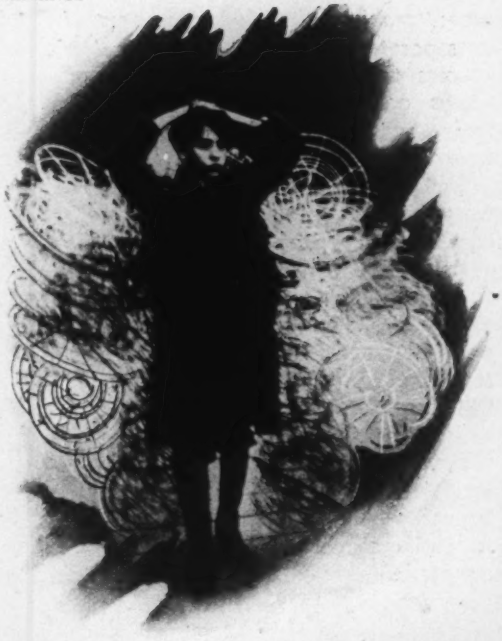
"Do you like to work at home better than to go to school?" I asked.

"Tired of flowers," he muttered, and dropped his head lower.

"But he have to help me all the same," continued his mother severely. "My old man he no good—no work for two years; all them children must help me."

"Mother, you speak to Camilla," interrupted Maria shrilly. "She isn't doing anything."

"Isn't she rather young to work after school?" I inquired,



CARRYING HAT FRAMES TO THE TENEMENTS, TO BE COVERED WITH CHIFFON

sorry to see Camilla's gaiety repressed by a slap.

"She too young for school," Mrs. Rapallo replied. "She can't do anything, only help me with flowers all day. We get fifteen cents a bunch for this kind of flowers," she went on, "and we can make five bunches a day if they all work. But seventy-five cents a day's not much, with rent eleven dollars a month, and seven children who always want to eat."

Four dollars and fifty cents a week was the wage for the united labor of a woman and five children. All the children but Camilla looked listless and weary as the excitement of my arrival wore off. The air was stifling; the whole apartment of three rooms had no light or air except what found its way from the two front windows into a dark back kitchen. The floor was dirty, and one of the babies, who sat there sucking a violet with very purple lips, had sore eyes. All the children's fingers were stained green and purple. I had been told that the dye was poisonous, and I asked Mrs. Rapallo if it hurt the children. She shook her head philosophically.

"The doctor say it may be the dye when Pietro have his pains in his stomach. But what can I do?"

The Misettos on the Floor Below

The Misettos live on the floor below the Rapallos. Here I found three girls of thirteen, eleven, and six years, a depressed middle-aged mother, and a toothless grandmother (whose hands, raw from some skin disease, were bandaged to the finger-tips) all working on cheap violets — the kind that sell at ten cents for a bunch of forty at the department stores. The violets were spread out on a blue iron bed which filled up most of the room.

"They pay us three and a half cents a gross," said Mrs. Misetto, "and if we work till the *mezzonotte* [midnight] we get sixty cents a day."

"That seems to me very little — three and a half cents for a hundred and forty-four violets," I said. "Can't you ask for more?"

She raised her hands in horror. "The boss he shut the door in my face!" she exclaimed. "Plenty other women wait to get the work."

"What does your husband do?" I asked.

"Flower factory for six dollars a week. But what's that? It is only a month or two, anyway. Nothing is good with us since my beautiful sons died"; and she pointed to an enlarged photograph in a gorgeous gilt frame on the wall.

"Roberto," she said, "he had the typhoid, and the other had coughs. They say I ought to move," she added helplessly, "but I don't anywhere else know how to find three rooms for twelve dollars a month."

The Two Manetti Girls

In both of the foregoing cases the income from flower-making was the chief income of the family, but was not enough for a bare existence. Two girls named Manetti, who live in a "ground-floor front" on Sullivan Street, are getting much better pay for their flowers, and yet have less need of it, for they work in a factory during the day. They are handsome girls of good Genoese stock, who were, however, born in New York. As our visit was made at about seven o'clock at night, the mother was washing the supper dishes; but Giulia and Elena sat at the kitchen table, on which a dish of macaroni was still standing, making quantities of tiny forget-me-nots and lilies-of-the-valley into long, elaborate wreaths. Giulia, the elder, a girl of twenty-one, frequently stopped her work to lean her head on her hands. She felt ill, she said, but she did not know why, unless it was "the dust of the flowers that got in her throat." She explained with pride that she was "forelady" in a very nice factory, and got twelve dollars a week. Elena, who was seventeen, was also a "forelady," earning nine dollars a week in another factory. The father was dead, but, as the mother was janitress, they had no rent to pay, and evening work seemed unnecessary.

"Don't you get very tired working at home after ten hours in the factory?" I asked Elena, whose fingers had been flying through the sprays of forget-me-nots.

"I just *have* to make two dozen wreaths a night," she answered. "The boss thinks I'm real smart, and he gives me forty cents a dozen, too."

Making "Willow" Plumes

Tying the flues of "willow" plumes — the sweeping artificial ostrich feathers of the present fashion — has become during the last two years a very extensive tenement industry. The factories where these feathers are made are located chiefly in the Italian districts of the upper East Side. On some streets the ground floor and first floor of almost every house are occupied by small factories and workshops, and during the season — from March to June, and from September to December — the window of every factory has a sign in Italian: "Women wanted to work in willow." Most of the curling and dyeing of the feathers is done in the factories; but seventy per cent of the "willowing"

— the most lengthy and monotonous part of the trade — is done in the tenements.

"Willowing" consists in tying to every "flue" or filmy strand of a good ostrich feather two strands stripped from inferior ostrich feathers. The work is paid for by the inch; five or six cents an inch in factories, and four or five cents an inch in the homes for black plumes, and a cent less for white. The inch is measured on the stem of the original feather, and therefore involves the tying of innumerable delicate knots for each inch of finished work. When the fashion was new, and the supply of workers smaller, the price was eight and eleven cents an inch.

A tenement worker cannot make an eighteen-inch feather in less than one and a half or two days. She is paid seventy-two or ninety cents for this work. The feather sells at retail anywhere from eight and a half to twenty-five dollars, according to the quality of the material. The small manufacturers say that they count on making from one to two dollars' profit on each feather, but that the large manufacturers make very much more.

A number of instances were found where — contrary to law — one room of a living tenement had been turned into a workshop, and outside "hands," including children under fourteen years of age, as well as the entire family of the owner, were at work. In one such room two women from outside, with nursing babies in their arms, were "willowing," and the six young children of the proprietor were either working or playing with the feathers.

The man asked the visitor if she could not get his two younger children into a home. He explained that his seven-months-old baby, "a skinny girl born in last feather season," had just died of bronchial pneumonia after three months in the hospital, and that he couldn't keep the other babies out of the work-room, and thought the air and floating down were bad for their throats. In his small work-room were ten women, and he said he employed at least one hundred in the tenements, and yet was not able to make feathers fast enough to meet the demand.

Jennie Martini, a backward girl of fifteen, was kept at home from school to work on feathers. The truant officer was sent after her, but could never find her. She was always "next door at her sister's"; but by the time the officer had reached the sister's, Jennie had gone — presumably over the roof — and could not be caught. When she was finally summoned to court, her mother had lengthened her skirts and heightened her heels, put up her hair, and engaged her to be married to a boy of eighteen. The mother pleaded that she was too old for school, and that "her fellow didn't want her to go," and the judge dismissed the case. When we found Jennie, she was working on feathers. The "fellow" was sitting by, and the mother boasted that she had outwitted the authorities, and that three other girls in the block had "got tired of school and had got fellows just like her girl."

Mary Albanelli was also on the truant list of an upper East Side school, and when we went to see her, we happened to meet her father on the stairs. He was very well dressed, had bristling mustachios and a military air, and followed us suspiciously to his apartment on the top floor.

His wife, a huge, impassive woman, was working on a black feather fastened to the table in a clean kitchen very much decorated with postcards and gilt-edged china. Mary, a round-shouldered, pale-faced child of thirteen, was knotting flues and doing her lessons in a corner. Mrs. Albanelli hardly glanced up at us when we came in, but went on laboriously tying knots with her soft, fat fingers, while her husband explained that he bought the material and sold the feathers privately, not through a factory. "My woman she ver' slow and stupida; she taka two days to make. And you can't getta much for feathers in New York. Now, in New Orleans you can sell well."

We discovered that the man was part-owner of a sugar refinery in the South, and that he owned, besides, a five-story tenement in the Bronx, which he rented to "American peoples," each apartment for a much larger rent than he paid for his own apartment.

Garment-Finishing

Ninety-five per cent of the so-called "home finishing" in New York City is done by Italians.

A day's wages for the united work of a family do not usually exceed sixty or seventy cents in this trade; they may be much less, but are never much more. The work varies from pulling bastings — this is usually the task of the babies — and sewing on buttons, to putting in linings of coats and trousers, sewing in sleeves, and blind-stitching the bottoms of trousers. The garments themselves vary from the cheapest "ready-made" to the most expensive "custom-made" goods; for not only wholesale manufacturers, but, to some degree, fashionable tailors, employ tenement labor. The industry is chiefly carried on in one of the most congested and unsanitary parts of New York — the Italian district of the lower East Side, where very large families live and work on the narrow edge of starvation, in very small, dark, three-roomed apartments, in the midst of tuberculosis and other diseases. It is probably the worst type

of tenement work. The garments lie on dirty floors in the midst of the swarming family life by day, and are used as bedding at night.

The Callabrosos

The Callabrosos live in three rooms on Prince Street, for which they pay a rent of fifteen dollars a month. The front bedroom has two windows, the back bedroom is totally dark. The kitchen, where the work is done, is lighted only by a narrow opening on a dark air-shaft, and the tiny "holy lamp" that burns under a statue of the Madonna is the only bright spot in the dusky room. The apartment reeks of stale cooking and the oppressive scent of woolen garments worked on by hot and dirty fingers.

The family consists of eight untidy, slant-eyed children under fourteen years old, a melancholy mother, and a father who is "too old" to work. He is only forty-five, but that is considered the age of retirement by many Italians. The mother is, therefore, obliged to support the family by "sewing pants," and the children are, of course, obliged to help her. The eldest child, Margherita, a girl of nearly fourteen, has been ill with tubercular glands in the throat. For this she has had an operation which has left an ugly scar on her neck, and the doctor's orders are that she is to do no more work. But one usually finds her sewing and at the same time holding a baby.

Trousers are on the greasy floor of the kitchen; they hang on nails on the peeling, plastered walls; and they may be seen in dim heaps on the floor and bed of the dark back room. The family endeavor is concentrated on getting ten pairs, at seven cents each, finished every day. This can be accomplished only by intense and unremitting effort. The mother, a pale Neapolitan with a yellow handkerchief over her head, cannot lift her straining back and eyes from the work long enough to nod a welcome; and the four or five children at work push their needles through the rough cloth persistently. They have no time to talk to visitors.

One day last February, a very foreign-looking group of Sicilians made their appearance at the office of the Brooklyn Board of Health. Two bright little boys of eight and ten led the way; a timid girl of the blonde Italian type came next, followed by a one-eyed mother, who was carrying an "arm-baby," swaddled tight in dark blue denim; two small girls dragged at her skirts.

The elder boy explained — he and his brother were the only English-speaking members of the family — that his sister Peppina, who was nearly sixteen, wanted her working papers, because she thought she could earn more in a factory than at home. But it was soon revealed that, although the family had arrived in New York from Sicily five years before, Peppina had never attended school. She did not know that she was expected to go to school, and, undiscovered all this time by either truant officer or factory inspector, had been helping her mother tend the babies and do finishing in their two-room apartment at the top of a six-story tenement. Their work comes from a factory on the corner, and, although the mother has only one eye, they manage, between them, to finish every day twelve or fourteen pairs of trousers, at six cents a pair. The two boys also help after school.

The father went home to his native town last year to be nursed for "coughs and colds"— presumably tuberculosis — by his mother-in-law; but his wife has saved enough money to pay his passage back very soon.

Peppina's demand for working papers has precipitated a difficult situation for this family, who, after five years in the heart of American civilization, seem as remote from any understanding of our laws and customs as if they were just landing at Ellis Island. The girl cannot legally be given working papers, and must, according to our compulsory education law, go to school until she is sixteen. Yet who is meanwhile to bear the burden of the household? they ask, with naïve despair.

Sporadic Seasonal Trades — Corset Covers

The finishing of "white goods" — especially corset covers — for the department stores seems to fall under the head of sporadic rather than of staple home trades. That is to say, only a certain proportion of manufacturers send this work into the tenements, and the seasons are not constant, so far as it is possible to discover. In many cases, the shops have their own factories that give out the work, which is of so simple a character that it can easily be done by children; the pay is correspondingly small.

The Pelligrinis live on East 108th Street, and the two windows of their ground-floor room look out on the overflowing ash-cans and wind-blown papers of this dreary Italian district in Harlem. The room — rent nine dollars a month — is very narrow, and is divided into two parts by an old curtain. Into the inner unlighted end are crowded three feather-beds for the five members of the family. In front of the curtain is a broken-down stove, and beyond it are a chair by the window, where the semi-paralyzed father sits, and two chairs for the two little girls. Olympia, the elder, is ten years old, Evelina is eight; and one always finds them after school hours, and often during school hours, sewing on

corset covers. Both have a suggestion of beauty, dulled and hollow-eyed though they are, and have gentler manners and softer voices than one often finds among such children.

Olympia rose to receive us, and told their story in broken English, while the vague little mother pottered over the stove, and the bleareyed father muttered incoherently in his corner.

Two years ago the father was earning good wages as a brass-cutter; but he was taken seriously ill with an incurable internal disease, and after a long time in the hospital was sent home "improved" to his family. The mother is kept busy with her house and her invalid husband; the seventeen-year-old son has learned no trade, and consequently can get only an occasional "jobba."

The corset covers are given out in bundles of six dozen, and paid for at the rate of thirty-six cents a bundle. This means that one half cent is paid for the work on each corset cover — running in two sets of ribbons and sewing on three buttons. The garments are very coarse and badly cut, and sell for forty-nine cents each on the bargain counters of the large cheap department store for which they are made. By hard work, before school, and after school until late in the evening, the children can finish two bundles a day. On Saturdays they try to do four bundles.

At the time of another visit to this family, one very cold day, the father had been sent to a neighbor's because there was no fire. The charitable organization that had hitherto provided coal had withdrawn it, because the family refused to let the father go to an institution. The children were sewing as usual.

Cigarette Wrappers

Although it is legally permissible, very little actual cigar and cigarette manufacture is now carried on in tenements, because the unions exert their influence against it. The rolling of cigarette wrappers, however, is sometimes sent out, and, as it is not named in the law, it may be done in unlicensed houses.

Mrs. Olinsky lives in a house in Cherry Street, so old and unsanitary that it cannot be licensed. The Olinskys are Russians and have been in New York for seventeen years. The husband is a buttonhole-maker, earning a dollar and a half three days in the week. There are four children, of whom the youngest is a sixteen-months-old baby, and Mrs. Olinsky is glad, when she can get the work, to add to her husband's small weekly income two dollars more, which she earns by rolling cigarette wrappers at ten cents a thousand.

The kitchen in which she works is indescribably dirty. Bread, bones, tin cans, and other debris cover the floor, because, as she gets up and begins work at six, and keeps at it till midnight, there is "no time to clean up." She is a ponderous, greasy woman, and does not stir all day from her chair by the kitchen table, where she sits with oblong cigarette wrappers spread out before her like a pack of cards. On the edges of these wrappers she smears a little flour paste, and when about fifty are prepared, she begins to roll them, one by one, over a stick just the size of a cigarette. The paste is still wet on the first ten wrappers that she rolls; but she must lick the edges of the other forty to moisten the dried paste and make it hold. She is under observation as a "suspect" case of tuberculosis.

She rolls cigarette wrappers for a well-known Fifth Avenue merchant, and they are for expensive brands of cigarettes. They are stamped in gold letters, "Made in Cairo" or "Made in Turkey," and in many cases have, in addition, the initials and monograms with which it is now fashionable to label cigarettes as personal luxuries — a silver *W* or a blue *F. D.*

Joe Olinsky, the eldest boy, helps his mother, after school, by flattening these wrappers, making them into bundles, and carrying them back to the shop, where they are duly filled with tobacco and distributed as Oriental cigarettes.

Tassel-Making

Tassels for dance cards and souvenir cards, and pompons for slippers are made by looping and knotting strands of untwisted floss silk. The trade is open to the same objections as feather-making, because the fine particles of silk float in the air and are sucked into the lungs of the workers. The pay is fifty cents a gross for pompons, twenty-five cents a thousand for tassels.

Through a school on Elizabeth Street, I learned the story of Mary Navone, who makes tassels, when they are to be had; at other times she "sews buttons." Mary is thirteen, but, as she stood up at her desk, she did not look ten, because she is a cripple and painfully thin and bent. She is the daughter of a Sicilian, who brought her to New York a few years ago, leaving his wife and several other children behind. On landing, he promptly deserted this child, in order to start a new establishment unencumbered, and she fell to the charge of a cross and avaricious aunt.

She is made to rise at six every morning to prepare her uncle's breakfast, and "washes up" till school-time. At noon there is more work, and after school she does the family washing.

When asked if this did not hurt her back,— for she is evidently unfit for physical strain of any sort,— she said, keeping her eyes on the floor: "My uncle, he sometimes help me with the big pieces." In the evening she makes tassels "for her board."

As she fell asleep every day at her desk, the school inquired into the cause, and found that the aunt kept Mary at tassel-making until half past one or two o'clock in the morning She has been persuaded to shorten the hours a little, but the child still works very late.

Embroidery and Lace-Making

The embroidery on evening cloaks and on the panels of ball gowns is sometimes done at low rates in tenements, for dressmakers who are in direct communication with the foreign population. In the Syrian quarter, on lower Washington Street, fine "French embroidered" blouses are tucked and embroidered by hand for one dollar apiece for the shops. Lace-making seems to be done extensively in tenements only when there is a great demand for a certain type of goods — as there has been during the last year for Irish crocheted Dutch collars, jabot ends, and medallions. Since the law does not regulate lace-making, it may be done in unlicensed tenements.

In isolated instances, Italians and Syrian lace-makers deal directly with rich customers, and get a fair price for their work. But in general the Italians, Bohemians, and Germans of New York who are supplying the market with Irish crochet are either at the service of some factory on the upper East Side, or of some contractor who sells to the shops through a "buyer." In either case, they are paid no more, or even less, for their handicraft than is paid for other types of tenement work. The skill that is the result of generations of training brings in to the workwoman no more than do the coarser kinds of labor, such as "willowing."

Mrs. Lewasky is a typical Bohemian lace contractor. She lives in a tenement in the Bohemian quarter near Seventy-sixth Street, and her eye-glasses and dingy black dress lend her an air of faded gentility. When we went to see her, she was giving a piano lesson in her parlor, and her swarthy husband was sitting dejectedly, in his shirt sleeves, at the kitchen table. She told us that she had been a rich woman in her own country, and had come to America in the hope of bettering her fortunes, after her husband had lost everything through unlucky speculations.

"He always out of work, so he my cook, he my sweep. I no can sweep and cook. I study opéra in my country — I have ze 'accomplishments'; so I teach ze music and I make ze laces."

She said that she made samples of collars and jabot ends, and gave them to be copied to the Bohemian and German women who worked for her. She often employed a hundred women. She sold the collars for twenty-four dollars a dozen to the buyer of a well-known Twenty-third Street shop, who also bought jabots at eighteen dollars a dozen. The collars were beautifully made five-pointed Irish picot, and the medallions in the jabots had many fine and complicated stitches. In the shop these collars sell for four or five dollars each, and the jabots for three dollars. The women who make them are paid eighty cents or one dollar for a collar, and fifty cents for a dozen medallions.

Mrs. Lewasky also told us that she had made a "so beautiful Irish coat," which it took "thirty vomens one month to work," and for this she received one hundred dollars from a great Broadway department shop. We later discovered that last year, after filling a large order for a shop, and promising to pay her workers "next week," Mrs. Lewasky completely disappeared and could not be traced. It is a common trick among lace contractors to move to a new neighborhood and leave their women unpaid.

Fancy Neckwear

"Fancy neckwear" of all kinds may be traced back to the tenements. Last year many of the cheap Dutch collars of commerce were made there. One type of collars, with five transverse rows of insertion and one row around the edge, — the insertion had to be basted on paper in the desired pattern before it was stitched,— which sold for twenty-five cents apiece at retail, were made for one dollar and a half a gross, or a little more than one cent apiece in the homes. Before Christmas last winter, many upper East Side children were plaiting maline bows, with small steel buckles, for twenty-five cents a hundred. A kindred trade is the making of fagoted collars and neckpieces for contractors, who sell them to dressmakers and to shops.

Mrs. Priola and Angelina, her thirteen-year-old daughter, are now engaged in this trade. The family, consisting of father, mother, and five children, squeezes into a small back apartment in an unlicensed house in Harlem. The husband earns six dollars a week in a nail factory, and the eldest daughter works in the same factory. There are three other children: Giovanni, aged nine, Giuseppina, seven, and a three-year-old baby. When we went to see her, the mother was working, in one of the two bed-

rooms, on an elaborate collar, made by basting bias bands of black taffeta silk on a paper pattern, fagoting them together in a cobweb pattern, and finishing the cobwebs with large jet buttons.

The work is done for a contractor on Lexington Avenue, who pays twenty cents a collar. Mrs. Priola said that she could finish three a day, with Angelina's help, if she sent the baby to a day nursery. The children were quarreling noisily throughout our visit, and the mother said crossly that she wished the baby could stay at the nursery overnight too; then she could get more done. Angelina, we were assured, was a naughty girl and did not like to work. It was found that the child, who did not look strong, had missed fifteen and a half days of the school term because of the pressure of work.

"Sometimes the boss, she want many collars very queeck," Mrs. Priola remarked.

Bead-Stringing

Jet beads, Roman pearls, and colored glass beads are strung in tenements for factories and department stores at a few cents for a dozen strings.

The Schmidts are tidy, naturalized Germans, and the stairways of the house and the floor of the apartment where they live were in a very different condition from those of their Italian neighbors in Harlem. White muslin curtains hung at the windows, and the two little girls and the baby were neatly dressed, though Mrs. Schmidt herself looked frowzy, unhappy, and exhausted by her efforts to "keep her children decent."

She told us that her husband was a bartender earning seven dollars a week; but he "don't like his job," and "he ain't a drinking man, either." He is "getting on to fifty," and therefore has no chance of a better position. Mrs. Schmidt takes in washing, lets one of her rooms, and yet is obliged to string beads, after the children are in bed, until one or two in the morning.

The two fair-haired girls, Elsie and Wilhelmina, thirteen and ten years old, were stringing cheap jet beads at the kitchen table. The beads had to be "graduated" in size from small to large, and nicely adjusted to clasps at the back. Jack, a boy of nine, did the sorting of the beads into piles. White pearl chains, of three strands each, were paid for at nine cents a dozen, and black jet beads at four cents a dozen, at a factory on lower Broadway. These chains sell for ten or twenty-five cents apiece at the shops.

As the children were very pale, we asked Mrs. Schmidt if she never gave them a holiday to play outdoors.

"Well, every bead they do helps me," she answered, "and I got to keep 'em decent. Besides, the streets is dangerous, too. Some gets it bad, you see, and some gets it good, in this life. I don't dare look ahead, but I hope it will be different in the other world."

Human Hair

A new and unfamiliar trade, which springs from the great and increasing demand by women for false hair, has invaded the tenements of the Jewish East Side during the last two years. This is the manufacture of "human hair" out of coarse black Chinese hair imported from the East. While it is not a home trade in the sense that flower- and feather-making are home trades,— that is to say, it is not given out by the piece to individuals,— it is done in the midst of living tenements, in small kitchens and bedrooms turned into workshops. Since up to this time the trade has been carried on altogether in factories by hair-dressers, "human hair" making is not regulated by the tenement law.

The hair, according to one of the United States consular reports from Hong-Kong, is brought to Hong-Kong from the interior. It is either sold through Hong-Kong export houses to New York dealers, or bought by purchasing agents from New York. These large firms in New York sell the Chinese hair at two dollars a pound to small tenement manufacturers,— last year the price was only sixty-five cents a pound,— who, in turn, after its transformation into soft yellow or brown switches, resell to the large firms for six or eight dollars a pound. This hair is then distributed to the retail trade — hair-dressers, department stores, etc. An ordinary switch weighing three ounces sells for from seven to twelve dollars at retail. The transformed Chinese hair precisely resembles the most glossy and wavy switches of Western hair, and it is impossible for the average person to detect any difference between them.

The hair, which arrives in Hong-Kong from the interior, is supposed to be taken from the heads of the dead; much of it retains its roots, and seems to have been pulled out, not cut off. Living Chinamen are, of course, particularly averse to parting with their pigtails.

Stories are current of people who have caught leprosy or bad skin diseases from the infected switches. In one authenticated case of leprosy in Brooklyn, the doctor asserts that the disease

was caught from false hair. Although it is very difficult to disinfect hair adequately, bacteriological experts say that it is unlikely that leprosy is being brought from China in this way. There is a fair chance, however, that plague germs may be so transmitted, since in China the many bodies of the plague victims of all classes are thrown into the street and there rifled by the dregs of the population. The boiling and chemical soaking of the Chinese hair during the process of transformation should effectually kill all the germs; on the other hand, dirty and clean hair are thoroughly mixed in the tenement work-rooms, and passed through the same combs.

After knocking in vain at a number of kitchen doors in a tenement-house on East Sixteenth Street, we found an apartment where the hair trade was in progress. The "boss," a Polish Jew who spoke little English, deputed his foreman, an intelligent boy of twenty, to explain the industry to us.

He took us first into a dark kitchen, where we were met by a sickening odor, subtly Oriental, and almost overpowering. Black hair seemed to fill the room. An enormous tub of curling tails of coal-black hair stood by the stove, on which dirty, boiling mixtures were simmering. Hair was soaking in tubs of bleach and dye. One corner of the room was heaped to the ceiling with long, thin packages of black hair, bearing the label of a Chinese export house. Our guide said: "It iss not human hair; it iss dead Chinese criminals' hair," and he pointed out to us that it was gray with dirt.

The first process, known as "heckling," was performed by a young boy, in an ante-room lighted only by the distant kitchen window. The stiff hair, just as it came from the package, was combed into lengths — "ends to ends and roots to roots," as he said. The floor was ankle-deep in combings and dirt. The lengths thus obtained were then wound tightly on sticks like old-fashioned curling-sticks, tied securely, and boiled five or six hours to make them curly. The hair, indeed, comes out of the boiling with a well set "wave," which outlasts the various processes that follow — the bleaching in a solution of hydrogen peroxid and ammonia, and the dyeing, usually "medium brown."

The hair is then ready for "drawing" in the back room. Two boys stood at the tables here, "drawing" or pulling the hair again and again through heavy spiked metal combs, to make it soft and shiny, and arranging it in even lengths. These lengths were carried by the "boss" into a fourth small room, lighted only by one window, where eight girls were making up the hair into switches.

In another establishment, which was found on the dirty back corridor of a tenement, the hair was "turned," that is to say, washed in warm water and soapsuds, "to get the roots out," they asserted, before it was heckled. Dirty hair and boiled hair were heckled on the same combs.

In a third tenement, two rooms redolent of cooking were used merely for the "making up" of transformed Chinese hair. The family of the Polish proprietor lived in the adjoining rooms. "Coronet braids" were made here, and also "Turks' caps," or hollow rounds of pasteboard covered with the curly black Chinese hair as it comes out from the boiling, before it is bleached and dyed. These "Turks' caps" sell for nineteen cents in the small shops of the vicinity, and may be seen as ugly protuberances on the backs of the heads of the women who swarm the East Side.

The manufacture of human hair is one of the worst types of industry carried on in the tenements. It is revolting and dangerous from the standpoint of health, and yet is not reached by the law regulating tenement manufacture, because it is not one of the list of articles named in that law.

The Law of New York

Stories of the workers in all the trades now going on in the New York tenements would fill many volumes; the statute itself gives surprising proof of their diversity.* The law is obviously intended to regulate tenement work and safeguard the consumer against disease. As has been said, the forty-one articles specified may be made only in licensed houses, and a license may not be granted unless all the necessary authorities declare the house to be free from disease. Such houses, moreover, are subject to semi-annual inspection. But, as there are 11,558 licensed houses in New York City alone, and only fifty inspectors to all the factories and tenements in the State, it is evidently impossible to inspect every licensed house even once a year.

A greatly increased staff of inspectors would, however, be equally baffled by the most serious obstacle to regulation — the problem of dis-

*"No tenement-house, nor any part thereof, shall be used for the purpose of manufacturing, altering, repairing, or finishing therein:

Any coats, vests, knee-pants, trousers, overalls, cloaks, hats, caps, suspenders, jerseys, blouses, dresses, waists, waistbands, underwear, neckwear, furs, fur trimmings, fur garments, skirts, shirts, aprons, purses, pocket-books, slippers, paper boxes, paper bags, feathers, artificial flowers, cigarettes, cigars, umbrellas, or articles of rubber, nor for the purpose of manufacturing, preparing, or packing macaroni, spaghetti, ice-cream, ices, candy, confectionery, nuts, or preserves without a *license therefor as provided in this article.*" (Labor Laws of 1909, Chap. 36, Art. VII, Sec. 100.)

ease. Overcrowding and disease are inseparable, and New York has the highest sickness and death rate in the country.

In six congested wards below Fourteenth Street, the records of the Board of Health for 1909 show 232 cases of typhoid; 2,443 cases of measles; 1,344 cases of scarlet fever, 2,065 cases of diphtheria and croup, and 3,025 cases of pulmonary tuberculosis. These wards also contain the greatest number of licensed tenement-houses.

Tuberculosis is, of course, the greatest menace to workers in dark rooms. Virulent skin diseases like scabies and impetigo, and eye diseases like trachoma, are also prevalent in houses where finishing and other tenement work is done. A case of contagious disease can break out one hour after the inspector's visit, and long remain undiscovered. For the women, aware that their means of subsistence will be lost if they confess to disease, conceal it at all costs, and, even when quarantined, manage to continue their work. Thus the products of tenement manufacture spread infection to the farthest limits of the country.

The consumer may thus be considered unprotected. But the producer is far more so. For her, supplementary charitable assistance is frequently necessary. "If came no charity," said a Rumanian kimono maker and peddler on the East Side, in deprecation of the wages of his home workers, "the ladies who make my kimonos, you find them dead in the street."

The tenement mothers evade the compulsory education law by keeping the children at home intermittently,— a child is not pursued until it has been absent five days together,— when they do not defy it altogether by hiding the children. Italian women especially are prone to regard their offspring merely as a source of financial income, and to set them to work from thrift, if from no other motive.

I went through all the girls' grades of a lower East Side school in the "finishing" region, with the principal, and heard nine tenths of the pupils in every room, even five- and six-year-old children, explain that they "sewed buttons," "sewed linings," or "sewed pants." The teachers told me that many of the children fell asleep in their classes. They were red-eyed, narrow-chested, stunted, and dull — an unpromising lot of future citizens.

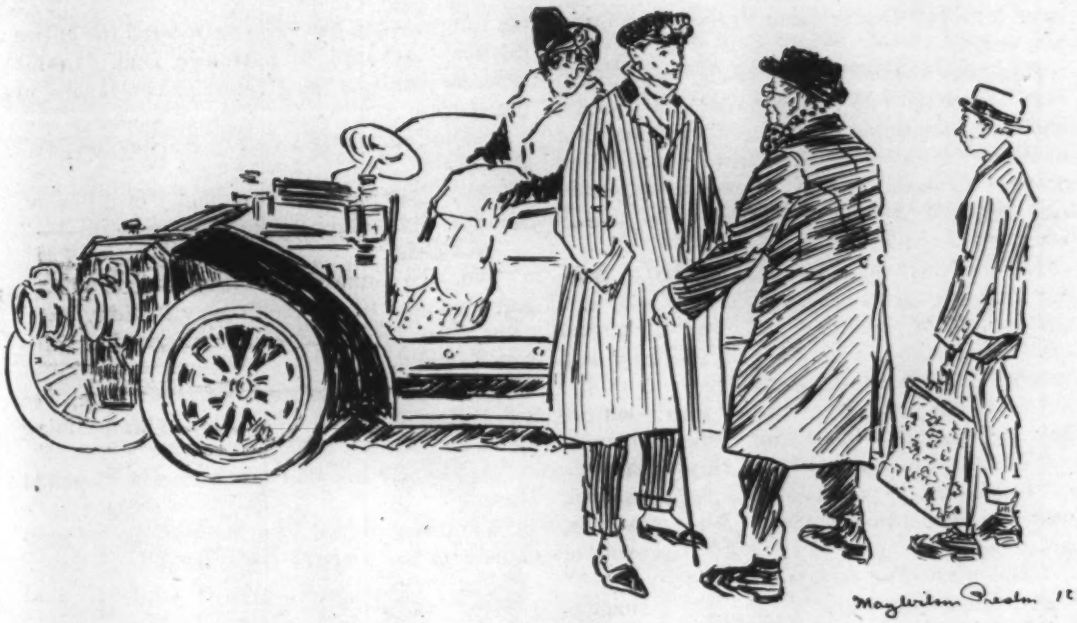
The fact is, the immigrant woman does not realize the difference between conditions in New York and those in her pastoral town. A child may grow up in a Sicilian mountain village with no other education than that which cultivation of the soil itself gives, and yet be equipped to live out her life usefully as a strong-armed water-carrier and digger in terraced fields. The community does not suffer from her ignorance. But a Sicilian, unable to read and write, unable, as many of them are, even to tell time when they no longer hear the village church bell, has a new status in society when she is transplanted to the teeming center of New York. Here her life and her children's are interwoven with political and social issues and responsibilities.

It is not, perhaps, widely enough recognized that in the United States the problem of tenement industry is a part of the larger and more difficult problem of immigration. The decision of the New York Court of Appeals* that a law forbidding the manufacture of tobacco in tenements was unconstitutional, because it was not a menace to the public health and was an unwarranted interference with personal liberty and private property, has for twenty-five years been the barrier to adequate legislation in New York State.

"*It cannot be perceived,*" said the judges, "*how the cigar-maker is to be improved in his health or his morals by forcing him from his home, with its hallowed associations and beneficent influences, to ply his trade elsewhere.*"

But since 1885 the progress of medical research and more enlightened public opinion have combined to create a new understanding of "public health," and "personal liberty"; to show that the health of the worker and that of the community are intimately related, and that the police power of the State may, in the interest of the general good, be invoked to protect the worker against himself and those who profit by his exploitation.

* Application of Jacobs, 1885.



FROM ONE GENERATION TO ANOTHER

BY

ARNOLD BENNETT

AUTHOR OF "WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS," "THE NINETEENTH HAT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT is the greatest mistake in the world to imagine that, because the Five Towns is an industrial district devoted to the manufacture of cups and saucers, marbles, and door-knobs, therefore there is no luxury in it.

A writer, not yet deceased, who spent two nights there, and wrote four hundred pages about it, has committed himself to the assertion that there are no private carriages in its streets — only perambulators and tram-cars.

That writer's reputation is ruined in the Five Towns. For the Five Towns, although continually complaining of bad times, is immensely wealthy, as well as immensely poor,— a country of contrasts, indeed,— and private carriages, if they do not abound, exist, at any rate, in sufficient numbers.

Nay, more, automobiles of the most expensive French and English makes fly dashingly along its hilly roads and scatter in profusion the rich black mud thereof.

On a Saturday afternoon last spring, such an automobile stood outside the garden entrance of Bleakridge House, just half way between Hanbridge and Bursley. It belonged to young Harold Etches, of Etches, Limited, the great porcelain manufacturers

It was a twenty-horse-power car, and was worth over a thousand pounds as it stood there throbbing, and Harold was proud of it.

He was also proud of his young wife, Maud, who, clad in several hundred pounds' worth of furs, had taken her seat next to the steering-wheel, and was waiting for Harold to mount by her side. The united ages of this hand-

some and gay couple came to less than forty-five years.

And they owned the motor-car, and Bleakridge House with its ten bedrooms, and another house at Llandudno, and a controlling interest in Etches, Limited, that brought them in seven or eight thousand a year. They were a pretty tidy example of what the Five Towns can do when it tries to be wealthy.

At the moment that Harold was climbing into the car, a shabby old man who was walking down the road, followed by a boy carrying a carpet-bag, stopped suddenly and touched Harold on the shoulder.

"Bless us!" exclaimed the old man; and the boy and the carpet-bag halted behind him.

"What! Uncle Dan?" said Harold.

"Uncle Dan!" cried Maud, springing up, with an enchanting smile. "Why, it's ages since——"

"And what d'ye reckon ye'n gotten here?" demanded the old man.

"It's my new car," Harold explained.

"And ca'st drive it, lad?" asked the old man.

"I should think I could!" said Harold confidently.

"H'm!" commented the old man; and then he shook hands, and thoroughly scrutinized Maud.

Now, this is the sort of thing that can be seen and appreciated only in a district like the Five Towns, where families spring into splendor out of nothing in the course of a couple of generations, and as often as not sink back again into nothing in the course of two generations more.

The Etches family is among the best known and the widest spread in the Five Towns. It originated in three brothers, of whom Daniel was the youngest. Daniel never married; the other two did. Daniel was not very fond of money; the other two were, and they founded the glorious firm of Etches. Harold was the grandson of one brother, and Maud was the granddaughter of the other. Consequently, they both stood in the same relation to Dan, who was their great-uncle.

There is a good deal of snobbery in the Five Towns, but it does not exist between relatives. The relatives in danger of suffering by it would never stand it. Besides, although Dan's income did not exceed two hundred a year, he was really richer than his grandnephew, since Dan lived on half his income, whereas Harold, aided by Maud, lived on all of his.

Consequently, in spite of the vast difference in their station, clothes, and manners, Daniel and his young relatives met as equals. It would have been amusing to see any one — even the Countess of Chell, who patronized the entire district — attempt to patronize Dan. In his time, he had been the greatest pigeon-fancier in the county.

"So you're paying a visit to Bursley, uncle?" said Maud.

"Ay!" Dan replied; "I'm back i' owd Bosley. Sarah — my housekeeper, thou know'st——"

"Not dead?"

"No. Her inna' dead; but her sister's dead, and I've give her a week's play [holiday], and come away. Rat Edge'll see nowt o' me this side Easter."

Rat Edge was the name of the village, five miles off, which Dan had honored in his declining years.

"And where are you going to now?" asked Harold.

"I'm going to owd Sam Shawn's, by th' owd church, to beg a bed."

"But you'll stop with us, of course?" said Harold.

"Nay, lad," said Dan.

"Oh, yes, uncle," Maud insisted.

"Nay, lass," said Dan.

"Indeed you will, uncle!" said Maud positively. "If you don't, I'll never speak to you again."

She had a charming fire in her eyes, had Maud.

Daniel, the old bachelor, yielded at once, but in his own style.

"I'll try it for a night, lass," said he.

Thus it occurred that the carpet-bag was carried into Bleakridge House, and that, after some delay, Harold and Maud carried off Uncle Dan with them in the car. He sat in the luxurious tonneau behind, and Maud had quitted her husband in order to join him. Possibly she liked the humorous wrinkles around his gray eyes; or it may have been the eyes themselves. And yet, Dan was nearer seventy than sixty.

The car passed everything on the road; it seemed to be overtaking electric trams all the time.

"So ye'n been married a year?" said Uncle Dan, smiling at Maud.

"Oh, yes; a year and three days. We're quite used to it."

"Us'n be in hell in a minute, wench!" exclaimed Dan, calmly changing the topic, as Harold swung the car within an inch of a brewer's dray, and skidded slightly in the process. No anti-skidding device would operate in that generous, oozy mud.

And, as a matter of fact, they were in Hanbridge the next minute, the center of the religions, the pleasures, and the vices of the Five Towns.

"Bless us!" said the old man. "It's fifteen year and more since I were here."

"Harold," said Maud, "let's stop at the Piccadilly Café and have some tea."

"Café?" asked Dan. "What be that?"

"It's a kind of a pub." Harold threw the explanation over his shoulder as he brought the car up with swift dexterity in front of the Misses Callear's newly opened afternoon tea-rooms.

"Oh, well, if it's a pub," said Uncle Dan, "I dunna' object."

He frankly admitted, on entering, that he had never before seen a pub full of little tables with white cloths, and flowers, and young women, and silver teapots, and cake-stands. And, though he *did* pour his tea into his saucer, he was sufficiently at home there to address the younger Miss Callear as "young woman," and to inform her that her beverage was lacking in orange pekoe; and the Misses Callear, who conferred a favor on their customers in serving them, didn't like it.

He became reminiscent.

"Ay!" he said, "when I left th' Five Towns fifty-two year sin' to go weaving i' Derbyshire wi' my mother's brother, tay were ten shilling a pun'. Us had it when us were sick — which wasna' often. We worked too hard for be sick. Hafe past five i' th' morning till eight of a night, and then Saturday afternoon walk ten mile to Glossop with a week's work on ye' back, and home again wi' th' brass.

"They've lost th' habit of work nowadays, seemingly," he went on, as the car moved off once more, but slowly, because of the vast crowds emerging from the Knype football ground. "It's football Saturday; bands of a Sunday; football Monday; ill i' bed and getting round Tuesday; do a bit o' work Wednesday; football Thursday; draw wages Friday night; and football Saturday. And wages higher than ever. It's that as beats me — wages higher than ever.

"Ye canna' smoke with any comfort i' these cars," he added, when Harold had got clear of the crowds and was letting out. He regretfully put his pipe into his pocket.

"'WE CAN WALK BACK AND BUY SOME PETROL. THAT'S WHAT WE CAN DO!'"

Harold skirted the whole length of the Five Towns from south to north at an average rate of perhaps thirty miles an hour; and quite soon the party found itself on the outer side of Turnhill, and descending the terrible Clough Bank, three miles long, and of a steepness resembling the steepness of the side of a house.

The car had warmed to its business, and Harold took them down that declivity in a manner that startled even Maud, who long ago had resigned herself to the fact that she was tied for life to a young man for whom the word "danger" had no meaning.

At the bottom they had a severe skid; but, as there was plenty of room for eccentricities, nothing happened except that the car tried to climb the hill again.

"Well, if I'd known," observed Uncle Dan,— "if I'd guessed as you were reservin' this treat for th' owd uncle,— I'd ha' walked."

The Etches blood in him was pretty cool, but his nerve had had a shaking.

Then Harold could not restart the car. The engine had stopped of its own accord, and, though Harold lavished much physical force on the magic handle in front, nothing would budge. Maud and the old man both got down, the latter with relief.

"Stuck, eh?" said Dan. "No steam?"

"That's it!" Harold cried, slapping his leg. "What an ass I am! She wants petrol, that's all. Maud, pass a couple of cans. They're under the seat there, behind. No, on the left, child."

However, there was no petrol in the car.

"That's that cursed Durand" (Durand being the new chauffeur—French, to match the car). "I told him not to forget. Last thing I said to the fool! Maud, I shall chuck that chap!"

"'THOU'ST GOT PLENTY O' BRAINS'"

"Can't we do anything?" asked Maud stiffly, putting her lips together.

"We can walk back to Turnhill and buy some petrol, some of us!" snapped Harold. "That's what we can do!"

"Sithee," said Uncle Dan. "There's the Plume o' Feathers half a mile back. Th' landlord's a friend o' mine. I can borrow his mare and trap, and drive to Turnhill and fetch some o' thy petrol, as thou calls it."

"It's awfully good of you, uncle."

"Nay, lad; I'm doing it for please mysen. But Maud mun come wi' me. Give us th' money for th' petrol, as thou calls it."

"Then I must stay here alone?" Harold complained.

"Seemingly," the old man agreed.

After a few words on pigeons, and a glass of beer, Dan had no difficulty whatever in borrowing his friend's white mare and black trap. He himself helped in the harnessing. Just as he was driving triumphantly away, with that delicious vision Maud on his left hand and a stable-boy behind, he reined in the mare.

"Give us a couple o' penny smokes, matey," he said to the landlord, and lit one.

The mare could go, and Dan could make her go, and she did go. And the whole turnout looked extremely dashing when, ultimately, it dashed into the glare of the acetylene lamps which the deserted Harold had lighted on his car. The red end of a penny smoke in the gloom of twilight looks exactly like the red end of an Havana. Moreover, the mare caracoled ornamentally in the rays of the acetylene, and the stable-boy had to skip down quick and hold her head.

"How much didst say this traction-engine had cost thee?" Dan asked, while Harold was pouring the indispensable fluid into the tank.

"Not far off twelve hundred," answered Harold lightly. "Keep that cigar away from here."

"Fifteen pun' 'u'd buy this mare," Dan announced to the road.

"Now, all aboard!" Harold commanded at length. "How much shall I give to the boy for the horse and trap, uncle?"

"Nothing," said Dan. "I havena' finished wi' that mare yet. Didst think I was going to trust mysen i' that thing o' yours again? I'll meet thee at Bleakridge, lad."

"And I think I'll go with uncle, too, Harold," said Maud.

Whereupon they both got into the trap.

Harold stared at them, astounded.

"But, I say!" he protested, beginning to be angry.

Uncle Dan drove away like the wind, and the stable-boy had all he could do to clamber up behind.

II

Now, at dinner-time that night, in the dining-room of the commodious and well-appointed mansion of the youngest and richest of the Etches, Uncle Dan stood waiting and waiting for his host and hostess to appear. He was wearing a Turkish tasseled smoking-cap to cover

his baldness, and he had taken off his jacket and put on his light, loose overcoat instead of it, since that was a comfortable habit of his.

He sent one of the two parlor-maids upstairs for his carpet-slippers out of the carpet-bag, and he passed part of the time in changing his boots for his slippers in front of the fire. Then, at length, just as a maid was staggering out under the load of those enormous boots, Harold appeared, very correct, but alone.

"Awfully sorry to keep you waiting, uncle," said Harold, "but Maud isn't well; she isn't coming down to-night."

"What's up wi' Maud?"

"Oh, goodness knows!" responded Harold gloomily. "She's not well — that's all."

"H'm!" said Dan. "Well, let's peck a bit."

So they sat down and began to "peck a bit," aided by the two maids. Dan pecked with prodigious enthusiasm, but Harold was not in good pecking form. And as the dinner progressed, and Harold sent dish after dish up to his wife, and his wife returned dish after dish untouched, Harold's gloom communicated itself to the house in general.

One felt that if one had penetrated to the farthest corner of the farthest attic, a little parcel of spiritual gloom would have already arrived there. The sense of disaster was in the abode. The cook was prophesying like anything in the kitchen. Durand, in the garage, was meditating upon such of his master's pithy remarks as he had been able to understand.

When the dinner was over, and the coffee and liqueurs and cigars had been served, and the two maids had left the dining-room, Dan turned to his grand-nephew and said:

"There's things as has changed since my time, lad, but human nature inna' one on 'em."

"What do you mean, uncle?" Harold asked awkwardly, self-consciously.

"I mean as thou'rt a dashed foo'!"

"Why?"

"But thou'lt get better o' that," said Dan.

"'DO YOU THINK SO, UNCLE?'"

Harold smiled sheepishly.

"I don't know what you're driving at, uncle," said he.

"Yes, thou dost, lad. Thou'st been and quarreled wi' Maud. And I say thou'rt a dashed foo'!"

"As a matter of fact —" Harold stammered.

"And ye've never quarreled afore; this is th' fust time. And so thou'st under th' impression that th' world's come to an end. Well, th' fust quarrel were bound to come sooner or later."

"It isn't really a quarrel; it's about nothing ——"

"I know — I know," Dan broke in. "They always are. As for it not being a quarrel, lad, call it a picnic, if thou'st a mind; but her's sulking upstairs, and thou'rt sulking down here."

"She was cross about the petrol," said Harold, glad to relieve his mind. "I hadn't a notion she was cross till I went up into the bedroom — not a notion! I explained to her it wasn't my fault. I argued it out with her very calmly. I did my best to reason with her ——"

"Listen here, young 'un," Dan interrupted him. "How old art?"

"Twenty-three."

"Thou may'st live another fifty years. If thou'st a mind to spend 'em i' peace, thou'dst better give up reasoning wi' women. Give it up right now! It's worse nor drink, as a habit. Kiss 'em, cuddle 'em, beat 'em; but dunna' reason wi' 'em."

"What should you have done, in my place?" Harold asked.

"I should ha' told Maud her was quite right."

"But she wasn't."

"Then I should ha' winked at mysen i' th' glass," continued Dan, "and kissed her."

"That's all very well ——"

"Naturally," said Dan, "her wanted to show off that car i' front o' me. That was but natural. And her was vexed when it went wrong."

"But I told her — I explained to her."

"Her's a handsome little wench," Dan proceeded, "and a good heart. But thou'st got ten times her brains, lad, and thou ought'st to ha' given in."

"But I can't always be ——"

"It's allus them as gives in as has their own way. I remember her grandfeyther — he was th' eldest o' us — he quarreled wi' his wife afore they'd been married a week, and she raced him all over th' town wi' a besom ——"

"With a besom, uncle!" exclaimed Harold, shocked at these family disclosures.

"Wi' a besom," said Dan. "That come o' reasoning wi' a woman. It taught him a lesson, I can tell thee. And afterwards he always said as nowt was worth a quarrel — *nowt!* And it isna'."

"I don't think Maud will race me all over the town with a besom," Harold remarked reflectively.

"There's worse things nor that," said Dan. "Look thee here. Get out o' th' house for a' hour; go to th' Conservative Club, and then come back. Dost understand?"

"But what ——"

"Hook it, lad!" said Dan curtly.

And just as Harold was leaving the room, like a schoolboy, he called him in again.

"I havena' told thee, Harold, as I'm subject to attacks. I'm getting up in years. I go off, like. It isna' fits; but I go off. And if it should happen while I'm here, dunna' be alarmed."

"What are we to do?"

"Do nothing. I come round in a minute or two. Whatever ye do, dunna' give me brandy. It might kill me — so th' doctor says. I'm only telling thee, in case."

"Well, I hope you won't have an attack," said Harold.

"It's a hundred to one I dunna'," said Dan. And Harold departed.

Soon afterward Uncle Dan wandered into a kitchen full of servants.

"Show me th' missis's bedroom, one on ye," he said to the crowd.

And presently he was knocking at Maud's door.

"Maudie!"

"Who is it?" came a voice.

"It's thy owd uncle. Canst spare a minute?"

Maud appeared at the door, smiling, and arrayed in a peignoir.

"*He's* gone out," said Dan, implying scorn of the person who had gone out. "Wilt come downstairs?"

"Where's he gone to?" Maud demanded.

She didn't even pretend she was ill.

"Th' club," said Dan.

And in about a hundred seconds or so he had her in the drawing-room, and she was actually pouring out gin for him. She looked ravishing in that peignoir, especially as she was munching an apple and balancing herself on the arm of a chair.

"So he's been quarreling wi' ye, Maud?" Dan began.

"No, not quarreling, uncle."

"Well, call it what ye'n a mind," said Dan; "call it a prayer-meeting. I didn't notice as ye came down for supper — dinner, as ye call it."

"It was like this, uncle," she said. "Poor Harry was very angry with himself about that petrol. Of course, he wanted the car to go well while you were in it; and he came upstairs and grumbled at me for leaving him all alone and driving home with you."

"Oh, did he!" exclaimed Dan.

"Yes. I explained to him that of course I couldn't leave you all alone. Then he got hot. I kept quite calm. I reasoned it out with him as quietly as I could ——"

"Maudie, Maudie," protested the old man, "thou'rt th' prettiest wench i' this town, though I *am* thy great-uncle, and thou'st got plenty o' brains — a sight more than that husband o' thine."

"Do you think so, uncle?"

"Ay; but thou hasna' made use o' 'em tonight. Thou'rt a foolish wench, wench. At thy time o' life, and after a year o' th' married state, thou ought'st to know better than reason wi' a man in a temper."

"But, really, uncle, it was so absurd of Harold, wasn't it?"

"Ay!" said Dan. "But why didstna' give in, and kiss him, and smack his face for him?"

"There was nothing to give in about, uncle."

"There never is," said Dan, "there never is. That's the point. Still, thou'rt nigh crying, wench."

"I'm not, uncle," she contradicted, the tears falling on to the apple.

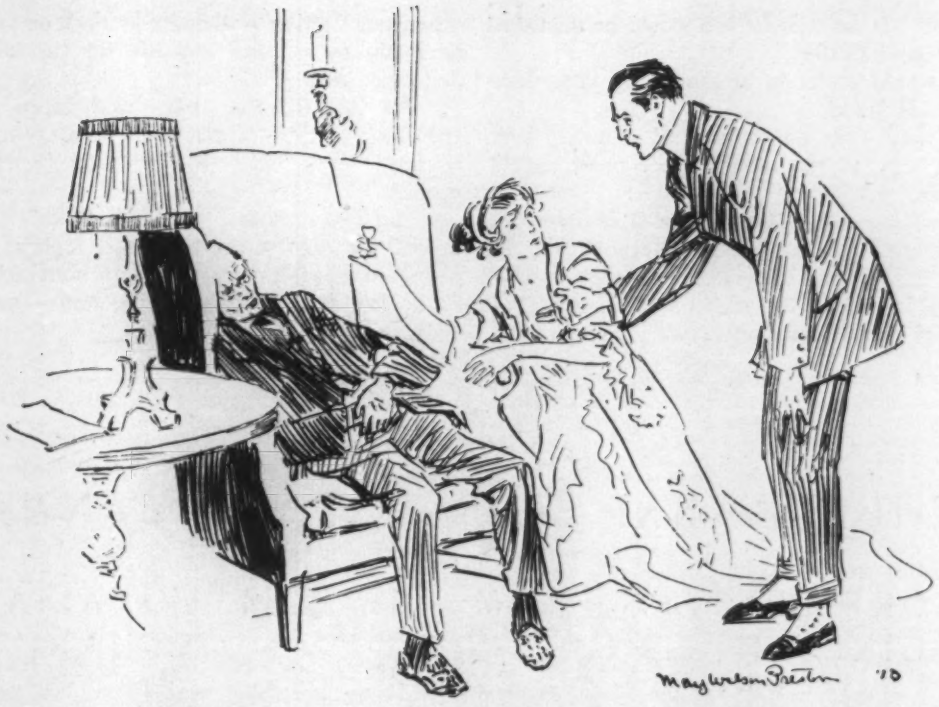
"And Harold's using bad language all up Trafalgar Road, I lay," Dan added.

"It was all Harold's fault," said Maud.

"Why, in course it were Harold's fault. But nowt's worth a quarrel, my dear — *nowt*. I remember Harold's grandfeyther — he were th' second of us, your grandfeyther were the eldest, and I were the youngest — I remember Harold's grandfeyther chasing his wife all over th' town wi' a besom a week after they were married."

"With a besom!" murmured Maud, pained, and forgetting to cry. "Harold's grandfather, not mine?"

"Wi' a besom," Dan repeated, nodding. "They never quarreled again — ne'er again.



"'THE DOCTORS HAVE WARNED HIM THAT BRANDY WILL BE FATAL'"

Th' old woman allus said, after that, as quarrels were for fools. And her was right."

"I don't see Harold chasing me across Bursley with a besom," said Maud primly. "But what you say is quite right, you dear old uncle. Men *are* queer — I mean husbands. You can't argue with them. You'd much better give in ——"

"And have your own way, after all."

"And perhaps Harold was ——"

Harold's step was heard in the hall.

"Oh, dear!" cried Maud. "What shall I do?"

"I'm not feeling very well," whispered Uncle Dan weakly. "I have these 'ere attacks sometimes. There's only one thing as'll do me any good — brandy."

And his head fell over on one side of the chair, and he looked precisely like a corpse.

"Maud, what are you doing?" almost shouted Harold, when he came into the room.

She was putting a liqueur-glass to Uncle Dan's lips.

"Oh, Harold!" she cried, "uncle's had an attack of some sort; I'm giving him some brandy."

"But you mustn't give him brandy," said Harold authoritatively.

"But I *must* give him brandy," said Maud. "He told me that brandy was the only thing to save him."

"Nonsense, child!" Harold persisted. "Uncle told me all about these attacks. They're perfectly harmless, so long as he doesn't have brandy. The doctors have warned him that brandy will be fatal."

"Harold, you are absolutely mistaken. Don't you understand that uncle has only this minute told me that he *must* have brandy?"

And she again approached the glass to the pale lips of the old man. His tasseled Turkish smoking-cap had fallen to the floor, and the hemisphere of his bald head glittered under the gas-light.

"Maud, I forbid you!" And Harold put a hand on the glass. "It's a matter of life and death. You must have misunderstood uncle."

"It was you who misunderstood uncle," said Maud. "Of course, if you mean to prevent me by brute force ——"

They both paused and glanced at Daniel, and then at each other.

"Perhaps you are right, dearest," said Harold, in a new tone.

"No, dearest," said Maud, also in the new tone; "I expect you are right. I must have misunderstood."

"No, no, Maud. Give him the brandy, by all means. I've no doubt you're right."

"But if you think I'd better not give it him ——"

"But I would prefer you to give it him,

dearest. It isn't likely you would be mistaken in a thing like that."

"I would prefer to be guided by you, dearest," said Maud.

So they went on for several minutes, each giving way to the other in the most angelic manner.

"*And meantime I'm supposed to be dying, am I?*" roared Uncle Dan, suddenly sitting up. "You'd let th' owd uncle peg out while you practise his precepts! A nice pair you make! I thought for see which on ye 'u'd give way to th' other, but I didna' anticipate as both on ye 'u'd be ready to sacrifice my life for th' sake o' domestic peace."

"But, uncle," they both said later, amid the universal but rather shamefaced peace rejoicings, "you said *nothing* was worth a quarrel."

"And I said right," answered Dan; "I said right. Th' divorce court is full o' fools as have begun married life by trying to convince the other fool instead o' humoring him — or *her*. Kiss us, Maud."

THE TRANSLATION OF GIOVANNA

MORE LETTERS FROM THE LITTLE ITALIAN GIRL OF "THE HEART OF AN ORPHAN"

BY

AMANDA MATHEWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

Preshus angle Mother —

yes I will be payshunt not to come live by you. I awto be satisfide when you are somewhere loving me and I am somewhere loving you but I gotta sorry spot inside that you must be gone so far and long from me.

I usto hate my sylum close but now no more for its gotta pockit to keep your darling letter in. All day I love it with my hand and all night with my cheek. It makes a wisper in my pockit and I wisper back to it. I must be alright with God for him to let you come to me but I do not see how that can be for I am awfun nawty in my temper.

There is a hole orfun in this sylum with big moufh and little sents and stufs all in it like a baby. She grabt your letter and I grabt it back. I most slapt her but it ain't 2 weeks since I was an orfun my own self and she gotta be it all her life for a big moufh and little sents is wurse to adop than long and black like me and I didnt slap her.

My burthday usto be lost but now I gotta new one and its the day you took me for a dawter forever and ever Amen. But does that make me now a baby squawling on my cot? No it is the day when happyness sprowted in my sowl which the preecher says we all got one to be lost if we are wicket.

A new big orfun sleeps in our dormitory the maytrun spelt it. She wears a pompydoor on a mouse she made outa the maps in her joggerfry. She keeps a flurt book and a whiches dream book under her pillo and learns the girls of nights to dream and flurt but they cannot flurt much for their hankys are pined to their close and gloves fans and parysawls orfuns has nun. I put the sheet in my ears not to lissen because I know you wouldnt like me to. I could write how I love you on all the paper in the wurld and not have enufh.

your feckshunate dawter
Giovanna.

Angle darling Mother —

I leve the sylum tomorrow for the boarding school like you want me to. I am yours to put where you pleaze.

I will tell you all that past today. I had a bath tho it was only the middel of the week. We allways walk 2 and 2 and we reech all down

"I SEEN MYSELF ALL OF ONE PEACE FOR THE FURST TIME"

the block but this morning it was me with the maytrun and no more. I was much afrade the orfuns would brake themselves outa the windos where they lookt and wigled their hands to me.

P. S. They didnt.

We went to a big big big store and I lookt in a glass where I seen myself all of one peace for the furst time. I guessed I was humly but not like that. I scrooocht down for my dress to fall more on my legs but it wouldnt.

A lady made a shampoo on my head and a manycure on my nails. I felt cheep to let her do for me like I was a baby and I thankt her all I could and I felt awful nice and funny when it was finisht. The maytrun smiled and smiled like I never knew she could and she put dear on me as nobody does on orfuns.

O the close and close she bawt for me with your preshus money! White pettys like angles must wear and button shoes with tassels. O my toes wigle wigle how glad they are and I bleve

I could go anywhere in 3 jumps. And a red silk dress that wispers wispers all the time like your letter in my pockit. Mother of my hart dont think I love you more for the close because I loved you the most I could all ready. I got so much love for you in me there aint hardly room for my brefh.

I ast the maytrun to let me take my orfun close for a remember what I usto wear before you took me.

The orfuns lookt and lookt and her of the big moufh and little sents put her finger on my red dress and I let her. I am not glad for going. Orfuns is not the wurst compny and this is where you was at 2 times with me. I will be awful good at the school so you will not be mortyfide on me.

your obeedyent dawter
Giovanna.

Angle Mother of my hart—

this is the night of my furst day at the Eggsloosif School where you got me put to learn manners and gramer.

I will write some good to prepair you for the wurst. The dining room is butyfull the lights is in red flowers and the plates is deckrated with roses and the glasses is made of diamons and there is pink babys stuck to the ceeling. The Eggsloosifs wear rings and lockits and bows. They laff laff fast and happy all the time. I lookt at them very much and was glad you put me so high by your love.

Orfuns pass the food but talk not. Eggsloosifs talk but pass not. A lady with teeny aprun must tote the food all round the table. The Principle sits at the end. If anybody is bad she does not speke it out for Eggsloosifs has tender sowls. She writes it on a peace of paper and the lady with the teeny aprun gives it to the girl on the quiet. She brung me one and I thot it must be lessons at dinner so I read it out loud and it said for me to look how the other girls ust their spoons and they all lafft and lafft at me to read it out. O it was no fare! It was no fare! They was mean to laff wasnt they Mother? I never knew it was on the quiet and I never knew my spoon must fall backward in my soup. I didnt feel my red dress no more. I felt all scrooocht down like I had on my orfun close. I was full of cry but I wouldnt let it out.

Then the lady clered off the table and set it agen with us looking and not helping nun. That seemed mean. I thot she did so for brekfas but no it was to ete some more. I couldnt so I wisht the orfuns had my shair. I tried so as not to be quere but my swallo wouldnt ack.

I never seen when the lady come to me with gravey and I hit it with my elbow and it spilt on a girls dress and I pollygized the best I could but she was mad and she said the ideah of you being goose enufh to adop me and think you could make a lady outa me. I said I aint nuthing but she is and you let her be. I slapt that girl good on the cheek. When you slap poorness she will slap back but richness has histerick awful for her mother never gave her no spanks so this was her furst blow.

The Principle called me ungreatful protee jay to you or I wouldnt a dun what I dun. I ans. no mam I am a greatful jay to her no matter how I ack and she sorta chokt and sent me upstairs to think it over with my conshents and my conshents will ever say the same it was my falt to hit the gravey but the slap was not on me it was on her to put that name to you. When this letter flys where you are at there will fly the letter of the Principle to tell how bad I was all ready. I don't care! I don't care! O its fearce how

"I SLAPT THAT CIRL GOOD ON THE CHEEK"

"I FELT CHEEP TO LET HER DO FOR ME LIKE I WAS A BABY"

I dont care and I got tear spots all over my red dress.

I guess its no use mother of my hart. I am not wurth you should have such pains on me and thats the true. The ways of poorness is not the ways of richness the ways of badness is not the ways of goodness. I aint no more fittn to be your dawter than the orfun of the big moufh and little sents. But O write to me that you do not hate me in your hart. Write that I am not all misssteak to you. Write how you kinda like me a little nawty and unfittn, tho I be.

your awful sorry

Giovanna.

Preshus goner angle Mother —

it is now the night of my furst week at this school and you aint sent no ans. to my letter.

The Eggsloosifs say I am low to slap a girl so they got tayboo on me. They never speak to a tayboo cept they have to before a teacher and if anybody was good to that one they would put tayboo on her the same. They made a line with chak round my desk that nobody must cross to come by me. Then they talk how low I am like I had no ears. The class pote says I am a weed in the middel of the flowers. I never cry because I wouldnt do them that much good. I just hate them with my eyes. What's the good of a Jim suit when the music dont say nothing to your toes? I am so sorry all days that no lesson can stick to my mind.

But tayboos and such is not my big wo. I know in my hart you are sorry you took me for a dawter. I see now the kind you want like these Eggsloosifs but I got no good start to be that class. I was not made to be a parlor dawter to you Mother of my hart but let me be a kitshen dawter. No dishes would be greesy if I wash for you. No floors would be big and durty if I scrub for you! O dear dear mother dont throw me away for no good but keep me for a kitshen dawter.

your back door

Giovanna.

Dear lady what usto be my Mother —

today I was in the class of gramer and the teacher said Giovanna what is chair and I ans. chair is a noun on which to set and the girls lafft and I had much mad and shame. I heard out on the street some one to cry potaytoes potaytoes.

It was the voice of Luigi a daygo he peddels by the sylum and he usto be frends with my father. I run out of that school awful quick. Luigi did not know me in my Eggsloosif dress and he ast do you want some potaytoes Miss? Then he knew me and I clum upon the wagon and I said go fast I wanto lope with you back to the sylum for I hate this school and all contaned. He whipt the horse round the corner and then more slow for it skun the potaytoes and I told him all and no lies. He ans. lopes was no fare to you so he stopt the wagon and down I clum and a teacher of the school come runing and she held me by the hand like I would lope some more but I wouldnt. The girls lafft very much and teezed me till I felt sick with shame and mad. The class pote made a song.

see how low daygoes
run for potaytoes.

I hate that class pote I do indede. I hate all the fokes I got and I lost all the fokes I love. I will go now and put on my sylum close so as to be ready for back when the Principle will say you want me to. That dress would be alright with me if it only had an angle letter from you to wisper in the pockit but now no more so my good days are all dun. I guess God knew I was not good enufh to be your dawter for that he let me to spill the gravey and slap the Eggsloosif so your love to me all friz up in your hart.

her which usto be your dawter

Giovanna.

P. S. I put on my sylum dress and pined on my hanky like I usto and I come where the girls was and they lookt and lookt and I said I wear the kind of close like what I am. I hate you all give me tin spoons and no tayboo. The girls lookt and lookt some more and lafft not. Then they was took with much shame on themselves and they pollygized for what they dun to me. They said I was darling and we cried some and lafft some and huged and kist very much and all said they ast me furst to borro my sylum dress for to ware in a play and we huged more and now I love Eggsloosifs same as orfuns.

O but the best was to get your dear dear dear letter. O to think it was just a storm mussed up the railroad and you love me ever and allways the same!

Xcuse the funny spots my tears made them when I thot the chane between us 2 was busted. Now we can play they are laffs I am so glad!

G.

"I PUT ON MY SYLUM DRESS AND PINED ON MY HANKY"

ANIMAL BEHAVIOR AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY

BY

JOHN BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF "INDOOR STUDIES," "LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IF I were to give a detailed account of the tide of wild life that ebbs and flows, winter and summer, about my cabin door, of the shrike I saw a few days ago hunting a little brown creeper about the trunk of the maple tree in front of my window, and especially of the downy woodpecker that has been excavating a chamber for his winter quarters in the top of a chestnut post in the vineyard near my study, hammering away at it day after day like a carpenter building a house, and returning there at night after his day's work and his foraging for supper are over — if I were to give a detailed account of these things and others, many of the incidents would show so much of what we call in ourselves rational intelligence that we should be tempted to ascribe the same powers or faculties to these wild neighbors of mine. Intelligence we may call it without falling into any very serious anthropomorphism — the kind of intelligence that pervades all nature, and which is seen in the vegetable as well as in the animal world, but which differs radically, in its mode of working, from rational human intelligence.

A more specific name for it, and a better one, I think, and for all similar behavior on the part of bird and beast, is the ancient and honorable term "instinct" — a term that the "new psychology" is beginning to shy at or openly to repudiate, but which I do not see how we can get along without.

Take the case of the woodpecker and his retreat. It may be the first cavity of the kind the bird has ever made or occupied, but its forebears have made and used such cavities for untold generations, and Downy unconsciously remembers it all. The whole proceeding is very human, very like what a person might do under certain circumstances — build a hut at the approach of winter, or take possession of one already built, enlarging and changing it to suit his notions, be on the alert for his enemies while thus engaged, etc. Yet we do not, because of this, ascribe reason to the woodpecker, or conscious forethought; we call it instinct, inherited memory. In a man these and similar acts are attended with more or less reflection and conscious exercise of will, with, no doubt, much instinctive or inherited impulse.

Now the new laboratory psychology comes along and says that the key to animal behavior is neither reason nor instinct, but habit or experience. I have in mind especially Professor E. T. Brewster's two papers in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for June and August, 1909, in which he urges that the lower animals not only do not reason,— which is just what I have been preaching myself, in season and out of season, for some years past,— but that, with adult animals of the more intelligent species, pure instinct, so far from being a controlling factor in the creature's life, hardly has to be reckoned with at all — which is just the opposite of what I have been preaching. The animal, Professor Brewster urges, "forms habits precisely as we do, and, precisely like ourselves, stores up, as habits, many common experiences of life." My own contention is that the wild animals act mainly from inherited habits or instinct, and that their acquired habits, "so far from being a controlling factor in the creature's life, hardly have to be reckoned with at all."

How the writer explains the conduct of animals that have had no chance to store up experiences and form habits — the bird building its first nest, the hen with her first brood of chickens speaking a language she never before spoke and her young understanding a language they never before heard, the heifer hiding her

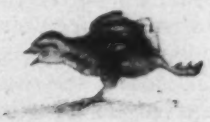
first calf in the bush, the ground-bird decoying you away from her first nest by fluttering over the ground as if half disabled, the puppy burying its first bone, perhaps on the carpet or the kitchen floor, the chipmunk or the wood-mouse laying up its forest store of nuts, and a score of other primary acts of the animals, which they never could have learned as we learn, and which they do offhand the first time the occasion arises — how the writer explains all these things, I say, I am at a loss to know.

These instincts or native impulses, as they are passed along down the line of animal descent, are slightly modified now and then, but remain practically the same from generation to generation. The cliff-swallows have built their nests of mud — how long? The chimney-swifts have built theirs of twigs — how long? The brooding grouse, when started from her nest, has feigned lameness and paralysis — how long? The beaver has been building its dam of sticks and mud — how long?

The word "instinct" is of metaphysical rather than of scientific origin, but it means so much more than reaction or tropism that we cannot dispense with it. It marks off the animal world from the human almost as distinctly as the animal is marked off from the vegetable. It covers all the animal behavior that is independent of experience, and that an animal does perfectly on the first occasion. In the orders immediately below man nine tenths of the actions of the animals are the result of involuntary inherited impulse. The other tenth may be the result of experience or acquired habit. A large proportion of our actions is also the result of inborn inherited impulses or tendencies, but these are constantly checked and controlled by reason and experience. An animal never checks its natural impulse unless we train it to do so or drill it into new habits. A man has an impulse to steal or to murder, to overeat or to run away from danger; but he checks the impulse, because he is a man and not a mere brute.

Each animal species inherits an organization that determines the kind of life it shall live, how it shall meet its enemies, how get its food and what that food shall be, its habitat, and the like, and it inherits the instincts that go with the organization. The porcupine knows how to use its quills, the skunk its essence, the hawk its talons, the cuttlefish its ink, without previous experience or instruction — that is, instinctively. The mole takes to the ground and is lost on the surface. His organization makes him a prisoner of the soil. Call his behavior instinctive or a tropism or what you will, it is innate, and is not a habit acquired by the individual mole, but by the race of moles.

Man's organization is not specialized in anything like the same degree as that of his animal kin. He inherits no weapons, either of offense or defense; he is confined to no habitat or clime; he is restricted to no special food. He is a tool-maker and inventor, and arms and equips himself with a thousand external things and forces. He is a learner — an acquirer of knowledge. He has legs with which to walk, but he has to learn to walk as much as he has to learn to skate or to swim or to ride a bicycle. He is born with vocal cords and organs of speech, but he has to invent his own language and music. The animals, on the other hand, do not have to learn to walk or swim or fly or speak. If these acts are appropriate to their kind, they do them naturally. The lamb and the calf walk, the duck swims, the snake strikes, the hour they are born.



Man is a generalized type, except as regards his brain power. He is not by his anatomy a climber, or a swimmer, or a wader, or a flyer; he has neither fangs, tusks, talons, horns, spurs, nor claws. And yet, by virtue of his gift of reason, he does all of these things — provides himself with tools that serve all these purposes and many more. It is his reason, and not his instinct, that places him so far above all other animals. A man with skates on his feet is like one of the lower animals in this respect: he is specialized, his range is limited. If he were born with such a device on his feet, he would have an instinct for skating; or if he had a nose like a pig, he would have an instinct for rooting; if he had feet like a goose he would have an instinct for swimming. Man's organization and brain

power are such that pure instinct plays a far smaller part in his life than it does in the lives of the animals below him. He has general instincts, while they have special instincts; he checks and controls or suppresses his instincts by his reason, a thing that the animals never do. A man may have more instincts than his dog or his horse or his ox, but how wide of the mark it would be to say that he is under the dominion of his instincts as these animals are under the dominion of theirs.

We are all more or less the creatures of habit, but of acquired habits rather than inherited habits. Man has filled the world with his acquisitions, and changed the face of continents with the tools he has invented. He performs hardly an action that is not the result of some acquired habit or for which he does not draw upon some acquired or stored-up power. Nature gave him the power to make sounds, but his language, his music, he has invented; she gave him the power to walk, but his power to sail, to fly, to cross continents faster than the fleetest horse, he has given himself; she gave him the power to hurl a stone or a spear or a club, but the power to hurl tons of metal miles upon miles, he has given himself.

What the wild creatures shall do, where they shall live, what they shall eat, is determined, I repeat, by their organization. Acquired habit or experience modifies the natural course of their lives very little. The scarcity of their staple food may drive them to an unaccustomed diet, as when the crossbills from the North fell upon a peach orchard in my neighborhood one May and cut out the germ of the peach blossoms. Hunger will drive a fox to eat corn which he cannot digest, and fear of the mongoose will drive rats to nest in trees.

With our domestic animals the case is different; they are useful to us mainly on account of their acquired habits. We have trained them to do our bidding. The horse in the harness or under the saddle, the ox in the yoke or hitched to the plow or the cart, the dog trained to point, to retrieve, to trail, the performing animals in the circus or in the menagerie, all act from acquired habits. Their natural instincts have been eradicated or greatly modified. We have trained them to our own wills, as we train a tree to some arbitrary pattern. If let alone a few years, the clipped tree will go back to its natural form; the domestic animal, if given a chance, quickly reverts to the state of its wild brothers. Man himself, in war, in camps in the woods, or among the mines, tends to revert to a state of barbarism.

In calling instinct inherited habit we do not, of course, clear up the mystery. Perhaps we only substitute one mystery for another. There remains the mystery of inheritance, which we think we can track to certain parts of the nucleus of the germ cell, and there our analysis stops.

The new psychology is confusing when it says, through Professor Brewster, that, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as instinct, but "instincts there are by the score." Are we, then, forbidden to generalize or to make abstract statements about concrete facts? Are we forbidden to say, for instance, that there is no such thing as religion, though there be any number of religions? no such thing as character among men, though there may be any number of characteristics?

True, there is no such thing as instinct in the abstract, but there exists in our minds an idea of instinct that is a generalized form of the concrete examples we have seen. There is no such thing as maternal instinct, Professor Brewster says, but only "impulses that have to do with young, which females possess and males lack"; no such thing as a homing instinct, but only an attachment for some particular place to which the animal has learned the way. In short, "instinct is not a faculty but a reflex."

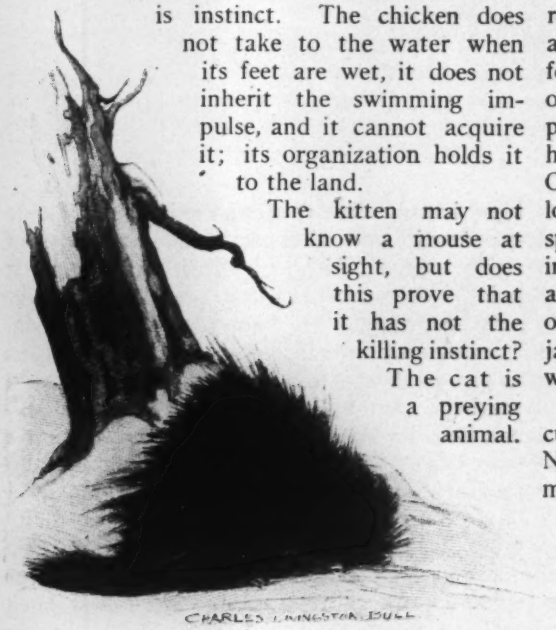
What men possess and share with the lower orders are impulses — involuntary, spontaneous impulses to do certain specific things; and this is what we mean by instinct. The "impulses that have to do with young, which females possess and males lack" — what is that but the maternal instinct? It is not acquired, it is latent in the female, and is developed when her young are born. In the insect world it is active before the young are born, and leads to solicitude about the young that the mother is never to see. There is the nesting instinct in birds, which is stronger in the female than in the male; the stalking instinct in the cat is stronger than it is in the dog. We form an idea of these various unconscious responses or reactions to external conditions, and we call it instinct.

Can we argue that there is no such thing as the mating instinct among animals, from the fact that it works differently in different species? There may not be such a thing as the "homing instinct," in the sense in which we used to believe there was in pre-evolutionary days — a blind impulse that carries an animal back home unerringly, and that acts independently of sight or sense. Although this is still a mooted point, I do not believe that a wild animal ever gets lost, though we know domestic ones do. The domestic animal's instincts are by no means as sure in their action as are those of their wild brothers. But I do not believe that a wild animal finds its way home in the same way that a man does — by a process of calculation and judgment, and memory of familiar points. I have seen the muirs in Bering Sea fly for many miles straight home to their rookies through a dense fog; and the fur-seals in the vast pathless wilderness of the Pacific find their way back each spring to their breeding-rocks in Bering Sea. I cannot see how their sense of sight or smell could aid them in such cases. President Roosevelt told me of a horse he had in his ranch days that returned to its old home, seventy miles away, by taking a direct line across the prairie, swimming rivers in its course. How did the horse know the way? Wild animals probably have a sense of direction that is enfeebled or lost in domestic animals — a sense that civilized man has lost also, but that is keen in barbarians.

Is not Professor Brewster confusing, too, when he refuses to consider instinct as inherited habit, and then proceeds to relate the case of a white rat that in its wanderings in the laboratory came upon three chickens many times larger than itself, and "slew them most skilfully, each with a single bite through the neck,"

although the rat had never before seen a chicken, nor had its parents or grandparents? Yet the fowl-killing habit had survived in the rat.

Professor Brewster's statement that young ducks have no instinctive impulse to enter the water is misleading. Why, then, do they enter it voluntarily? Young ducks have no instinctive recognition of water through the eye, but they have through the feet; the moment they feel the water with their feet, the impulse to enter it is awakened, and away they go. Is this true of chickens? Neither ducks nor chickens know water through the sense of sight, but by the sense of touch. Their drinking and swimming habits are simply reactions. The power must be directly applied to set the machinery going. This inherent tendency on the part of the duck to take to the water is instinct. The chicken does not take to the water when its feet are wet, it does not inherit the swimming impulse, and it cannot acquire it; its organization holds it to the land.



The kitten may not know a mouse at sight, but does this prove that it has not the killing instinct? The cat is a preying animal. It preys upon the smaller animals and birds and insects; and this is not a habit, but an instinct which you cannot eradicate. It is quite possible that a laboratory kitten would not kill a mouse offhand, but can any one doubt that the young of a wildcat would kill a mouse at sight?

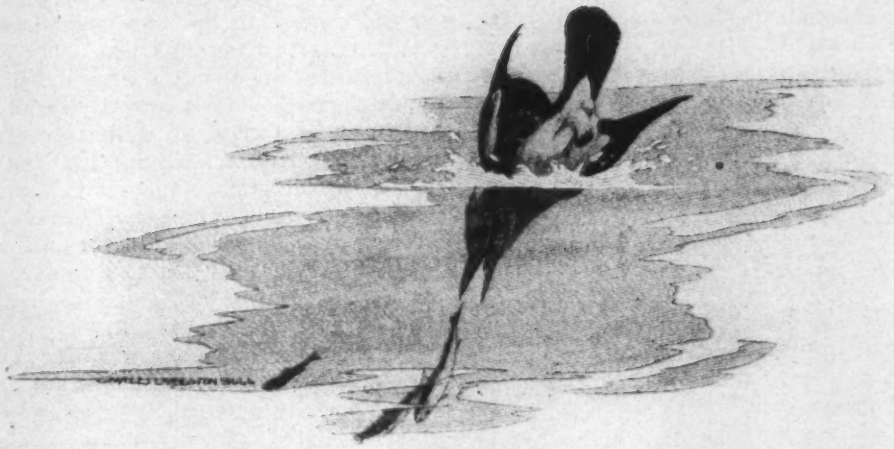
Animals gain very little knowledge through the eye (often the dog does not know his own master by sight). The sense of smell is their guide; that alone is convincing to them; hence the keenness of this sense in most wild creatures.

Our professor says that, "so far as the study of animal behavior is concerned, the days of the mere observer are past." He has lost his job. The "new psychology" captures the animal, imprisons it in a cage like a culprit, and then begins its detective work. Certain things may, no doubt, be learned about animal mentality by this course; but I am very skeptical about the amount of light that can he thrown upon the springs of animal life, at least upon the life of the higher vertebrates, by this inquisitorial proceeding. In the laboratory, or in any sort of confinement, the animal is placed in unnatural conditions, and the problems that confront it in captivity do not arise in the natural course of its life. Their instincts are demoralized because their bodies are restrained. Man is a disturbing influence. Animals under his care even change their colors. In laboratories their native wit is usually at a low ebb, and they do not know what they do know. Their instincts are balked because of the strangeness of the environment. They are not themselves, and do not and cannot act out their true natures. What, for instance, could your new psychologist learn of the real life and character of my downy woodpecker by his laboratory experiments? Could he persuade him to excavate his winter lodge? Could he induce him to select a drum from a lot of dry limbs put in his cage, and, when the spring days come, begin his resonant hammering to attract a mate? Can the real instincts and the varied natural accomplishments of any of the wild creatures be brought out by this jailing process? I doubt it. Some of us men would cut a pretty poor figure under such a test.

What sort of a figure does your mountaineer cut in town? Take John Muir, for instance. Now, John Muir is one of the most expert woodsmen and mountain-climbers we have ever had. He will find his way about and over the Sierra Mountains, even at night. But put him down in a city and he will be lost at once unless you keep hold of his coat-tails. No other man has so keen a scent for glaciers and sequoias; but in the streets of a strange city he could not find his way to a glacier or a Douglas spruce, if it was only two squares away. Unnatural conditions make both man and beast unnatural.

I confess that this short cut to animal psychology through the laboratory interests me very little. Laboratory experiments can lead to little more than negative results. They prove what the animal does not know and cannot do under artificial conditions, but do they show what it does know and can do under natural conditions?

I grant that you can prove in your laboratories that animals do not reason — that they have nothing like our mental processes. But the observer in the field and woods, if he exer-



cise any reason of his own, knows this. We see that the caged bird or the caged beast does not reason, because no strength of bar or wall can convince it that it cannot escape. It cannot be convinced, because it has no faculties that are influenced by evidence. It continues to struggle and to dash itself against the bars, not until it is convinced, but until it is exhausted. Then, slowly, a new habit is formed — the cage habit, the habit of submission to bars or tethers. Its inherited habits give place to acquired habits. When we train an animal to do certain "stunts," we do not teach it or enlighten it, in any proper sense, but we compel it to form new habits. We work with the animal until it goes through its little trick in the same automatic manner in which its natural instincts were wont to work.

I do not care to know how a laboratory coon gets his food out of a box that is locked; but I should like to know why he always goes through the motion of washing his food before eating it, rubbing it in the sand or sawdust or straw of his cage, if no water is handy. I should like to know why he is fond of shellfish, and how he secures them, since he is in no sense an aquatic animal. In the laboratory you may easily learn how a mink or a weasel kills a chicken or a rat; but how does it capture a rabbit by fair running in the woods or fields, since the rabbit is so much more fleet of foot? In the laboratory you might see a black-snake capture a frog or a mouse; but how does it capture the wild bird or the red squirrel in the woods? It is this interplay of wild life, the relations of one animal with another, and how each species meets and solves its own life problems, that interests us, and can afford us the real key to animal behavior. What can the keeper of the Zoo really learn about his animals that is valuable and interesting? Or what does the public get out of its Sunday or holiday visits to a zoölogical park besides a little idle amusement? The beasts there are all prisoners; and they are more dejected and abnormal than human prisoners would be under like conditions, because they are more completely cut off from their natural surroundings.

With very low forms of animal life the case is different. They are affected very little, if at all, by the presence of man and by artificial conditions. Professor Loeb's experiments with the medusae, ascidians, worms, and mollusks established many things about these low forms well worth knowing, and that could have been learned in no other way — his demonstration, for instance, that a certain phase of tropism, response to external stimuli, is the same in both animals and plants. His discovery that life can go on without the nervous system, that irritability and conductibility are qualities of protoplasm, and that nature invented and improved the nervous system to secure quicker and better communication between the parts of an organism; the discovery that only "certain species of animals possess associative memory, and have consciousness, and that it appears in them only after they have reached a certain stage in their ontogenetic development" — that any animal that can be trained, that can learn, possesses this memory: all these things, and many others that Loeb has found out by his

laboratory experiments, throw much light on the springs of animal life. It is not an instinct that drives the moth into the flame; it is a tropism — heliotropism. It is not an instinct that makes a bedbug take refuge in a crack; it is another tropism — stereotropism, the necessity of bringing the body on every side in contact with solid bodies.

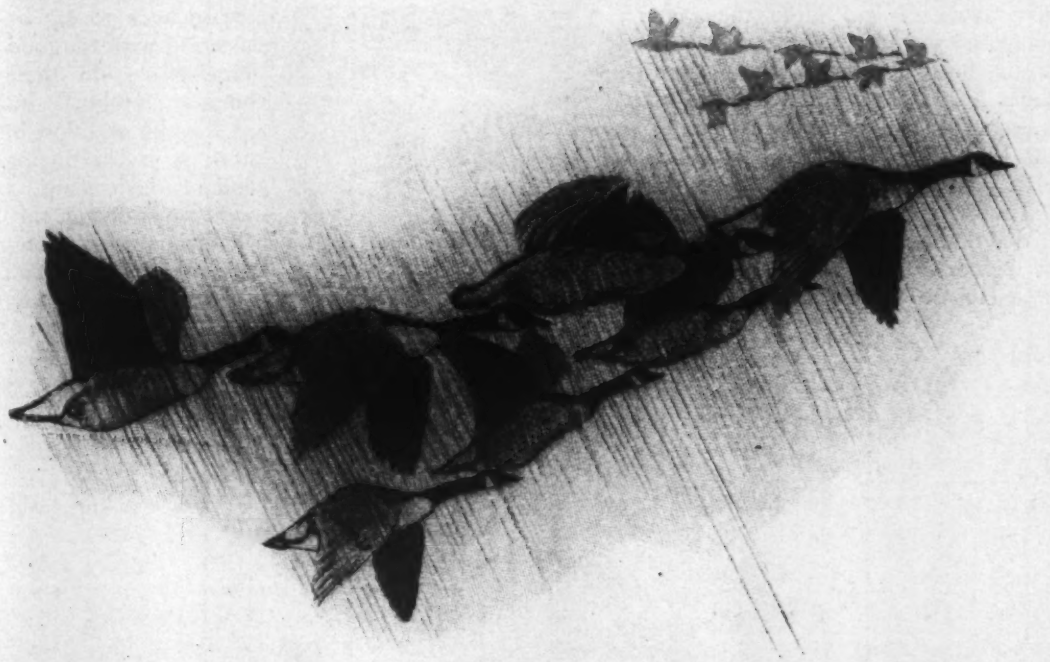
Professor Loeb has shown that neither experience nor volition play any part in the behavior of bugs and worms; they are machines set going by outward conditions. The warmth of the spring brings about chemical changes in the bodies of caterpillars that set them moving about. Wingless plant-lice, he says, can at any time be made to grow wings by simply lowering the temperature, or by letting the plant upon which they are feeding dry out. The egg-laying mechanism of the blow-fly is set going by certain volatile substances contained in its meat, and this he calls chemotropism.

Still, one would like to know how this particular kind of machinery came to be developed in the blow-fly. The terms "reflexes" and "tropisms" do not give a plummet-line long enough to sound all the depths of animal behavior. With them one may measure very well the conduct of the lower organisms, such as radiates, articulates, mollusks. The lives of these creatures are mainly a series of reflexes or tropisms. We could not correctly speak of the psychology of a clam, an oyster, or a worm, because they have no psychic life; but their tropisms or automatic responses to stimuli are interesting to study. These lower forms have no instincts, properly so called. Not until we get higher in the scale of life, and reach animals that have associative memory, do we reach the region of psychics, and find that complex behavior which we designate as instinctive, and which results as much from inborn impulses as from outward stimulation.

Loeb is of the opinion that all so-called instincts will ultimately be explained on purely physiological principles, that is, the physical and chemical qualities of protoplasm. When this is done the difference between reflex and instinctive actions will disappear. The actions of both men and beasts will turn out to be reactions to external stimuli. Probably everything in this world has its physics, has its genesis and explanation somehow in matter, from chemical affinity to human passion, from animal instincts to the poetic frenzy. That marvelous invention, the phonograph, has its physics as surely as the steam-engine has. But how inadequate the mechanical explanation of it seems. How incredible it seems that the tone of a bell, the peal of a bugle, the wail of a violin, the ring of an anvil, and, above all, the soul of the singer as revealed in the human voice, can all be evoked from these fine, wavy lines on the disk.

The soul of man certainly has its physics; our thoughts, our emotions, all have their physical basis in protoplasm. I do not think that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile, but I do believe our thoughts are as much the result of physiological conditions as bile is. An analysis of the brain and an account of all its chemical elements and properties would fail to reveal to us the secret of its thoughts, or why one brain has thoughts of one kind and another of another kind; yet, no doubt the cause is there, the actual, material, physiological cause, if our analysis were keen enough to find it. Our search would be as futile as our search for the complex music that slumbers in the records of the phonograph.

As a scientist, one cannot admit anything mystical or transcendental in nature; while, on the other hand, the final explanation of the least fact is beyond us. We know certain things about chemical affinity, for instance; but what makes chemical affinity? Why are certain sub-



stances so crazy to be locked in each other's embrace? Why, that is chemical affinity. But what is chemical affinity? The instinct of migration in birds doubtless has a physiological basis; but whence this basis? How did it come about? The instinct of the male for the female doubtless has a physiological basis, but whence the basis? All instincts have their physics, but are they on that account less instinctive? After we have explained them, are they any the less untaught, any the less independent of experience? Some kind of chemical and physiological stimuli make the heart beat, but does that clear up the mystery? Why is this muscle and no other so susceptible to these stimuli? Why is the heart the heart?

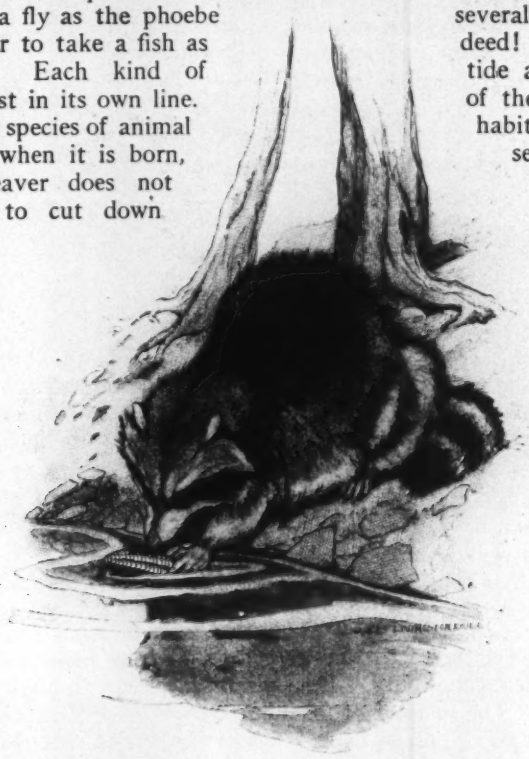
It takes time to develop and establish the instincts of the lower orders, as it takes time to develop the reason in man. Not until its organization approaches maturity does its system of reflexes act promptly and surely. It is not a question of experience or of acquired habits, but of physiological development. It takes nine days for the kitten's eyes to open, and it takes longer than that for the preying instincts to develop. The baby does not wink, when you threaten its eyes with your hand, until it is two months old, but its sucking instinct seems to be developed when it comes into the world. Its instinct of fear comes much later, and the little girl's doll-baby instinct, if such it be, comes later still.

Just at this point I am reminded of a curious error that John Fiske fell into in his otherwise admirable paper on the helplessness of the human young as a factor in human evolution: "The bird known as the flycatcher no sooner breaks the egg than it will snap at and catch a fly." Of course, this is absurd. When the young flycatcher first comes out of the shell it can neither see nor lift its head. Its fly-catching does not begin until long after it is out of the nest and fully fledged, and then it begins instinctively; it is prompted to this by its organization and its inherited habits. So with the other forms of animal life. The young bird has wings, therefore it does not have to be taught to fly; the woodpeckers have bills made for drilling, therefore the drilling does not depend upon experience; the woodcock has a beak for probing mud and an inborn appetite for soft worms, therefore it instinctively probes mud. Does the young skunk have to be taught how to defend itself, or the young porcupine, or the young rattler, or the wasp, or the honey-bee on its first flight?

Squirrels are nut-eaters, therefore they know nuts the moment they see or smell them. Some species of monkeys are egg-suckers. A monkey of one of these species knows how to deal with the first egg it comes across; a monkey not of such a species makes a mess of the first egg. These are examples of instinct, automatic reactions, inherited habits. Birds not of the fly-catching species will sometimes pursue and try

to capture a small moth or other insect; but how awkward and futile their efforts when compared with the quick, sure swoop and snap of the born flycatcher. A sparrow never could learn to take a fly as the phoebe does, or a woodpecker to take a fish as the kingfisher does. Each kind of bird is a born specialist in its own line.

The career of every species of animal is determined for it when it is born, or before. The beaver does not have to be taught to cut down trees and to build a dam, nor the muskrat to build its house, nor the woodchuck to dig its hole. They come into the world with the tools and the impulses to do these several things. "Habit," indeed! So is the ebb and flow of tide a habit; so is the singing of the wind in the treetops a habit; so is sunrise and sunset a habit. But the habit is as old as time and as new as the day.



VISIONING HOURS

BY

ARTHUR L. PHELPS

A SILVER mist o'er the city,
That lowers young day to adorn;
A hush, and a silvery city
In the first hour of the morn.

And eyes grown tired in the city,
Looking away and away,
See meadowlands out of the city,
Clean, in the dawn of the day. . . .

Men toil for pay in the city;
But grant them visioning hours
When they pause and dream in the city
Of wide, sweet meadows and flowers.

From the Boston "Herald" for April 23, 1910

AFTER ELBA—AND WATERLOO

WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF ROOSEVELT

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

This article, by one of England's most brilliant political writers, was received at a late hour, and, because of its timeliness and force, was hurried into type, in spite of the fact that there is another article by the same author in this number

NO American of our times has touched the imagination of Europe in anything like the same degree as Mr. Roosevelt. The type of President and of statesman evolved by the monstrous mechanism of American politics may have many virtues; but the virtue of attracting and interesting foreigners is not among them. Only one American President in the whole course of the nineteenth century reached the level of real greatness. That nation, no doubt, is to be congratulated which can produce, even once in a hundred years, an Abraham Lincoln; and there is possibly a quality of artistic finish in the mere flatness that directs and concentrates one's gaze on the nobility of that lonely, towering figure. But the flatness itself is undeniable. The Madisons, Monroes, Jacksons, Van Burens, Tylers, Polks, Taylors, Fillmores, Pierces, and Buchanans of the pre-Lincoln period, the Garfields, Arthurs, Clevelands, Harrisons, and McKinleys

of our own generation — what possible meaning or message have they, or could they ever have had, for the non-American world? Who would even remember their very names apart from the great office they so inexplicably filled? A succession of provincial and uninspiring mediocrities, singularly deficient in the graces either of accomplishment or personality, elected in a tumult of partizan ardor, spending most of their Presidential term in furious factional fights, and forgotten, or at any rate shelved, by their countrymen the moment they quitted the White House—such have been the characteristics and the destiny of eight American Presidents out of every ten.

But in Mr. Roosevelt's case matters from the outset took a very different turn. He was known both to America and to Europe before he became President; but the dramatic circumstances of his accession to the Chief Magistracy, the resounding vigor with which he discharged its duties, the breadth of the policies he formulated, and the evidence furnished by his every deed and word that a real leader of men had arisen beyond the Atlantic, quickly made him one of the most prominent and spectacular figures on the stage of *Weltpolitik*.

In England the force of his attractiveness was especially felt. He belongs by education, birth, and tastes to the type that Englishmen on the whole most like to represent them in the public life of the nation—a type that in America used to be moderately common sixty or seventy years ago, before the coming of the Boss, and when merit in a Presidential candidate was considered of more importance than "availability." Long before he became President we knew of him as a mighty hunter and a good all-round sportsman. We watched him in Cuba doing all the brilliant, reckless, and quixotic things that attract the applause of the populace. We watched him again in the Governorship of New York State, bending the "machine" to his will with consummate ability and courage. We knew that he was a 'Varsity man, with a good lineage behind him, a gentleman both in the right and in the technical sense, and a man of independent means. We felt, in short, an affinity with Mr. Roosevelt, an affinity we have felt with not more than two or three American politicians in the past thirty years.

It is curious, considering the many points of resemblance in the social and political structure of the two peoples, how rarely one can conceive a man of prominence in English affairs rising to equal prominence in American affairs, or a successful politician in America proving equally successful under British conditions. Such cases do occur from time to time, but only very occasionally. One could easily, for instance, have imagined Mr. Chamberlain becoming an American Boss of the first magnitude, and climbing by a series of dexterously rigged conventions to the Presidency itself. Mr. Root, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and Mr. Choate are similar examples from the other side. One could picture them transplanting themselves to England and taking an effective part in English public life just as they are, and without finding its atmosphere oppressively uncongenial. But, in general, neither Englishmen nor Americans feel any temptation to annex each other's statesmen.

Mr. Roosevelt, however, in this, as in most ways, is a signal exception. Any nation would be glad to reckon him among its assets if it could. At the bottom of the extraordinary enthusiasm of the welcome that has everywhere greeted him on the Continent, is the consciousness that every country in Europe needs a Roosevelt of its own. "If only we had some one like him!" is the thought behind the attentions that have been showered upon him. And the thought is echoed nowhere more responsively than in England. People here feel that they would know what to do with Mr. Roosevelt, and I dare say Mr. Roosevelt feels that he would know what to do with them.

If he were an Englishman, he would have explored every inch of the Empire, shot all the big game to be found in it, won his Blue at Oxford or Cambridge, kept a pack of hounds, written some slashing books on Wellington and Nelson and the heroes of the Indian Mutiny, captured De Wet, annexed an Empire or two, and left an indelible mark on the politics of the nation as the Premier of a Progressive Conservative Ministry. As it is, we have to roll half a dozen Englishmen together to get Mr. Roosevelt's full measure. Take Mr. F. C. Selous, the big-game hunter, add Dr. Fitchett, the semi-historian, add again the breeziness of Lord Charles Beresford, who might be at least half a Roosevelt himself if he were not an Irishman, add again Lord Curzon's instinct for domination and his superb self-confidence, mingle with something more than a dash of Lord Kitchener's remorseless efficiency, throw in at least as much decisiveness, practicality, and belligerency as Mr. Chamberlain has ever commanded, and, finally, leaven the resultant with an ardor Gladstonian in its intensity—and you have a combination not by any means unlike the ex-President.

It sounds paradoxical to assert, after this, that Mr. Roosevelt is in many respects an ordi-

nary man. Yet such at bottom is the fact. He is a man of ordinary endowments extraordinarily developed. So far from being a genius, he is a proof of how little genius has to do with an infinite capacity for taking pains. I remember, some four years ago, when I was spending an hour with him in the White House, the conversation turned for a moment on this very point. Some New York journal of hypercritical bent had been complaining that he was not a genius.

"I know I am not a genius," rapped out the President; and then, turning squarely toward me, he asked:

"By the by, wasn't it you, or was it some other Englishman, who said that a pork-butcher could understand me?"

It was a wholesomely embarrassing moment. My mind traveled backward over the various indiscretions I had been guilty of, the innumerable things I might have said differently, in the course of twelve years of writing on American politics and politicians. It lighted finally on some such dictum. I owned up.

"Because," said the President, "I want to tell you, you were absolutely right!"

Well, I am not quite sure to-day that I was so "absolutely right" as Mr. Roosevelt believed. I have rather worked round to the conclusion that Mr. Roosevelt is slightly more complex than he is aware of, and that it needs a somewhat more elastic kind of mind than one usually associates with a pork-butcher to understand him thoroughly. But the characterization had perhaps this amount of truth in it: that Mr. Roosevelt, being fundamentally a healthily unoriginal and elementary man, direct in all his actions, in his character and instincts, and particularly in his mental processes, the simplest and most obvious explanation of him is all but invariably the right one.

The ex-President himself holds firmly and sincerely to the notion that he is essentially a commonplace person, and that almost anybody who chose could be what he is and do what he has done. In a letter which has not, I think, been widely published, he elaborated this theory with ingenuous force. He was dealing more particularly with his achievements as a sportsman.

"Personally, as you know," he wrote, "I am not really good at any games. Perhaps in my time I came nearer to being fairly good as a walker, rider, and rifle shot than in any other way; but I was never more than an average good man, even in these three respects. Whatever success I have had in game-hunting — and it has been by no means noteworthy — has been due, as well as I can make out, to three causes: first, common sense and good judgment; second, perseverance, which is the only way of allowing one to make good one's own blunders; third, the fact that I shot as well at game as at a target. . . .

"Now, of course, the possession and practice of these three qualities did not make me by any means as successful a hunter as the men who, in addition to possessing them, were also better shots than I was, or who had greater power of endurance, or who were more skilled in plainscraft and woodcraft. But they did enable me to kill a reasonable quantity of big game, and to do it in ways that have made my observations of value to the faunal or outdoor naturalist. Besides, I knew what I wanted, and was willing to work hard to get it. In short, I am not an athlete; I am simply a good, ordinary, out-of-doors man.

"You speak of my recent hundred-mile ride. Now this was no feat for any young man in condition to regard as worth speaking about. Twice out in the cattle-country, on the round-up, when I was young, I have myself spent thirty-six hours in the saddle, merely dismounting to eat or change horses; the hundred-mile ride represented what any elderly man in fair trim can do if he chooses.

"In the summer I often take the smaller boys for what they call a night picnic on the Sound; we row off eight or ten miles, camp out, and row back in the morning. Each of us has a light blanket to sleep in, and the boys are sufficiently deluded to believe that the chicken or beefsteak I fry in bacon fat on these expeditions has a flavor impossible elsewhere to be obtained. Now, these expeditions represent just about the kind of thing I do. Instead of rowing, it may be riding, or chopping, or walking, or playing tennis, or shooting at a target. But it is always a pastime which any healthy middle-aged man fond of outdoor life, but not an athlete, can indulge in if he chooses."

All this, as it stands, is sufficiently revealing; but Mr. Roosevelt went on, as he usually does, to place the interpretation of it beyond dispute.

"I think," he said, "my last sentence covers the whole case — that is, when I say 'if he chooses.' It has always seemed to me that in life there are two ways of achieving success, or, for the matter of that, of achieving what is commonly called greatness. One is to do that which can only be done by the man of exceptional and extraordinary abilities. Of course, this means that only this one man can do it, and it is a very rare kind of success or of greatness. The other is to do that which many men could do, but which, as a matter of fact, none of them

actually does. This is the ordinary kind of success or kind of greatness.

"Nobody but one of the world's rare geniuses could have written the Gettysburg speech, or the Second Inaugural, or met as Lincoln met the awful crises of the Civil War. But most of us can do the ordinary things, which, however, most of us do *not* do. My own successes have come within this second category. Any fairly hardy and healthy man can do what I have done in hunting and ranching if he only really wishes to, and will take the pains and trouble, and at the same time use common sense. Any one that chose could lead the kind of life I have led, and any one who has led that life could if he chose — and by 'choosing' I mean, of course, choosing to exercise in advance the requisite industry, judgment, and foresight, none of them to an extraordinary degree — have raised my regiment or served in positions analogous to those in which I have served in civil life."

Mr. Roosevelt, in a word, has done what so few of us are at pains to do — he has made the most and the best of himself. Hardly anything is more humiliating for the average man than to contemplate the many points at which he has permitted himself to lose touch with life, the powers and faculties he has allowed to become atrophied, the manifold interests and avocations he has dabbled in and then laid aside, the learning he might so easily have amassed, the instincts and aptitudes he has neglected to cultivate. No doubt Mr. Roosevelt in the watches of the night can charge himself, like the rest of us, with many such sins of omission and commission; but to the onlooking eye they seem amazingly few and trivial.

More than any man I have ever encountered or ever expect to encounter, he has developed his tastes and capacities harmoniously and continuously — never letting go when he had once taken hold; always adding something to his stock of knowledge and experience; fronting the problems and events of each day with an eager, acquisitive, and impetuous mind; pouring himself with a perpetually fresh and gathered vehemence into the theme of the moment; not ceasing to be a wide reader because he had become President, or sinking the naturalist in the soldier, or allowing the official to shoulder out the sportsman, or sacrificing the man of letters to the politician, but preserving along the whole frontier of his nature a just and progressive balance.

It is not in itself remarkable that a man, even one whose working day since he left college can hardly have averaged less than fifteen or sixteen hours, should have kept up his classics and his French and German. It is not remarkable that a statesman holding high office and dedicated to "the strenuous life" should turn aside and devote his odd moments of comparative leisure to writing a Life of Cromwell. It is not remarkable that a veteran big-game hunter should be a diligent and observant naturalist, able at any moment to compare the relative sizes of European and American mammals and to give his reasons for exalting the song of the hermit-thrush above that of the nightingale. It is not remarkable that a man should be a first-class rider, walker, and rifle shot, and able also to hold his own at wrestling, on the tennis court, with the foils, and as a boxer. What is remarkable is that these various interests, accomplishments, and aptitudes should meet in a single individual, and that each should contribute to the sum total of his life its proper, and no more than its proper, quota.

By its proper quota I mean the quota that a rational man would assign to it. The torrential vigor that Mr. Roosevelt throws into all his pursuits is one of his most obvious characteristics; but hardly less obvious is his insistence that activity must be regulated by reason, by proportion, by a sense of what is feasible. There is no type that irritates him more, no type he has "scored" so mercilessly, as the men of impossible standards and extravagant ideals. The intemperance that overshoots the mark is as intolerable to him as the indifference that does not even trouble to aim, and misguided effort all but as abhorrent as no effort at all. Indeed, I am not sure that the over-civilized, hypercritical mugwump does not rouse him more effectually than even the *jeunesse dorée*. The choicest adjectives of his vocabulary, a vocabulary that, if it lacks range and subtlety, possesses an undeniable sledge-hammer effectiveness, have been reserved, not for the wealthy criminal class, but for the arm-chair critics, the "vain prattlers" and "professional impracticables" who think they can reform politics without themselves becoming politicians, the men of good intentions, weak wills, and amiably aimless action.

Mr. Roosevelt profoundly believes in preserving the rugged fighting qualities in a man or a nation. He is not afraid to go on record with the statement that a righteous war is the healthiest of all national exercises. He is never tired of extolling the "manly virtues," and of insisting on physical hardihood and courage as one of the essential elements of a sound character. I doubt whether there is to be found in England anything to appeal to him more directly than the Boy Scout movement, with its admirably wholesome and ingenious ways of developing every virtue and faculty that a

boy possesses, of teaching him patriotism and chivalry, of sharpening his powers of observation and deduction, of training him to a life of vigor and cleanliness, and of turning him into an efficient, handy, all-round member of society. With the robust ideals of such a movement he would feel an instantaneous sympathy. "Get out and do things," has been his constant exhortation to the youth of America.

But, while vehement on the necessity of action as the touchstone of sincerity, he is always careful to add that it must be action in union with judgment. The "reformers" who think it enough to reiterate the honesty of their intentions, the men who will not admit that compromise is the essence of politics, for all such people he has a contempt only less hearty than for those who refuse to support a big navy or who turn against their country in time of war. Large families, "my country, right or wrong," personal courage, everybody shouldering the public duties that almost everybody neglects, all classes and interests recognizing their interdependence, the supremacy of the elementary virtues of character over all intellectual and material gifts — it is on such themes as these that Mr. Roosevelt has held forth with inimitable gusto.

His own temperament, though quickly and easily stirred, is essentially Whiggish, content to advance a step at a time, inexorable on vital points, but never tempted to extremes. One could hazard the man from his books, or his books from the man. His prose has a hard, confident, metallic texture, with little light or shade playing about it, yet strong in its rush and resonance. I find I cannot with any pleasure read much of it at a time, unless it happens to deal with hunting and outdoor life. One soon exhausts the quality of Mr. Roosevelt's intellectual power.

The most individual of men, he is also one of the least original. In all his books and Presidential messages I cannot recall a single thought that was really novel and illuminating. On the other hand, I can recall only two or three that were absolutely foolish. A dogmatic turn for the common sense of things is the most marked characteristic of his mind. He is eminently sane, but it would be flattery to call him deep. He thinks too much in rigid categories and antitheses and expresses himself too much in superlatives to be a winning writer or a subtle thinker. One might perhaps best describe his mind and style by saying that they are as far apart as anything could be from Newman's mind and style. As a talker, copious, ready, animated, and humane, he is far more enthralling than as an essayist or an historian. One is too conscious, in reading him, of the whirr of the "big stick." He moves swiftly and resonantly down the road of clanking commonplace. His mind tolerates no haziness: for him there is a right and a wrong in everything; and he tries too openly to bludgeon his readers into accepting his views.

One is not always able to do so. One cannot always agree that the problems of life and politics are quite as clear-edged as Mr. Roosevelt makes them out to be, or that the alternatives he so vividly propounds are altogether exhaustive. Nor can one always bear patiently with his eternal insistence on the eternal verities, or listen without something perilously near a yawn while he thumps the cushions of his political pulpit, enunciates the moral platitudes that most people are content to take for granted, and holds forth on wife-beating, race suicide, the obligations of citizenship, the simple life, snobbishness, and kindred topics in a manner thoroughly sound, no doubt, and estimable, but also a trifle wearying.

But the man, after all, is greater than his books. Mr. Roosevelt's background of solid Dutch caution and level-headedness make mere feelings as little his guide as mere theories. People call him impulsive. It is the charge usually brought by stupidity against the man of quick-moving parts. Mr. Roosevelt makes up his mind at a bound, and the bound, no doubt, is sometimes a hasty one. Being always ruled by what is possible, he cares not a rap for consistency, and it is easy to imagine him asserting a proposition with almost ferocious emphasis to-day and retracting or contradicting it to-morrow with equal vehemence.

But impulsive in his actions he decidedly is not; and the critics who have charged him from time to time with over-precipitancy have always found that he looked farther ahead than they. Practicality and idealism hold in his nature an almost perfect balance. There is nothing more fundamental in him than his transparent incapacity for anything mean, underhand, or equivocal. His instincts are all toward whatever is sound, honest, and clean. But, if his head strikes the stars, his feet are on the solid earth. Always reaching, struggling, sometimes rushing forward, he invariably also keeps in touch with the expediencies, fights furiously for the absolute best, but, when he cannot get it, is satisfied with the second best. A score of times he has risked his whole political future rather than yield where he felt yielding to be wrong. Like Mr. Gladstone, he is always inflexibly resolved to do the right thing. Like Mr. Gladstone, too, his critics assert that the right thing, by some happy and unvarying chance, is whatever he has resolved to do.

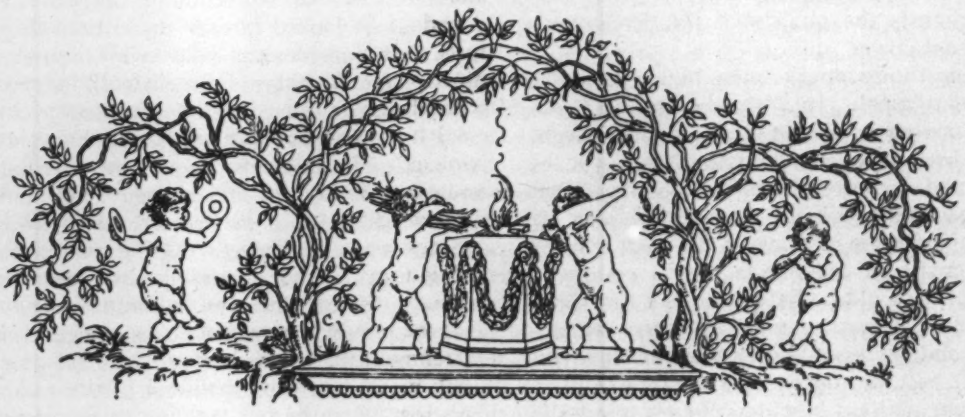
"Better be a poor fisherman than meddle with the governing of men," wailed Danton. Such a dictum would be incomprehensible to Mr. Roosevelt. His attitude toward "the governing of men" is that of a strong man rejoicing. Leadership, with him, is an instinct, and the hurly-burly of conflict a great gladness; and this stern elation, this personal and irrepressible joy in work, was the driving power of his whole Presidency. He had seven and a half years of more struggle and contention than fall to most men in a life-time, and he reveled in every fighting minute of them. In a phrase that is already classic, but not yet classical, he announced, when he left the White House, that he had had "a perfectly corking time." Both the sentiment and the language came straight from the heart.

"I *like* being President," he once said to me, with a snap of his emphatic jaw.

I happened to be in Washington during one of the most critical crises of his Presidency, at a time when he was being badgered and thwarted almost beyond mortal endurance, when schemes on which his whole heart was set were in momentary peril of wreckage. I heard him on that occasion explode with anger, scorn, and denunciation, belabor his opponents with more than Wellingtonian vigor, and stoke the fires of dissension with reckless audacity. But one could see with half an eye that the outburst was not one of despair but exhilaration; that it was tonic to him to be in the middle of the fight and hitting his hardest; and that his vehemence, far from arguing weariness or discouragement, was just the natural, pugnacious, elemental man with his back to the wall.

Mr. Roosevelt has always been not only belligerent in himself, but the cause of belligerency in others. He often, as President, said things which I do not suppose he would justify in cold blood — if, indeed, his blood is ever cold. He often acted with too little thought for dignity and appearances. He often engaged in personal squabbles that he might better have avoided, and accumulated enmities that added much, no doubt, to his own enjoyment and to the gaiety of the nation, but did little permanent good to anybody. Tactfulness, patience, the smaller arts of conciliating and managing men, have never quite consorted with his insistent, dictatorial, almost hectoring temperament, his headlong mind, and the presence in him of a self-confidence so overpowering that it is all but impossible for him to do justice to "the other fellow."

But these, after all, are insignificant blemishes on a Presidency which, next to Lincoln's, stands out as the most memorable in American history. Mr. Roosevelt's reign was prolific of positive achievements, but his best work was work that could not be tabulated. Burke talks somewhere of "a revolution in sentiment, manners, and moral opinions — the most important of all revolutions." It was such a revolution that Mr. Roosevelt wrought. He has affected the instinctive attitude of his countrymen toward life and conduct. Thanks to him, Americans do not do the things they did. They do not even think the thoughts of a decade ago. He has broadened the social conscience of the people; he has altered the current of their ideas. It is, in the end, as a sort of whirlwind of purification that one thinks of him.



THE ALUMINUM DAGGER

BY

R. AUSTIN FREEMAN

AUTHOR OF "THE ANTHROPOLOGIST AT LARGE" AND "THE BLUE SEQUIN"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE "urgent call"—the instant, peremptory summons to professional duty — is an experience that appertains to the medical rather than to the legal practitioner; and I had supposed, when I abandoned the clinical side of my profession in favor of the forensic, that henceforth I should know it no more — that the interrupted meal, the broken leisure, and the jangle of the night-bell were things of the past: but in practice it was otherwise.

I had just finished my bath and was dressing, one morning, when a hurried step was heard upon the stair, and the voice of our laboratory assistant, Polton, arose at my colleague's door:

"There's a gentleman downstairs, sir, who says he must see you instantly on most urgent business."

Polton was proceeding to descriptive particulars, when a second and more hurried step became audible, and a strange voice addressed Thorndyke:

"I have come to beg your immediate assistance, sir. A most dreadful thing has happened — a horrible murder has been committed! Can you come with me now?"

"I will be with you almost immediately," said Thorndyke. "Is the victim quite dead?"

"Quite. Cold and stiff. The police think ——"

"Do the police know that you have come for me?" interrupted Thorndyke.

"Yes. Nothing is to be done until you arrive."

"Very well; I will be ready in a few minutes."

"And if you would wait downstairs, sir," Polton added persuasively, "I could help the doctor to get ready."

Thorndyke and I clothed ourselves with a celerity known only to medical practitioners and quick-change "artists," ate a hasty breakfast, and gathered the few appliances that Thorndyke usually took with him on a visit of investigation.

As we entered the sitting-room, our visitor, who was feverishly pacing up and down, seized his hat, and preceded us to the waiting brougham.

"I had better give you some account of the circumstances as we go," said our agitated friend, as the coachman drove off at a smart pace. "In the first place, my name is Curtis — Henry Curtis; here is my card. Ah! and here is another card, which I should have given you before. My solicitor, Mr. Marchmont, was with me when I made this dreadful discovery, and he sent me to you. He remained in the rooms to see that nothing is disturbed until you arrive."

"That was wise of him," said Thorndyke. "But now tell us exactly what has occurred."

"I will," said Mr. Curtis. "The murdered man was my brother-in-law, Alfred Hartridge, and I am sorry to say he was — well, he was a bad man. It grieves me to speak of him thus,—*de mortuis*, you know,— but, still, we must deal with the facts, even though they be painful.

"I have had a great deal of very unpleasant correspondence with him,— Marchmont will tell you about that,— and yesterday I left a note for him asking for an interview to settle the business, naming eight o'clock this morning as the hour, because I had to leave town before noon. He replied, in a very singular letter, that he would see me at that hour, and Mr. Marchmont very kindly consented to accompany me. Accordingly, we went to his chambers together this morning, arriving punctually at eight o'clock. We rang the bell several times, and knocked loudly at the door; but, as there was no response, we went down and spoke to the hall porter.

"This man, it seems, had already noticed,

from the courtyard, that the electric lights were on full in Mr. Hartridge's sitting-room, as they had been all night, according to the statement of the night porter; so now, suspecting that something was wrong, he came up with us, and rang the bell and battered at the door. Then, as there was still no sign of life within, he inserted his duplicate key and tried to open the door — unsuccessfully, however, as it proved to be bolted on the inside.

"Thereupon the porter fetched a constable, and we burst open the door. We entered, and — my God! Dr. Thorndyke, what a terrible sight it was that met our eyes! My brother-in-law was lying dead on the floor of the sitting-room. He had been stabbed — stabbed to death; and the dagger had not even been withdrawn."

He mopped his face with his handkerchief, and was about to continue his account of the catastrophe when the carriage entered a quiet side street between Westminster and Victoria, and drew up before a block of tall new red-brick buildings.

"My brother-in-law's chambers are on the second floor," said Mr Curtis. "We can go up in the lift."

In a few seconds we were discharged on to the second floor, the porter, with furtive curiosity, following us down the corridor. At the end of the passage was a half-open door, considerably battered. Above the door, painted in white lettering, was the inscription, "Mr. Hartridge"; and through the doorway protruded the rather foxy countenance of Inspector Badger.

"I am glad you have come, sir," said he, as he recognized my colleague. "Mr. Marchmont is sitting inside like a watch-dog, and he growls if any of us even walks across the room."

The words formed a complaint; but there was a certain geniality in the speaker's manner that made me suspect that Inspector Badger was already navigating his craft on a lee shore.

We entered a small lobby or hall, and from that passed into a sitting-room, where we found Mr. Marchmont keeping his vigil, in company with a constable and a uniformed inspector.

There was in the entire aspect of the room something very grim and dreadful. Especially impressive was the air of suspense — of ordinary, every-day life suddenly arrested, cut short in the twinkling of an eye. The electric lamps still burning dim and red, though the summer sunshine streamed in through the windows, the half-emptied tumbler and open book by the empty chair, and, above all, the awesome shape that but a few hours since had been a living man, each had its whispered message of swift and sudden disaster.

"This is a mysterious affair," observed Inspector Badger, breaking the silence at length, "though it is clear enough up to a certain point. The body tells its own story."

We stepped across and looked down at the corpse. It was that of a somewhat elderly man, and lay on an open space of floor before the fireplace, face downward, with the arms extended. The slender hilt of a dagger projected from the back below the left shoulder. With the exception of a trace of blood upon the lips, this was the only indication of the mode of death. A little distance from the body a clock-key lay on the carpet, and, glancing up at the clock on the mantelpiece, I perceived that the glass front was open.

"You see," pursued the inspector, noting my glance, "he was standing in front of the fireplace, winding the clock. Then the murderer stole up behind him — the noise of the turning key must have covered his movements — and stabbed him. And you see, from the position of the dagger on the left side of the back, that the murderer must have been left-handed. That is all clear enough. What is not clear is how he got in, and how he got out again."

"The body has not been moved, I suppose," said Thorndyke.

"No. We sent for Dr. Egerton, the police surgeon, and he certified that the man was dead. He will be back presently to see you and arrange about the post-mortem."

"Then," said Thorndyke, "we will not disturb the body till he comes, except to take the temperature and dust the dagger-hilt."

He took from his bag a long registering chemical thermometer, and an insufflator, or powder-blower. The former he introduced under the dead man's clothing against the abdomen, and with the latter blew a stream of fine yellow powder on to the black leather handle of the dagger. Inspector Badger stooped eagerly to examine the handle, as Thorndyke blew away the powder that had settled evenly on the surface.

"No finger-prints," said he in a disappointed tone. "He must have worn gloves. But that inscription gives a pretty broad hint."

He pointed, as he spoke, to the metal guard of the dagger, on which was engraved, in clumsy lettering, the single word, "*Traditore.*"

"That's the Italian for 'traitor,'" continued the Inspector, "and I got some information from the porter that fits in with that suggestion. We'll have him in presently, and you shall hear."

"Meanwhile," said Thorndyke, "as the position of the body may be of importance in the inquiry, I will take one or two photographs and

make a rough plan to scale. Nothing has been moved, you say? Who opened the windows?"

"They were open when we came in," said Mr. Marchmont. "Last night was very hot, you remember. Nothing whatever has been moved."

Thorndyke produced from his bag a small folding camera, a telescopic tripod, a surveyor's measuring-tape, a boxwood scale, and a sketch-block. He set up the camera in a corner, and exposed a plate, taking a general view of the room, and including the corpse. Then he moved to the door and made a second exposure.

"Will you stand in front of the clock, Jervis," he said, "and raise your hand as if winding it? Thanks. Stand like that while I expose a plate."

I remained thus, in the position that the dead man was assumed to have occupied at the moment of the murder, while the plate was exposed; and then, before I moved, Thorndyke marked the position of my feet with a blackboard chalk. He next set up the tripod over the chalk marks, and took two photographs from that position; and finally he photographed the body itself.

Thorndyke next proceeded to lay out on the sketch-block a ground-plan of the room, showing the exact position of the various objects, on a scale of a quarter of an inch to the foot — a process that the inspector was inclined to view with some impatience.

"You don't spare trouble, Doctor," he remarked; "— nor time, either," he added.

"No," answered Thorndyke, as he detached the finished sketch from the block. "I try to collect all the facts that may bear on a case. They may prove worthless, or they may turn out of vital importance; one never knows beforehand, so I collect them all. But here, I think, is Dr. Egerton."

The police surgeon greeted Thorndyke with respectful cordiality, and we proceeded at once to an examination of the body. Drawing out the thermometer, my colleague noted the reading, and passed the instrument to Dr. Egerton.

"Dead about ten hours," remarked the latter, after a glance at it. "This was a very determined and mysterious murder."

"Very," said Thorndyke. "Feel that dagger, Jervis."

I touched the hilt, and felt the characteristic grating of bone.

"It is through the edge of a rib!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; it must have been used with extraordinary force. And you notice that the clothing is screwed up slightly, as if the blade had been rotated as it was driven in. That is a very peculiar feature, especially when taken together with the violence of the blow."

"It is singular, certainly," said Dr. Egerton, "though I don't know that it helps us much. Shall we withdraw the dagger before moving the body?"

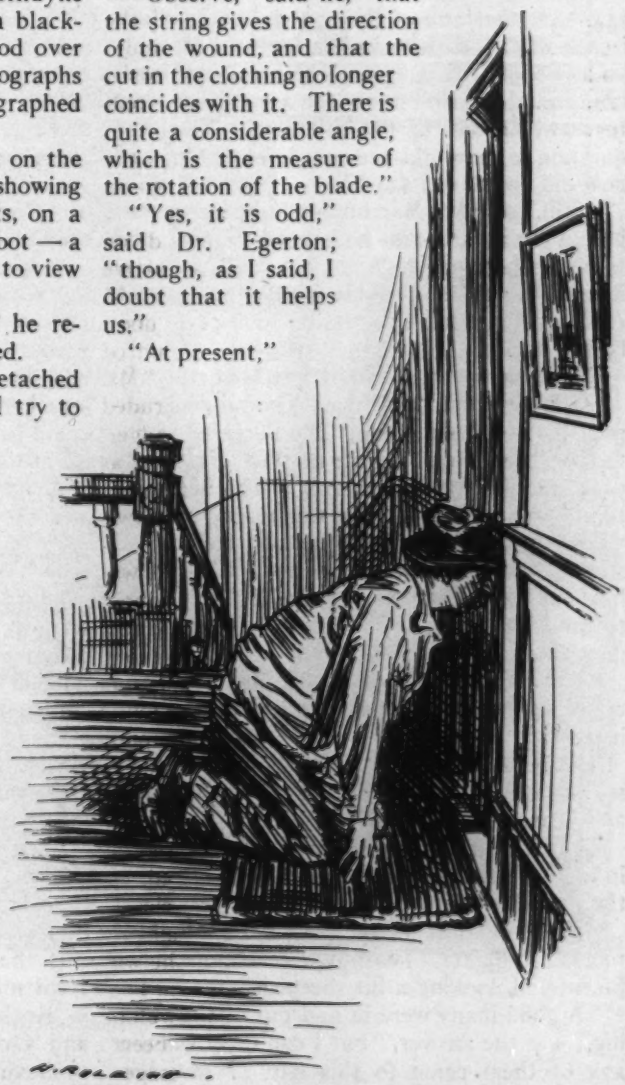
"Certainly," replied Thorndyke, "or the movement may produce fresh injuries. But wait."

He took a piece of string from his pocket, and, having drawn the dagger out a couple of inches, stretched the string in a line parallel to the flat of the blade. Then, giving me the ends, he drew the weapon out completely. As the blade emerged, the twist in the clothing disappeared.

"Observe," said he, "that the string gives the direction of the wound, and that the cut in the clothing no longer coincides with it. There is quite a considerable angle, which is the measure of the rotation of the blade."

"Yes, it is odd," said Dr. Egerton; "though, as I said, I doubt that it helps us."

"At present,"



"THE CUSTODIAN WAS NOT DIFFICULT TO FIND"

Thorndyke rejoined dryly, "we are noting the facts."

"Quite so," agreed the other, reddening slightly; "and perhaps we had better move the body to the bedroom, and make a preliminary inspection of the wound."

We carried the corpse into the bedroom, and, having examined the wound without eliciting anything new, covered the remains with a sheet, and returned to the sitting-room.

"Well, gentlemen," said the inspector, "you have examined the body and the wound, and you have measured the floor and the furniture, and taken photographs, and made a plan, but we don't seem much more forward. Here's a man murdered in his rooms. There is only one entrance to the flat, and that was bolted on the inside at the time of the murder. The windows are some forty feet from the ground; there is no rain-pipe near any of them; they are set flush in the wall, and there isn't a foothold for a fly on any part of that wall. The grates are modern, and there isn't room for a good-sized cat to crawl up any of the chimneys. Now, the question is, how did the murderer get in, and how did he get out again?"

"Still," said Mr. Marchmont, "the fact is that he did get in, and that he is not here now; and therefore he must have got out; and therefore it must have been possible for him to get out. And, further, it must be possible to discover how he got out."

The inspector smiled sourly, without replying.

"The circumstances," said Thorndyke, "appear to have been these: The deceased seems to have been alone; there is no trace of a second occupant of the room, and only one half-emptied tumbler on the table. He was sitting reading, when, apparently, he noticed that the clock had stopped — at ten minutes to twelve. He laid his book, face downward, on the table, and rose to wind the clock; and as he was winding it he met his death."

"By a stab dealt by a left-handed man, who crept up behind him on tiptoe," added the inspector.

Thorndyke nodded. "That would seem to be so," he said. "But now let us call in the porter and hear what he has to tell us."

The custodian was not difficult to find — being, in fact, at that moment engaged in a survey of the premises through the slit of the letter-box.

"Do you know what persons visited these rooms last night?" Thorndyke asked him, when he entered, looking a bit sheepish.

"A good many were in and out of the building," was the answer, "but I can't say whether any of them came to this flat. I saw Miss Curtis pass in about nine."

"My daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Curtis, with a start. "I didn't know that."

"She left about nine-thirty," the porter added.

"Do you know what she came about?" asked the inspector.

"I can guess," replied Mr. Curtis.

"Then don't say," interrupted Mr. Marchmont. "Answer no questions."

"You're very close, Mr. Marchmont," said the inspector; "we are not suspecting the young lady. We don't ask, for instance, if she is left-handed."

He glanced craftily at Mr. Curtis as he made this remark, and I noticed that our client suddenly turned deathly pale, whereupon the inspector looked away again quickly, as if he had not observed the change.

"Tell us about those Italians again," he said, addressing the porter. "When did the first of them come here?"

"About a week ago," was the reply. "He was a common-looking man,— looked like an organ-grinder,— and he brought a note to my lodge. It was in a dirty envelop, and was addressed, 'Mr. Hartridge, Esq., Brackenhurst Mansions,' in a very bad handwriting. The man gave me the note and asked me to give it to Mr. Hartridge; then he went away, and I took the note up and dropped it into the letter-box."

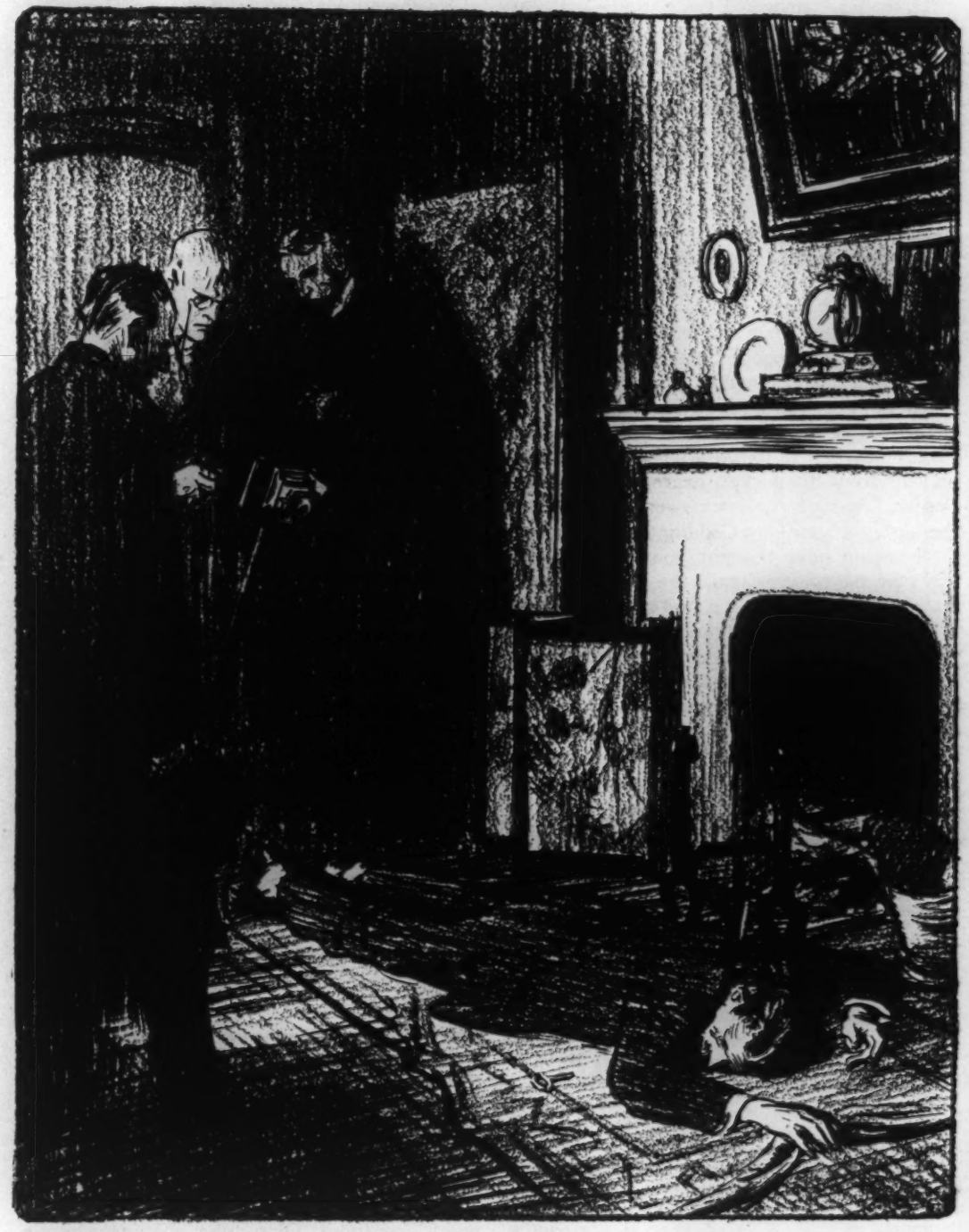
"What happened next?"

"Why, the very next day an old hag of an Italian woman — one of them fortune-telling swines with a cage of birds on a stand — came and set up just by the main doorway. I soon sent her packing, but, bless you! she was back again in ten minutes, birds and all. I sent her off again — I kept on sending her off, and she kept on coming back, until I was reg'lar wore to a thread."

"You seem to have picked up a bit since then," remarked the inspector, with a grin.

"Perhaps I have," the custodian replied haughtily. "Well, the next day there was a' ice-cream man — a reg'lar waster, *he* was. Stuck outside as if he was froze to the pavement. Kept giving the errand-boys tasters; and when I tried to move him on, he told me not to obstruct his business. Business, indeed! Well, there them boys stuck, one after the other, wiping their tongues round the bottoms of them glasses, until I was fit to bust with aggravation. And *he* kept me going all day.

"Then, the day after that, there was a barrel-organ with a mangy-looking monkey on it. He was the worst of all. Profane, too, *he* was. Kept mixing up sacred tunes and comic songs —'Rock of Ages,' 'Bill Bailey,' 'Cujus Animal,' and 'Over the Garden Wall.' And when I tried to move him on, the monkey made a run at my leg. I tell you, it was fair sickening."



"AND FINALLY HE PHOTOGRAPHED THE BODY ITSELF".

"And that was the last of them?" said the inspector; and, as the porter nodded sulkily, he asked: "Should you recognize the note that the Italian gave you?"

"I should," answered the porter.

The inspector left the room, and returned a minute later carrying a letter-case.

"This was in his breast pocket," said he, laying the bulging case on the table, and drawing up a chair. "Now, here are three letters tied together. Ah! this will be the one."

He untied the tape, and held out a dirty envelop addressed in a sprawling, illiterate hand to "Mr. Hartridge, Esq."

"Is that the note the Italian gave you?"

The porter examined it critically. "Yes," said he; "that is the one."

The inspector drew the letter out of the envelop, and, as he opened it, his eyebrows went up. "What do you make of that, Doctor?" he asked, handing the sheet to Thorndyke.

Thorndyke regarded it for a while in silence. Then he carried it to the window, and, taking his lens from his pocket, examined the paper closely, first with the low power and then with the highly magnifying Coddington attachment.

"I should have thought you could see that with the naked eye," said the inspector, with a sly grin at me. "It's a pretty bold design."

"Yes," replied Thorndyke; "a very interesting production. What do you say, Mr. Marchmont?"

The solicitor took the note, and I looked over his shoulder. It was certainly a curious production. Written in red ink, on the commonest note-paper, and in the same sprawling hand as the address, was the following message:

> You are given six days to do what is just. By the sign above, know what to expect if you fail.

The sign referred to was a skull and crossbones, very neatly but rather unskilfully drawn at the top of the paper.

"This," said Mr. Marchmont, handing the document to Mr. Curtis, "explains the singular letter that he wrote yesterday. You have it with you, I think?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Curtis; "here it is."

He produced a letter from his pocket, and read aloud:

> "Yes; come if you like, though it is an ungodly hour. Your threatening letters have caused me great amusement. They are worthy of Sadler's Wells in its prime. ALFRED HARTRIDGE."

"Was Mr. Hartridge ever in Italy?" asked Inspector Badger.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Curtis. "He stayed at Capri nearly the whole of last year."

"Why, then, that gives us our clue. Look here. Here are these two other letters; E. C. postmark — Saffron Hill is E. C. And just look at that!"

He spread out the last of the mysterious letters, and we saw that, besides the *memento mori*, it contained only three words:

> Beware! Remember Capri!

"If you have finished, Doctor, I'll be off and have a look round Little Italy. Those four Italians oughtn't to be difficult to find, and we've got the porter here to identify them."

"Before you go," said Thorndyke, "there are two little matters that I should like to settle. One is the dagger: it is in your pocket, I think. May I have a look at it?"

The inspector rather reluctantly produced the dagger and handed it to my colleague.

"A very singular weapon, this," said Thorndyke, regarding the dagger thoughtfully, and turning it about to view its different parts. "Singular both in shape and material. I have never seen an aluminum hilt before, and bookbinder's morocco is a little unusual."

"The aluminum was for lightness," explained the inspector; "and it was made narrow to carry up the sleeve, I expect."

"Perhaps so," said Thorndyke.

He continued his examination, and presently, to the inspector's delight, brought forth his pocket lens.

"I never saw such a man!" exclaimed the jocose detective. "His motto ought to be 'We magnify thee.' I suppose he'll measure it next."

The inspector was not mistaken. Having made a rough sketch of the weapon on his block, Thorndyke produced from his bag a folding rule and a delicate calliper-gage. With these instruments he proceeded to take the dimensions of the various parts of the dagger, entering each measurement in its place on the sketch, with a few brief descriptive details.

"The other matter," said he at length, handing the dagger back to the inspector, "refers to the houses opposite."

He walked to the window, and looked out at the backs of a row of tall buildings similar to the one we were in. They were about thirty yards distant, and were separated from us by a piece of ground planted with shrubs and intersected by gravel paths.

"If any of those rooms were occupied last night," continued Thorndyke, "we might obtain an actual eye-witness of the crime. This room was brilliantly lighted, and all the blinds were up, so that an observer at any of those windows could see right into the room, and very distinctly, too. It might be worth inquiring into."

"Yes, that's true," said the inspector; "though I expect, if any of them have seen anything, they will come forward quick enough when they read the report in the papers. But I must be off now, and I shall have to lock you out of the rooms."

As we went down the stairs, Mr. Marchmont announced his intention of calling on us in the evening, "— unless," he added, "you want any information from me now."

"I do," said Thorndyke. "I want to know who is interested in this man's death."

"That," replied Mr. Marchmont, "is rather a queer story. Let us take a turn in that garden that we saw from the window. We shall be quite private there."

He beckoned to Mr. Curtis, and, when the inspector had departed with the police surgeon, we induced the porter to let us into the garden.

"The question that you asked," Mr. Marchmont began, looking up curiously at the tall houses opposite, " is very simply answered. The only person immediately interested in the death of Alfred Hartridge is his executor and sole legatee, a man named Leonard Wolfe. He is no relation of the deceased, merely a friend, but he inherits the entire estate — about twenty thousand pounds. The circumstances are these: Alfred Hartridge was the elder of two brothers, of whom the younger, Charles, died before his father, leaving a widow and three children. Fifteen years ago the father died, leaving the whole of his property to Alfred, with the understanding that he should support his brother's family and make the children his heirs."

"Was there no will?" asked Thorndyke.

"Under great pressure from the friends of his son's widow, the old man made a will shortly before he died; but he was then very old and rather childish, so the will was contested by Alfred, on the grounds of undue influence, and was ultimately set aside. Since then Alfred Hartridge has not paid a penny toward the support of his brother's family. If it had not been for my client, Mr. Curtis, they might have starved; the whole burden of the support of the widow and the education of the children has fallen upon him.

"Well, lately the matter has assumed an acute form, for two reasons. The first is that Charles' eldest son, Edmund, has come of age. Mr. Curtis had him articled to a solicitor, and, as he is now fully qualified, and a most advantageous proposal for a partnership has been made, we have been putting pressure on Alfred to supply the necessary capital, in accordance with his father's wishes. This he refused to do, and it was with reference to this matter that we were calling on him this morning.

"The second reason involves a curious and disgraceful story. Leonard Wolfe was an intimate friend of the deceased. He is a man of bad character, and their association was of a kind creditable to neither. There is also a certain woman named Hester Greene, who had certain claims upon the deceased, which we need not go into.

"Now, Leonard Wolfe and the deceased, Alfred Hartridge, entered into an agreement, the terms of which were these: (1) Wolfe was to marry Hester Greene, and, in consideration of this service, (2) Alfred Hartridge was to assign to Wolfe the whole of his property, absolutely, the actual transfer to take place on the death of Hartridge."

"And has this transaction been completed?" asked Thorndyke.

"Yes, it has, unfortunately. But we wished to see if anything could be done for the widow and the children during Hartridge's life-time. No doubt, my client's daughter, Miss Curtis, called last night on a similar mission — very indiscreetly, since the matter was in our hands; but, you know, she is engaged to Edmund Hartridge. I expect the interview was a pretty stormy one."

Thorndyke remained silent for a while, pacing slowly along the gravel path, with his eyes bent on the ground — not abstractedly, however, but with a searching, attentive glance that roved among the shrubs and bushes as if he were looking for something."

"What sort of man," he asked presently, "is this Leonard Wolfe? Obviously he is a low scoundrel, but what is he like in other respects? Is he a fool, for instance?"

"Not at all, I should say," said Mr. Curtis. "He was formerly an engineer, and, I believe, a very capable mechanician. Latterly he has lived on some property that came to him, and has spent both his time and his money in gambling and dissipation. Consequently, I expect he is at present pretty short of funds."

"And in appearance?"

" I saw him only once," replied Mr. Curtis, "and all I can remember of him is that he is rather short, fair, thin, and clean-shaven, and that he has lost the middle finger of his left hand."

"And he lives at —— ?"

" Eltham, in Kent. Morton Grange, Eltham," said Mr. Marchmont. "And now, if you have all the information that you require, I must really be off, and so must Mr. Curtis."

The two men shook our hands and hurried away, leaving Thorndyke gazing meditatively at the dingy flower-beds.

"A strange and interesting case, this, Jervis,"

said he, stooping to peer under a laurel bush. "The inspector is on a hot scent — a most palpable red herring on a most obvious string but that is his business. Ah, here comes the porter, intent, no doubt, on pumping us, whereas ——" He smiled genially at the approaching custodian, and asked: "Where did you say those houses fronted?"

"Cotman Street, sir," answered the porter. "They are nearly all offices."

"And the numbers? That open second-floor window, for instance?"

"That is number six; but the house opposite Mr. Hartridge's rooms is number eight."

"Thank you."

Thorndyke was moving away, but suddenly he turned again to the porter.

"By the way," said he, "I dropped something out of the window just now — a small flat piece of metal, like this." He made on the back of his visiting-card a neat sketch of a circular disk with a hexagonal hole through it, and handed the card to the porter. "I can't say where it fell," he continued; "these flat things scale about so. But you might ask the gardener to look for it. I will give him a sovereign if he brings it to my chambers, for, although it is of no value to any one else, it is of considerable value to me."

The porter touched his hat briskly, and, as we turned out at the gate, I looked back and saw him already wading among the shrubs.

"'ONE OF THEM FORTUNE-TELLING SWINES WITH A CAGE OF BIRDS'"

The object of the porter's quest gave me considerable mental occupation. And I was about to question Thorndyke, when, turning sharply round into Cotman Street, he drew up at the doorway of number six, and began attentively to read the names of the occupants.

"'Third floor,'" he read out, "'Mr. Thomas Barlow, Commission Agent.' Hum I think we will look in on Mr. Barlow."

He stepped quickly up the stone stairs, and I followed, until we arrived, somewhat out of breath, at the third floor. Outside the commission agent's door he paused for a moment, and we both listened curiously to an irregular sound of shuffling feet from within. Then he softly opened the door and looked into the room

Inside, a lanky youth of fourteen was practising, with no mean skill, the manipulation of an appliance known by the appropriate name of diabolo; and so absorbed was he in his occupation that we entered and shut the door without being observed. At length the shuttle missed the string and flew into a large waste-paper basket. The boy turned and confronted us, and was instantly covered with confusion.

"Allow me," said Thorndyke, rooting rather unnecessarily in the waste-paper basket, and handing the toy to its owner. "I need not ask if Mr. Barlow is in," he added, "nor if he is likely to return shortly."

"He won't be back to-day," said the boy, perspiring with embarrassment. "He left before I came. I was rather late."

"I see," said Thorndyke. "The early bird catches the worm, but the late bird catches the diabolo. How did you know he would not be back?"

"He left a note. Here it is."

He exhibited the document, which was neatly written in red ink. Thorndyke examined it attentively, and then asked:

"Did you break the inkstand yesterday?"

The boy stared at him in amazement. "Yes, I did," he answered. "How did you know?"

"I didn't, or I should not have asked. But I see that he has used his stylo to write this note."

The boy regarded Thorndyke distrustfully as he continued:

"I really called to see if your Mr. Barlow was a gentleman whom I used to know; but I expect you can tell me. My friend was tall and thin, dark, and clean-shaven."

"This ain't him, then," said the boy. "He's thin, but he ain't tall or dark. He's got a sandy beard, and he wears spectacles and a wig. I know a wig when I see one," he added cunningly, "'cause my father wears one. He puts it on a peg to comb it, and he swears at me when I larf."

"My friend had injured his left hand," pursued Thorndyke.

"I dunno about that," said the youth. "Mr. Barlow nearly always wears gloves; he always wears one on his left hand, anyhow."

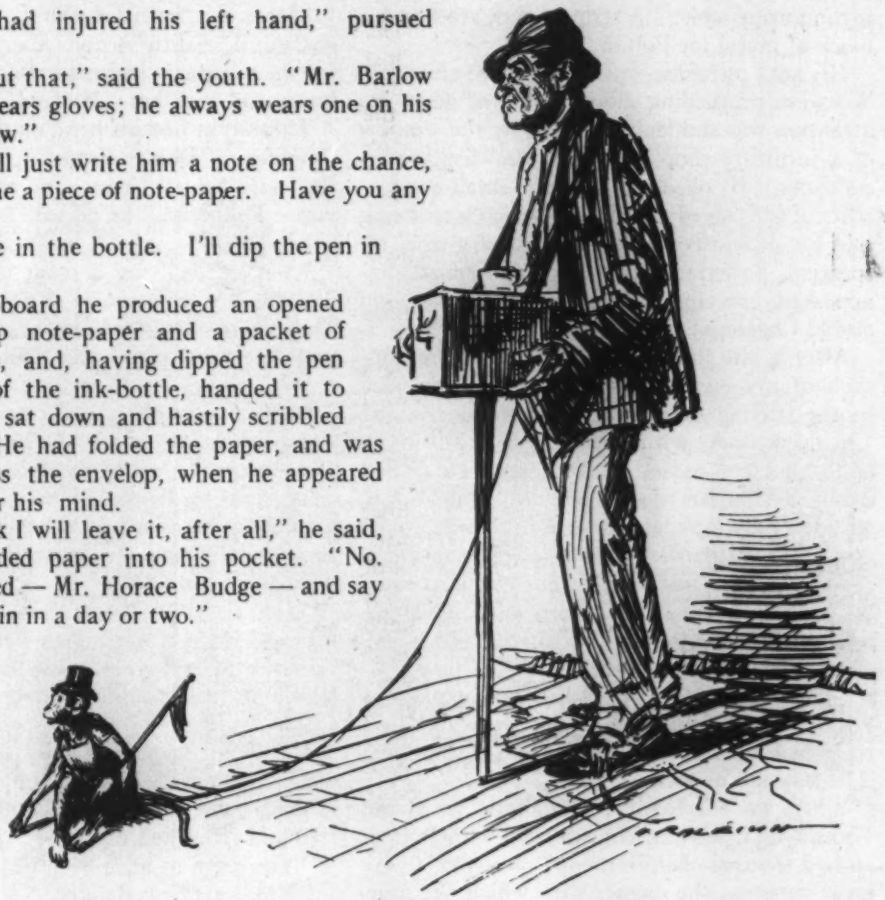
"Ah, well! I'll just write him a note on the chance, if you will give me a piece of note-paper. Have you any ink?"

"There's some in the bottle. I'll dip the pen in for you."

From the cupboard he produced an opened packet of cheap note-paper and a packet of similar envelops, and, having dipped the pen to the bottom of the ink-bottle, handed it to Thorndyke, who sat down and hastily scribbled a short note. He had folded the paper, and was about to address the envelop, when he appeared suddenly to alter his mind.

"I don't think I will leave it, after all," he said, slipping the folded paper into his pocket. "No. Tell him I called — Mr. Horace Budge — and say I will look in again in a day or two."

The youth watched our exit with an air of perplexity, and he even came out on the landing the better to observe us over the balusters; until, unexpectedly catching Thorndyke's eye, he withdrew his head with remarkable suddenness, and retired in disorder.



"'HE WAS THE WORST OF ALL. PROFANE, TOO, HE WAS'"

To tell the truth, I was now little less perplexed than the office-boy by Thorndyke's proceedings, in which I could discover no relevancy to the investigation that I presumed he was engaged upon: and the last straw was laid upon the burden of my curiosity when he stopped at a staircase window, drew the note out of his pocket, examined it with his lens, held it up to the light, and chuckled aloud.

"Luck," he observed, "though no substitute for care and intelligence, is a very pleasant addition. Really, my learned brother, we are doing uncommonly well."

When we reached the hall, Thorndyke stopped at the housekeeper's box, and looked in with a genial nod.

"I have just been up to see Mr. Barlow," said he. "He seems to have left quite early."

"Yes, sir," the man replied. "He went away about half past eight."

"That was very early; and, presumably, he came earlier still?"

"I suppose so," the man assented, with a grin; "but I had only just come on when he left."

"Had he any luggage with him?"

"Yes, sir. There was two cases — a square one, and a long, narrow one, about five feet long. I helped him to carry them down to the cab."

"Which was a four-wheeler, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Barlow hasn't been here very long, has he?" Thorndyke inquired.

"No. He only came in last quarter-day — about six weeks ago."

"Ah, well! I must call another day. Good morning."

And Thorndyke strode out of the building, and made directly for the cab-rack in the adjoining street. Here he stopped for a minute or two to parley with the driver of a four-wheeler cab, whom he finally commissioned to convey us to a shop in New Oxford Street. Having dismissed the cabman with his blessing and half a sovereign, he vanished into the shop, leaving me to gaze at the lathes, drills, and bars of metal displayed in the window. Presently he emerged with a small parcel, and explained, in answer to

my inquiring look: "A strip of tool steel and a block of metal for Polton."

His next purchase was rather more eccentric. We were proceeding along Holborn, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the window of a furniture shop, in which was displayed a collection of obsolete French small-arms — relics of the tragedy of 1870 — which were being sold for decorative purposes. After a brief inspection, he entered the shop, and shortly reappeared carrying a long sword-bayonet and an old Chassepot rifle.

After a late lunch, I hurried out to transact such of my business as had been interrupted by the stirring events of the morning, leaving Thorndyke busy with a drawing-board, square, scale, and compasses, making accurate scaled drawings from his rough sketches; while Polton, with the brown-paper parcel in his hand, looked on at him with an air of anxious expectation.

As I was returning homeward in the evening by way of Mitre Court, I overtook Mr. Marchmont, who was also bound for our chambers, and we walked on together.

"I had a note from Thorndyke," he explained, "asking for a specimen of handwriting, so I thought I would bring it along myself, and hear if he has any news."

When we entered the chambers, we found Thorndyke in earnest consultation with Polton, and on the table before them I observed, to my great surprise, the dagger with which the murder had been committed.

"I have got you the specimen that you asked for," said Marchmont. "I didn't think I should be able to, but, by a lucky chance, Curtis had kept the only letter he ever received from the party in question."

He drew a letter from his wallet, and handed it to Thorndyke, who looked at it attentively and with evident satisfaction.

"By the way," said Marchmont, taking up the dagger, "I thought the inspector took this away with him."

"He took the original," replied Thorndyke. "This is a duplicate which Polton has made, for experimental purposes, from my drawings."

"Really!" exclaimed Marchmont, with a glance of respectful admiration at Polton. "It is a perfect replica — and you have made it so quickly, too."

"It was quite easy to make," said Polton, "to a man accustomed to work in metal."

"Which," added Thorndyke, "is a fact of some evidential value."

A moment later rapid footsteps were heard on the stairs. There was a furious battering at the door, and, as Polton threw it open, Mr. Curtis burst wildly into the room.

"Here is a frightful thing, Marchmont!" he gasped. "Edith — my daughter — arrested for the murder! Inspector Badger came to our house and took her. My God! I shall go mad!"

Thorndyke laid his hand on the excited man's shoulder. "Don't distress yourself, Mr. Curtis," said he. "There is no occasion, I assure you. I suppose," he added, "your daughter is left-handed?"

"Yes, she is — by a most disastrous coincidence. But what are we to do? Good God! Dr. Thorndyke, they have taken her to prison — to prison — think of it! My poor Edith!"

"We'll soon have her out," said Thorndyke. "But listen; there is some one at the door."

A brisk rat-tat confirmed his statement, and, when I rose to open the door, I found myself confronted by Inspector Badger. There was a moment of extreme awkwardness, and then both the detective and Mr. Curtis proposed to retire in favor of the other.

"Don't go, inspector," said Thorndyke; "I want to have a word with you. Perhaps Mr. Curtis would look in again, say, in an hour. Will you? We shall have news for you by then, I hope."

Mr. Curtis agreed hastily, and dashed out of the room with his usual impetuosity. When he had gone, Thorndyke turned to the detective and remarked dryly:

"You seem to have been busy, inspector?"

"Yes," replied Badger; "I haven't let the grass grow under my feet. And I've got a pretty strong case against Miss Curtis already. You see, she was the last person seen in the company of the deceased; she had a grievance against him; she is left-handed, and you remember that the murder was committed by a left-handed person."

"Anything else?"

"Yes. I have seen those Italians, and the whole thing was a put-up job. A woman, in a widow's dress and veil, paid them to go and play the fool outside the building, and she gave them the letter that was left with the porter. They haven't identified her yet, but she seems to agree in size with Miss Curtis."

"And how did she get out of the chambers, with the door bolted on the inside?"

"Ah, there you are! That's a mystery at present — unless you can give us an explanation." The inspector made this qualification with a faint grin, and added: "As there was no one in the place when we broke into it, the murderer must have got out somehow. You can't deny that."

"I do deny it, nevertheless," said Thorndyke. "You look surprised," he continued (which was undoubtedly true), "but the whole thing is ex-

"A YOUTH OF FOURTEEN WAS PRACTISING THE MANIPULATION OF THE DIABOLO"

ceedingly obvious. The explanation struck me directly I looked at the body. There was evidently no practicable exit from the flat, and there was certainly no one in it when you entered. Clearly, then, *the murderer had never been in the place at all.*"

"I don't follow you in the least," said the inspector.

"Well," said Thorndyke, "as I have finished with the case and am handing it over to you, I will put the evidence before you *seriatim*. Now, I think we are agreed that, at the moment when the blow was struck, the deceased was standing before the fireplace, winding the clock. The dagger entered obliquely from the left, and, if you recall its position, you will remember that its hilt pointed directly toward an open window."

"Which was forty feet from the ground."

"Yes. And now, we will consider the very peculiar character of the weapon with which the crime was committed."

He had placed his hand upon the knob of a drawer, when we were interrupted by a knock at the door. I sprang up, and, opening it, admitted no less a person than the porter of Brackenhurst Chambers. The man looked somewhat surprised on recognizing our visitors, but advanced to Thorndyke, drawing a folded paper from his pocket.

"I've found the article you were looking for, sir," said he, "and a rare hunt I had for it. It had stuck in the leaves of one of them shrubs."

Thorndyke opened the packet, and, having glanced inside, laid it on the table.

"Thank you," said he, pushing a sovereign across to the gratified official. "The inspector has your name, I think?"

"He have, sir," replied the porter; and, pocketing his fee, he departed, beaming.

"To return to the dagger," said Thorndyke, opening the drawer. "It was a very peculiar one, as I have said, and as you will see from this model, which is an exact duplicate. You see that it is extraordinarily slender, free from projections, and of unusual materials. You also see that it was obviously not made by an ordinary dagger-maker; that, in spite of the Italian word scrawled on it, there is plainly written all over it 'British mechanic.' The

blade is made from a strip of common three-quarter-inch tool steel; the hilt is turned from an aluminum rod; and there is not a line of engraving on it that could not be produced in a lathe by an engineer's apprentice. Even the boss at the top is mechanical, for it is just like an ordinary hexagon nut. Then, notice the dimensions, as shown on my drawing. The parts A and B, which project just beyond the blade, are exactly similar in diameter — and such exactness could hardly be accidental. They are each parts of a circle having a diameter of 10.9 millimeters — a dimension that happens, by a singular coincidence, to be exactly the caliber of the old Chassepot rifle, specimens of which are now on sale at several shops in London. Here is one, for instance."

He fetched the rifle that he had bought from the corner in which it was standing, and, lifting the dagger by its point, slipped the hilt into the muzzle. When he let go, the dagger slid quietly down the barrel until its hilt appeared in the open breech.

"Good God!" exclaimed Marchmont. "You don't suggest that the dagger was shot from a gun?"

"I do, indeed; and you now see the reason for the aluminum hilt — to diminish the weight of the already heavy projectile — and also for this hexagonal boss on the end?"

"No, I do not," said the inspector; "but I say that you are suggesting an impossibility."

"Then," replied Thorndyke, "I must explain and demonstrate. To begin with, this projectile had to travel point foremost; therefore it had to be made to spin — and it certainly was spinning when it entered the body, as the clothing and the wound showed us. Now, to make it spin, it had to be fired from a rifled barrel; but as the hilt would not engage in the rifling, it had to be fitted with something that would. That something was evidently a soft metal washer, which fitted on to this hexagon, and which would be pressed into the grooves of the rifling, and so spin the dagger, but would drop off as soon as the weapon left the barrel. Here is such a washer, which Polton has made for us."

He laid on the table a metal disk with a hexagonal hole through it.

"This is all very ingenious," said the inspector, "but I say it is impossible and fantastic."

"It certainly sounds rather improbable," Marchmont agreed.

"We will see," said Thorndyke. "Here is a makeshift cartridge of Polton's manufacture, containing an eighth charge of smokeless powder for a twenty-bore gun."

He fitted the washer on to the boss of the dagger in the open breech of the rifle, pushed it into the barrel, inserted the cartridge, and closed the breech. Then, opening the office door, he displayed a target of padded strawboard against the wall.

"The length of the two rooms," said he, "gives us a distance of thirty-two feet. Will you shut the windows, Jervis?"

I complied, and he then pointed the rifle at the target. There was a dull report,— much less loud than I had expected,— and when we looked at the target, we saw the dagger driven in up to its hilt at the margin of the bull's-eye.

"You see," said Thorndyke, laying down the rifle, "that the thing is practicable. Now for the evidence as to the actual occurrence. First, on the original dagger there are linear scratches which exactly correspond with the grooves of the rifling. Then, there is the fact that the dagger was certainly spinning from left to right — in the direction of the rifling, that is — when it entered the body. And then there is this, which, as you heard, the porter found in the garden."

He opened the paper packet. In it lay a metal disk perforated by a hexagonal hole. Stepping into the office, he picked up from the floor the washer that he had put on the dagger, and laid it on the paper beside the other. The two disks were identical in size, and the margin of each was indented with identical markings, corresponding to the rifling of the barrel.

The inspector gazed at the two disks in silence for a while; then, looking up at Thorndyke, he said:

"I give in, Doctor. You're right, beyond all doubt; but how you came to think of it beats me into fits. The only question now is, who fired the gun, and why wasn't the report heard?"

"As to the latter," said Thorndyke, "it is probable that he used a compressed-air attachment, not only to diminish the noise, but also to prevent any traces of the explosive from being left on the dagger. As to the former, I think I can give you the murderer's name; but we had better take the evidence in order.

"You may remember," he continued, "that when Dr. Jervis stood as if winding the clock, I chalked a mark on the floor where he stood. Now, standing on that marked spot and looking out of the open window, I could see two of the windows of a house nearly opposite. They were the second- and third-floor windows of No. 6 Cotman Street. The second floor is occupied by a firm of architects; the third by a commission agent named Thomas Barlow. I called on Mr. Barlow, but, before describing my visit, I will refer to another matter. You haven't those threatening letters about you, I suppose?"

"Yes, I have," said the inspector; and he drew a wallet from his breast-pocket.

"Let us take the first one, then," said Thorndyke. "You see that the paper and envelop are of the very commonest, and the writing illiterate. But the ink does not agree with this. Illiterate people usually buy their ink in penny bottles. Now, this envelop is addressed with Draper's dichroic ink,— a superior office ink, sold only in large bottles,— and the red ink in which the note is written is an unfixed scarlet ink, such as is used by draughtsmen, and has been used, as you can see, in a stylographic pen.

"But the most interesting thing about this letter is the design drawn at the top. In an artistic sense, the man could not draw, and the anatomical details of the skull are ridiculous. Yet the drawing is very neat. It has the clean, wiry line of a machine drawing, and is done with a steady, practised hand. It is also perfectly symmetrical; the skull, for instance, is exactly in the center, and, when we examine it through a lens, we see why it is so, for we discover traces of a penciled center-line and ruled cross-line. Moreover, the lens reveals a tiny particle of draughtsman's soft red rubber, with which the pencil lines were taken out; and all these facts, taken together, suggest that the drawing was made by some one accustomed to making accurate mechanical drawings.

"And now we will return to Mr. Barlow. He was out when I called, but I took the liberty of glancing around the office, and this is what I saw. On the mantel-shelf was a twelve-inch flat boxwood rule, such as engineers use, a piece of soft red rubber, and a stone bottle of Draper's dichroic ink. By a simple ruse I obtained a specimen of the office note-paper and the ink. We will examine it presently. I found that Mr. Barlow is a new tenant, that he is rather short, wears a wig and spectacles, and always wears a glove on his left hand. He left the office at eight thirty this morning, and no one saw him arrive. He had with him a square case, and a narrow oblong one about five feet in length; and he took a cab to Victoria, and apparently caught the eight fifty-one train to Chatham."

"Ah!" exclaimed the inspector.

"But," continued Thorndyke, "now examine those three letters, and compare them with this note that I wrote in Mr. Barlow's office. You see that the paper is of the same make, with the same water-mark, but that is of no great significance. What is of crucial importance is this: You see, in each of these letters, two tiny indentations near the bottom corner. Somebody has used compasses or drawing-pins over the packet of note-paper, and the points have made little indentations, which have marked several of the sheets. Now, note-paper is cut to its size after it is folded, and if you stick a pin into the top sheet of a section, the indentations on all the underlying sheets will be at exactly similar distances from the edges and corners of the sheet; and you see that this is the case with these dents."

He demonstrated the fact with a pair of compasses.

"And now look at this sheet, which I obtained at Mr. Barlow's office. There are two little indentations — rather faint, but quite visible — near the bottom corner, and when we measure them with the compasses, we find that they are exactly the same distance apart as the other, and the same distance from the edges and the bottom corner. The irresistible conclusion is that these four sheets came from the same packet."

The inspector started up from his chair and faced Thorndyke. "Who is this Mr. Barlow?" he asked.

"That," replied Thorndyke, "is for you to determine. But I can give you a useful hint. There is only one person who benefits by the death of Alfred Hartridge, but he benefits to the extent of twenty thousand pounds. His name is Leonard Wolfe, and I learn from Mr. Marchmont that he is a man of indifferent character — a gambler and a spendthrift. By profession he is an engineer, and he is a capable mechanician. In appearance he is thin, short, fair, and clean-shaven, and he has lost the middle finger of his left hand. Mr. Barlow is also short, thin, and fair, but wears a wig, a beard, and spectacles, and always wears a glove on his left hand. I have seen the handwriting of both these gentlemen, and should say that it would be difficult to distinguish one from the other."

"That's good enough for me," said the inspector. "Give me his address, and I'll have Miss Curtis released at once."

The same night, Leonard Wolfe was arrested at Eltham, in the very act of burying in his garden a large and powerful compressed-air rifle. He was never brought to trial, however, for he had in his pocket a more portable weapon, — a large-bore Derringer pistol,— with which he managed to terminate an exceedingly ill-spent life.

The Poet who saved his Youth

by Helen Sterling Thomas

Illustrations by Hanson Booth

"WE will take it," the publishers wrote, "although books of poetry are often a loss to us; nevertheless, we find in your manuscript so much promise that we anticipate that you will become one of our regular writers."

With a sigh, Peter finished the letter, and then settled back in his chair, a shabby figure, rather bald and very near-sighted. This was the first acceptance he had ever received, but it was scarcely what he had hoped. These publishers were taking his book because they wished to secure him, make him theirs for what he might do in the future, whereas Peter himself was aware that there would be no future.

Everything about him was of the past, even the clothes he wore. His coat was too short in the back and too tight in the chest; his collar belonged to another generation; and his black grogram tie, with its long ends which were constantly riding up over the wrinkled bosom of his shirt, was fairly antiquated. He was apparently a little worn with life and without any

"SHE HAD FOUND IN HIS POETRY BEAUTY AND CHARM"

pretensions to the glorious title of "poet"; but there was something gentle and engaging in his personality. The hands that held the letter were long and fine, and the eyes that looked out of the wrinkled face were deep blue.

In his youth he had written enough poetry to fill a slender volume, and now in his middle years the opportunity had come to publish it. He accepted the publishers' offer, and awaited his proofs with considerable eagerness. When they came, and he went over the work of years before, he felt more than anything else how far he was from the mood of that time. He could no longer write poetry, and knew that nothing would ever make him write it again. But, if he was only a retired and elderly gentleman of blighted literary tastes, instead of a ripe young genius, as these publishers supposed, he was as sorry as they.

In making final arrangements with them he kept their relation strictly impersonal. He retreated farther into the seclusion of the small college town in which he lived, and closed, as it were, all doors of his house. He made it a point that his book should appear under a name other than his own, choosing that of Rupert Deal, and bound his publishers to silence regarding his whereabouts and identity. He was not conceited enough to imagine that a curious public would molest him, but he shrank from being discovered as the author of a volume of verse; his few friends were not of the sort who would understand. He had no one to watch with him, so he waited alone for the advent of the first copy.

When, one evening in early June, the book was finally brought to him,

he untied the wrapper and laid it on the table. Without opening it, he crossed the room and stood at the window, looking out on the small green plot before his house. There was something in the moment, in the fragrance of lilacs blown from his neighbor's garden and in the penetrating sweetness of a robin's call, something in the intensity and freshness of the late spring twilight, that stung him. How much it would have signified once to have had his work published! Then it would have betokened not so much achievement as opportunity.

He had been born with the unfortunate desire to become a poet. Conditions, however, had been against him, and he perceived, as he looked back, that whatever talent he might have possessed had not been great enough to live in spite of those conditions. As a young man, he had sat over his leathery chop, in cheap restaurants in the city, and read his Shakespeare; he had slept in hall bedrooms and scribbled verses. He had desired beauty; he had longed, he had tried, and he had failed. Finally he had been driven into business, and now, after years of slavery, had taken refuge in a small frame house on the side street of a dull town. Life had been too much for him; his creative power had been ground under the wheel. Now, in this provincial quiet, he had abundant leisure to write, but he knew better than to try. The flame had gone out.

"HE SAW HER A YOUNG LADY WITH BRONZE HAIR DONE IN BRAIDS"

When, at last, he turned away from the window and gave himself to the little volume, there came over him, as he read, the somewhat bitter consciousness that his youthful verse was not without quality.

Later, his housekeeper, a comfortable Irishwoman, white-haired and unwrinkled, came in with the lamp, and found him straining his eyes over the pages. She felt, in her kindly fashion, a responsibility for the lonely gentleman, and reminded him that no book could be worth eyesight.

He looked up at her, blinking through his large, round spectacles. "No, Biddy, the book in question possibly isn't worth eyesight — not at my age; but, for the moment, it had escaped me that I was no longer young."

The sense of youth remained with him, and it gave him considerable pleasure to happen upon a kindly review of his work. He received word from his publishers that a paragraph from him, with possibly a portrait for the *Literary News*, would serve to keep the poet in mind until his next book was ready. Peter had his weakness, and this touched it. If his photograph of twenty years before were published, and if the paragraph described the habits of a youth, it could injure no one. His little deception, however, made him feel so guilty and uneasy that finally, in his artless fashion, he instructed Biddy Bishop that, should any one call seeking Rupert Deal, she must deny all knowledge of such a person.

"And, sure, Mr. Peter, what else would I do? I never heard of him!"

She fancied her master fidgeted under her gaze, and she descended to the kitchen oppressed by the thought. "The poor gentleman's done something he's ashamed of," she said to the grocer. "I've heard of changing of names, but there's no safety in deceit!"

Her fears, however, as well as those of Peter himself, were allayed; for he had no more communications concerning his poetry, and began to feel that his wave of success was over too soon. After all, it had been a foolish indul-

"'WE MIGHT MEET THERE THE YOUNG POET AND THE BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN'"

gence to publish his youthful verses; they could mean nothing to any one but himself. In the golden spring days that followed, it was borne in upon him that he had no one with whom to enjoy the loveliness of the outer world.

He was in this mood, one afternoon, when Biddy Bishop appeared at the door of his room, displaying a letter and inquiring rather severely whether it could be for him. Peter perceived that it was addressed to "Rupert Deal," in care of his publishers, and had been forwarded. He glanced at his housekeeper rather guiltily, and then, acknowledging, so it seemed to her, his crime, he took the envelop and cut it with his knife.

There was something feminine in the rustling of the thin sheet of paper as he unfolded it. He turned to the signature, and found that the letter was indeed from a woman, a woman of whom he had never heard — "Marianna Powell." It was dimly suggestive of Shakespeare, and pleased him. She wrote from a distance, craving, in the first place, indulgence for taking a moment from the much occupied man of letters. Peter paused and stared round at his solitude: at the sunlight spread like a large, soft rug across the center of the floor; at the plain little clock on the mantel, which at that moment ticked so clearly. It seemed to him that he could scarcely be the person addressed; nevertheless he continued with the letter. The writer had read his book more than once, and had found in it beauty and charm; in gratitude, she wished to tell the author — and she told it with convincing simplicity and sincerity.

It was the first letter of appreciation that poor Peter had ever received, and he almost wore it out with rereading. He formed conjecture upon conjecture concerning the personality behind the few precious words on the sheet, and each time he perceived something different. The handwriting was firm and black. "The modern penmanship!" he sighed. Therefore, Marianna Powell was young. He knew that she was fair; indeed, she seemed to him a goddess in her bounty. Furthermore, she remarked that she had seen his picture in the *Literary News*, and from that she perceived that he stood as yet on the threshold of life, and that this little book was only a golden promise.

The letter was touched with sentimentality, but it was the sentimentality of youth, and Peter did not in the least object to that. To him, it was wonderful to be thought young and to figure in the imagination of a girl. He had written what pleased her, and if she chose to dream a little about him, he had not tried to make her do so. She addressed herself to the youth who had written these verses, and what was to prevent his answering as that youth?

He sat down at his desk and in his cramped, old-fashioned hand addressed the lady who had favored him with her admiration. Then he paused and thought, and finally, throwing discretion to the winds, assumed the part of youthful author, losing at least twenty years. He confided to the unknown one the dreams and ambitions of long ago.

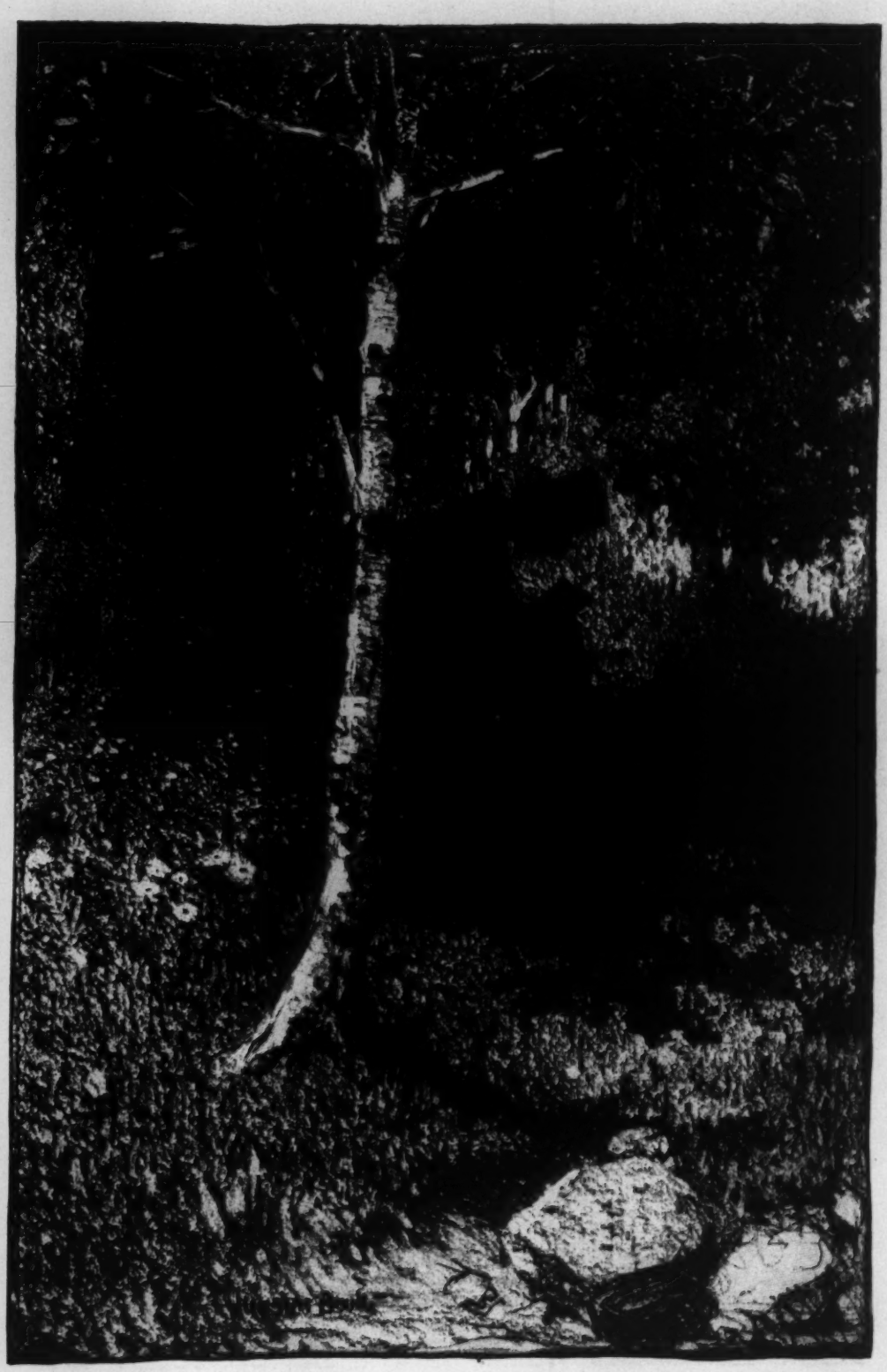
He went out, and as he slipped the envelop into a mail box he found himself calculating how many days it would take to hear from her again. After this his daily walks took him in the direction of the post-office; but for a week there was nothing to greet him except the empty interior of his box. He tore himself with countless doubts. He had been impertinent; the young lady had transferred her dreams; he would never have another word; had he waited — had he said this or that — Then, when he had almost given up, the letter came.

He found it on his table, one day, after he had again delegated to Mrs. Bishop the pilgrimages to the post. Even before opening the letter he felt a distinct thrill, and then he held in his hand another sheet of the thin gray paper. He sat down at once and gave himself up to his pleasure. In writing, he had signed his own name, forgetting that his correspondent did not know it; and now she thanked him for trusting her with so precious a secret. She would not betray him; he might rest assured of that. The letter was short, and there was in it a certain shyness. "She's afraid of me, the dear child!" thought Peter, and rose and walked up and down, smiling to himself.

Peter knew, to his delight, that, without actually saying so, Marianna Powell invited him to write again. The suggestion was there, a thin wisp of a thing which he couldn't pounce upon in any particular place, but which drifted out, like a perfume, as many times as he unfolded the sheet. He had not lost his imagination along with his ability to write verse, and he saw his Marianna a delicate, thin-wristed young lady, with bronze hair done in braids. Her portrait appeared in the smoke of his pipe; her voice was audible in the intervals of silence, whenever Biddy paused. He knew Marianna better, in fact, than he had ever known any one. She admired his poetry; he was certain now that he had written every line of it to her. Before he slept, that night, he sat down and told her so.

He had gone hungry a long while, but he had found sympathy at last. Once, after some weeks, she questioned him about his present work; her interest was so great that she ventured to wonder what he would produce next.

"'IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO BE A FOOL; BUT TO BE OLD!'"



"IT WAS HERE THAT HE HAD LINGERED AND DREAMED OF HER"

This threw him into a panic and left him unable to reply; then she wrote again, inquiring whether she had offended. Peter was conscious that she was actually distressed. This was too much for him, and he took the plunge into guilt. He described the poems and dramas which he had once conceived and lost somewhere on the long road of life; he stirred again with hope, and half believed the world was all before him.

His letters to Marianna became compositions with which he took the utmost pains; in an empty life, they became the one thing that he lived for. The discovery that they had the same enthusiasms brought them nearer. Peter was eloquent upon Thackeray and Miss Austen; Marianna exclaimed in reply: "You love them more than the later writers!"

"I love what *you* love!" he dared to write back, and signed simply, "Peter."

From that day she was "Marianna" in her firm, round hand.

He had his moments of distress, when he felt that he was deceiving her in the basest fashion. He was playing at romance, inviting her to the long, dark ride with the stranger in a muffled cloak; only, some day at the journey's end, she would discover the face of her companion, see the crow's-feet and wrinkles, and turn away in disgust.

For a while their correspondence seemed scarcely to touch earth, so little did it deal with the realism of their days; but finally, in a burst of youthful confidence, she revealed to him something of her life. She taught English in a public school in one of the most uninteresting towns in the West. "But this can scarcely interest you," she wrote pathetically; "you are a poet, while I am nothing but a drudge."

That touched him deeply. He had not forgotten how he had been forced to become a drudge in his youth, but she was a woman, a young woman. The injustice of her being a "drudge"! If she were only a daughter, he might help! Then he discovered that he did not in the least wish her to be a daughter, and he pulled himself up rather sharply.

He took a long walk in the summer woods that afternoon, questioning whether he ought not to leave Marianna's last letter unanswered. He took it out of his pocket and, sitting down, reread it. There seemed to be some witchery in her words, for, when he had finished, he tore out pages of his note-book and then and there scribbled his answer, to the sound of birds and the murmuring stream.

It was late when he went home, and he had the delicious consciousness that this friendship had suddenly flowered. There was no going back now; it must be all forward. They had something to give each other. If her sympathy meant so much to him, his must mean something to her.

The mere contemplation of denying himself her letters made them seem the more dear, and he wrote with less and less restraint. There were days when he was happy enough to forget that his young friend must have in her vision the youth whose portrait she had seen in the pages of the *Literary News;* but at other times there swept over him the miserable consciousness that he was forever debarred from taking the hand of friendship which she held out so generously.

It was a day when he tormented himself thus that the mail failed to bring him his usual letter. It came over him suddenly that Marianna might pass from his life at any moment, for he hadn't the slenderest tie to hold her. She might die, and he would not even be told! In his anxiety, he wrote more than once. For more than a week he heard nothing; then relief came. She told him that she had been ill. She was sorry he had suffered; she had not realized that he would care, but she was glad that he *did*. He must keep on writing in a time that was not only dull but anxious. She could not afford to be ill; she was not sure whether the municipal position would be kept for her.

Peter wrote back, offering all that he dared in sympathy, feeling the words on the page miserable, unsubstantial things compared to the material help of which she was too evidently in need. It occurred to him to confess, and to throw himself on her mercy, in the forlorn hope that when she knew him to be both aged and harmless she would let him do something for her. But he had not the courage for this, even when she told him that her position was lost. She confessed, after a time, that she might be forced to go to a sister who lived very near him. This made him fearfully uneasy, and for the first time he read a letter from her with pain instead of delight. Peter might suspect her, she went on gaily, of having made this move deliberately, and then would he disappear in order to preserve the illusion? She threatened him a little, but she smiled at him, too. "Think how easily I could have found you out!" she wrote. "And how do you know but I have?" He had told her so little; he had given her his ideas, oh, yes, and his opinions, but hadn't he kept something back? Peter winced. Then, with a sweetness that seemed to him positively divine, she confessed that she had never inquired concerning him; there wasn't a soul who knew of their friendship; and was that not the more fair?

Fate was hard upon him; he was bound to suffer for what he had done; but when she called their friendship fair, how could he spoil

it before he must? She expected him to suggest their meeting; he felt it something that their comradeship demanded, and he finally did it, in a vague sort of way. But her response was not what he had anticipated, and he was able to draw a long breath once more. He was so confident, from her reply, that she had no intention of seeing him, that he indulged indiscreetly in picturing the time when they should meet. "On a day when hills are green and woods in flower," he wrote, "beside some spring or beneath the trees, shall I find you, Marianna?"

"Think," she replied, "of your disappointment, should that day ever dawn!"

"It would be *your* disappointment, not mine, that would make me turn coward," responded Peter truthfully.

Soon after this she told him that she was about to start for his locality. She evidently questioned how her approach would affect their friendship, for she added tentatively: "I am not sure that we could keep on writing to each other from the next street, are you?" And she asked, with singular directness, whether distance and uncertainty did not create romance and charm.

Oh, if only he could tell her that distance and uncertainty had had their time, and that now he longed to see his friend! He was desperately unhappy. It seemed to him that, whichever way he turned, his reflection in some mirror confronted him. Old, old! He felt gray and lonely as he sank into his misshapen easy-chair.

It seemed to him that he had been alone all his life save the last few months. Except for the wonderful exception of Marianna, no one had ever cared, no one had ever understood. Now he realized that this had come to an end. He would never be recognized by her; he had that much comfort left. As she walked about the streets of the little town, and under the elms of the college yard, she would be looking in the faces of the passers-by for the youth whose picture she had seen; she would never notice a near-sighted elderly person. There was one thing he could do: he could arrange to see her, and let her see the horrible truth.

He wrote to her with added intensity, since he knew it was to be the last time. He chose for their encounter a place beneath a maple on a grassy slope without the town, easy of access, but secluded. She could not mistake the tree; it was a blaze of scarlet now, retaining color and foliage as if awaiting their coming. It was here, through all the changing weeks, that he had lingered and dreamed of her; and who but she had been beside him to watch the lights fade on the far-away roofs and towers of the town?

Did she know what she had been to him since her first letter? He wanted her to know, and, whatever came thereafter, he begged her to keep, as a souvenir of their correspondence, the thought that she had been everything. Life had been empty, but she had filled it. He might never be permitted to give her the proof; he hoped she had the faith to believe. "I have waited so long," he added wistfully, "I don't know whether there is anything else for me. I must bid you adieu, Marianna, Lady of Dreams, until to-morrow, or that time when dreams come true."

He wrote these words with the thought that, after she knew, she might remember them and understand them to be his actual farewell.

He had set the morning after her arrival for their meeting. He slept little the night before. Then he arose in the dawn of a blue-and-gold autumn day, and thought of Marianna waiting on the hillside. He knew how the wind would ruffle her bronze braids and crinkle her skirts. If only, hidden somewhere, he could see her! What would it avail to show himself? It would be better to disappear; then she could keep her dream, just as he could keep his. He would go to the ends of the earth, but face her he could not. With the necessity for action, he dragged from the attic a dusty portmanteau, and ordered Biddy Bishop to pack it; then he chose for the journey a few books,— stern things that could not lead him astray, "Lives of the Philosophers" and a history of the Reformation,— and finally went out to the kitchen and threw into the stove his own book of verses.

He refused Biddy the consolation of knowing his whereabouts, and gave no heed to her protestations.

"It don't seem Christian,"– as she reluctantly got out his overcoat,—"starting before your luncheon, and with no flannels, and to-morrow there's the gas bill!"

He did not answer, but, going to his desk, began crowding some letters into his bag.

"You don't seem fit, Mr. Peter! It's something worrying you; I know as well as if you told me!"

He opened the door, and she followed him out on the porch.

"Is anybody dead?" she called after him.

"A youth!" he murmured, without stopping.

"Who, Mr. Peter?"

He turned and looked back. "A young man, Biddy."

She threw up her hands. "God rest his soul! It wasn't your own son?"

His mouth puckered in a rather wan smile. "Not precisely that."

Then he stepped down the walk.

It occurred to him, after he had walked a few blocks toward the station, that he had not decided where to go; and when he reached the yard in front of the college, he was glad to set down his valise and take a seat under the elms in order to think things over.

A sharp wind sent the dust and leaves driving down the walk. Peter shivered and huddled a little further into his overcoat. Facing him across the square, stood a row of old red brick buildings warmed by the autumn sunshine. But Peter saw nothing that was actually before him; instead, he saw his maple, a scarlet spot on the hillside, and a figure waiting beneath.

He sat there a good while. No one disturbed him until he became aware of a voice at his side. It seemed to him more like the chirping of a sparrow, and he roused himself and turned, with a start, to the person beside him.

He had not noticed when he took his place that the bench was occupied, nor had he seen any one approach; so now he had no idea where this shabby little figure in black had come from. There was dejection in the sag of her shoulders. The head was turned from him, and under a wilted straw hat he observed a rather delicate profile, with skin fine as parchment and covered with a mass of tiny wrinkles, and flaming red hair, which hadn't grown old to match the rest, and which seemed to flaunt cruelly its superabundant color around the white face. Nevertheless, there was a charm about the slight figure with the bunch of gentians and late autumn leaves tucked in at the belt. Peter was conscious of something which might have been a mockery of youth, but which wasn't, and which, therefore, touched him. Again he heard her voice, and, realizing that her question must have been asked more than once, he hastened to unbutton his overcoat and take out his large, old-fashioned watch.

"It is exactly eleven, Madam."

It was the hour that he had set to meet Marianna, and he closed his watch with a snap. At that moment, when he would have shrunk from the sight of anybody under middle age, his eyes continued to rest on the person beside him, as he might have looked, from the glare of midsummer, into grateful shadow. At any rate, *she* wasn't young. Now he might be as old as he liked, or as he really was; he need not pretend. For the first time, he realized how tired he was of pretending. There came to him a sense of peace in his renunciation.

Then he heard again the rather sad voice of his companion. He answered in his simple way, and gradually they drifted along with fragmentary talk about the weather, the college, and the autumn foliage, until the chapel clock across the square began to strike noon. At this she stopped abruptly and glanced at his bag.

"Oh, I must be keeping you!"

"Yes." He followed her glance, and all his depression came back. "I'm going on. The fact is," admitted Peter, and the hunted look came into his face, "I've got to get away!" He took his bag and rose.

She seemed to reach after him by simply raising her eyes to his. "Not for any trouble, I hope!"

"No! Yes — that is —" He bent his head and was silent.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"Are you?" He sank back on the bench and looked at her more closely. "That's very kind of you!" His reserve broke down under the proffered sympathy.

"It's this way," said Peter. "I've been led into something — something I'm sorry for now; yet, come to think of it, I don't know as I *am* exactly sorry, but I've been a dreadful fool — the worst kind; do you know what kind that is? An *old* fool!" He was speaking to himself now, and with slow conviction. "There's no atonement for being that; it's unforgivable!"

The woman beside him shivered, and a flower from her belt fell to the ground.

"It's bad enough," continued Peter, "to be a fool; but to be *old!*"

Then suddenly he became conscious of the face of his companion, and something in its worn and pained expression checked him. He stammered, and, stooping, tried to pick up the flower.

"But I made believe I wasn't old," he went on hurriedly, to cover his embarrassment; "that's what I did!" Then he confessed utterly: "I made some one think me young." The hands of his companion tightened one upon the other in their gray lisle gloves. "It was a young lady — talented, beautiful ——"

She broke in with a cry: "Are you the poet?"

For a long while they sat staring at each other. The hard, crisp light of that autumn day pitilessly illumined their faces and displayed every touch of time, but each saw something more in the other's eyes. Finally Peter put out his hand.

"I'm not a poet; I just wanted to be."

"And I'm not a young lady!"

"Don't be alarmed." Peter himself was trembling. "I'll do whatever you say. I was going off because I hadn't the courage to meet you."

"Neither had I."

"Why couldn't we go," he put it rather timidly, "— would you — to that red maple?"

"We might meet there,"— and she laughed now,— "those other two, the young poet and the beautiful maiden." Then she stopped abruptly. "Oh, perhaps we are too late!"

"I don't care," said Peter, "*how* late we are."

CORAZÓN

BY

GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. M. RUSSELL

A man is as good as his nerves.— COWBOY MAXIM.

WITH manes streaming in the wind, a band of broncos fled across the *grama* flats, splashed through the San Pedro, and whirled sharply to the right, heading for sanctuary in the Dragoons. In the lead raced a big sorrel, his coat shimmering like polished gold where the sun touched it.

"That's Corazón!" exclaimed Reb. "Head him or we'll lose the bunch."

The pursuers spread out and swept round in a wide semicircle. Corazón held to his course, a dozen yards in advance of the others, his head high. The chase slackened, died away. With a blaring neigh, the sorrel eased his furious pace, and the entire band came to a trot. Before them were the mountains, and Corazón knew their fastnesses as the street urchin knows the alleys that give him refuge; in the cañons the broncos would be safe from man. Behind was no sign of the enemy. His nose in the wind, he

sniffed long, but it bore him no taint. Instead, he nickered with delight, for he smelled water. With the broncos massed behind him, he swung to the south, and within five minutes their hot muzzles were washed by the bubbling waters of Eternity Spring.

Corazón drew in a long breath, expanding his well-ribbed sides, and looked up from drinking. There in front of him, fifty paces away, was a horseman. He snorted the alarm, and, with his band, plunged into a tangle of sage-brush. Another rider bore down and turned them back. To right and left they darted, then wheeled and sought desperately to break through the cordon at a weak spot, and failed. Wherever they turned, a cowboy appeared as by magic. At last Corazón detected an unguarded area, and flew through it with the speed of light.

"Now we've got 'em!" howled Reb. "Don't drive too close, but keep 'em headed for the corral."

Within a hundred yards of the gate, the sorrel halted, his ears cocked in doubt. The cowboys closed in to force the band through. Three times the broncos broke and scattered, for to their wild instincts the fences and that narrow aperture cried treachery and danger. They were gathered, with whoops and many imprecations, and once more approached the entrance.

"Drive the saddle bunch out," commanded the range boss.

Forth came the *remuda* of a hundred horses. The broncos shrilled greeting and mingled with them, and when the cow-ponies trotted meekly into the corral, Corazón and his band went too, though they shook and were afraid.

For five years Corazón had roamed the range — ever since the day he had discovered that grass was good to eat, and so had left the care of his tender-eyed mother. Because he dreaded the master of created things and fled him afar, only once during that time had he seen man at close range. That was when, as a youngster, he was caught and branded on the left shoulder. He had quickly forgotten that; until now it had ceased to be even a memory.

But now he and his companion rovers were prisoners, cooped in a corral by a contemptible trick. They crowded around and around the stout inclosure, sometimes dropping to their knees in efforts to discover an exit beneath the boards. And not twenty feet away, the dreaded axis of their circlings, sat a man on a horse, and he studied them calmly. Other men, astride the fence, were uncoiling ropes, and their manner was placid and businesslike. One opined dispassionately that "the sorrel is shore some horse."

"You're whistlin'," cried the buster over his shoulder, in hearty affirmation.

Corazón was the most distracted of all the band. He was in a frenzy of nervous fear, his glossy coat wet and foam-flecked. He would not stand still for a second, but prowled about the wooden barrier like a jungle creature newly prisoned in a cage. Twice he nosed the ground and crooked his fore legs in an endeavor to slide through the six inches of clear space beneath the gate, and the outfit laughed derisively.

"Here goes," announced the buster in his expressionless voice. "You-all watch out, now. Hell'll be poppin'."

At that moment Corazón took it into his head to dash at top speed through his friends, huddled in a bunch in a corner. A rope whined and coiled, and, when he burst out of the jam, the noose was around his neck, tightening so as to strangle him. Madly he ran against it, superb in the sureness of his might. Then he squawled with rage and pain and an awful terror. His legs flew from under him, and poor Corazón was jerked three feet into the air, coming down on his side with smashing force. The fall shook a grunt out of him, and he was stunned and breathless, but unhurt. He staggered to his feet, his breath straining like a bellows, for the noose cut into his neck and he would not yield to its pressure.

Facing him was the man on the bay. His mount stood with feet braced, sitting back on the rope, and he and his rider were quite collected and cool and prepared. The sorrel's eyes were starting from his head; his nostrils flared wide, gaping for the air that was denied him, and the breath sucked in his throat. It seemed as if he must drop. Suddenly the buster touched his horse lightly with the spur and slackened the rope. With a long sob, Corazón drew in a life-giving draught, his gaze fixed in frightened appeal on this masterful being.

"Open the gate," said Mullins, without raising his voice.

He flicked the rope over Corazón's hind quarters, and essayed to drive him into the next corral, to cut him off from his fellows. The sorrel gave a gasp of dismay and lunged forward. Again he was lifted from the ground, and came down with a thud that left him shivering.

"His laig's done bust!" exclaimed the boss.

"No; he's shook up, that's all. Wait a while."

A moment later Corazón raised his head painfully; then, life and courage coming back with a rush, he lurched to his feet. Mullins waited with unabated patience. The sorrel was

beginning to respect that which encircled his neck and made mock of his strength, and when the buster flipped the rope again, he ran through the small gate, and brought up before he had reached the end of his tether.

Two of the cowboys stepped down languidly from the fence, and took position in the center of the corral.

"Hi, Corazón! Go it, boy!" they yelled, and, spurred by their cries, the horse started off at a trot. Reb tossed his loop,— flung it carelessly, with a sinuous movement of the wrist,— and when Corazón had gone a few yards, he found his fore feet ensnared. Enraged at being thus cramped, he bucked and bawled; but, before Reb could settle on the rope, he came to a standstill and sank his teeth into the strands. Once, twice, thrice he tugged, but could make no impression. Then he pitched high in air, and ——

"*Now!*" shrieked Reb.

They heaved with might and main, and Corazón flopped in the dust.

Quick as a cat, he sprang upright and bolted; but again they downed him, and, while Reb held the head by straddling the neck, his confederate twined dexterously with a stake-rope. There lay Corazón, helpless and almost spent, trussed up like a sheep for market: they had hog-tied him.

It was the buster who put the hackamore on his head. Very deliberately he moved. Corazón sensed confidence in the touch of his fingers; they spoke a language to him, and he was soothed by the certainty of superiority they conveyed. He lay quiet.

Then Reb incautiously shifted his position, and the horse heaved and raised his head, banging Mullins across the ear. The buster's senses swam, but, instead of flying into a rage, he became quieter, more deliberate; in his cold eyes was a vengeful gleam, and dangerous stealth lurked in his delicate manipulation of the strands. An excruciating, sharp pain shot through the sorrel's eye; Mullins had gouged him.

"Let him up." It was the buster again, atop the bay, making the rope fast with a double half-hitch over the horn of the saddle.

Corazón arose, dazed and very sick. But his spirit was unbreakable. Again and again he strove to tear loose, rearing, falling back, plunging to the end of the rope until he was hurled off his legs to the ground. When he began to weary, Mullins encouraged him to fight, that he might toss him.

"I'll learn you what this rope means," he remarked, as the bronco scattered the dust for the seventh time, and remained there, completely done up.

In deadly fear of his slender tether, yet alert to match his strength against it once more, should opportunity offer, Corazón followed the buster quietly enough when he rode out into the open. Beside a sturdy mesquit bush that grew apart from its brethren, Mullins dismounted and tied the sorrel. As a farewell, he waved his arms grotesquely and whooped. Of course, Corazón gathered himself and leaped — leaped to the utmost that was in him, so that the bush vibrated to its farthest root; and of course he hit the earth with a jarring thump that temporarily paralyzed him. Mullins departed to put the thrall of human will on others.

Throughout the afternoon, and time after time during the interminable night, the sorrel tried to break away; but with each sickening failure he grew more cautious. When he ran against the rope now, he did not run blindly to its limit, but half wheeled, so that when it jerked him back he invariably landed on his feet. Corazón was learning hard, but he was learning. And what agonies of pain and suspense he went through! — for years a free rover, and now to be bound thus, by what looked to be a mere thread, for he knew not what further tortures! He sweated and shivered, seeing peril in every shadow. When a coyote slunk by with tongue lapping hungrily over his teeth, the prisoner almost broke his neck in a despairing struggle to win freedom.

In the chill of the dawn, they led him into a circular corral. His sleekness had departed; the barrel-like body did not look so well nourished, and there was red in the blazing eyes.

"I reckon he'll be mean," observed the buster, as though it concerned him but little.

"No-o-o. Go easy with him, Carl, an' I think he'll make a good hoss," the boss cautioned.

While two men held the rope, Mullins advanced along it foot by foot, inch by inch, one hand outstretched, and talked to Corazón in a low, careless tone of affectionate banter. "So you'd like for to kill me, would you?" he inquired, grinning. All the while he held the sorrel's glaring eyes.

Corazón stood still, legs planted wide apart, and permitted him to approach. He trembled when the fingers touched his nose; but they were firm, confident digits, the voice was reassuring, and the gentle rubbing up, up between the eyes and ears lulled his forebodings.

"Hand me the blanket," said Mullins.

He drew it softly over Corazón's back, and the bronco swerved, pawed, and kicked with beautiful precision. Whereupon they placed a rope around his neck, dropped it behind his right hind leg, and pulled that member up close to his belly; there it was held fast. On three

"CORAZÓN REARED STRAIGHT UP, HIS FEET PAWING LIKE THE HANDS OF A DROWNING MAN"

legs now, the sorrel was impotent for harm. Mullins once more took up the blanket, but this time the gentleness had flown. He slapped it over Corazón's backbone from side to side a dozen times. At each impact the horse humped awkwardly, but, finding that he came to no hurt, he suffered it in resignation.

That much of the second lesson learned, they saddled him. Strangely enough, Corazón submitted to the operation without fuss, the only untoward symptoms being a decided upward slant to the back of the saddle and the tucking of his tail. Reb waggled his head over this exhibition.

"I don't like his standin' quiet that away; it ain't natural," he vouchsafed. "Look at the crick in his back. Jim-in-ee! he'll shore pitch."

Which he did. The cinches were tightened until Corazón's eyes almost popped from his head; then they released the bound leg and turned him loose. What was that galling his spine? Corazón took a startled peep at it, lowered his head between his knees, and began to bawl. Into the air he rocketed, his head and fore legs swinging to the left, his hind quarters weaving to the right. The jar of his contact with the ground was appalling. Into the air again, his head and fore legs to the right, his rump twisted to the left. Round and round the corral he went, blatting like an angry calf; but the thing on his back stayed where it was, gripping his body cruelly. At last he was fain to stop for breath.

"Now," said Mullins, "I reckon I'll take it out of him."

There has always been for me an overwhelming fascination in watching busters at work. They are all alike when it comes to handling the horses — the garrulous one becomes coldly watchful, the stoic moves with stern patience, the boaster soothes with soft-crooned words and confident caress. Mullins left Corazón standing in the middle of the corral, the hackamore rope strung loose on the ground, while he saw to it that his spurs were fast. We mounted the fence, not wishing to be mixed in the glorious turmoil to follow.

"I wouldn't top ol' Corazón for fifty," confessed the man on the adjoining post.

"Mullins has certainly got nerve," I conceded.

"A buster has to have nerve." The range boss delivered himself laconically. "All nerve and no brains makes the best. But they get stove up, an' then ——"

"And then? What then?"

"Why, don't you know?" he asked in surprise. "Every buster loses his nerve at last, an' then they can't ride a pack-hoss. It must be because it's just one fool man with one set of nerves up ag'in' a new hoss with a new devil in him every time. They wear him down. Don't you reckon?"

The explanation sounded plausible. Mullins was listening with a faintly amused smile to Reb's account of what a lady mule had done to him; he rolled a cigarette and lighted it painstakingly. The hands that held the match were as steady as eternal rock. It was maddening to see him stand there so coolly while the great sorrel, a dozen feet distant, was aquake with dread, blowing harshly through his crimson nostrils whenever a cowboy stirred — and each of us knowing that the man was taking his life in his hands. An unlooked-for twist, a trifling disturbance of poise, and, with a horse like Corazón, it meant maiming or death. At last he threw the cigarette from him and walked slowly to the rope.

"So you're callin' for me?" he inquired, gathering it up.

Corazón was snorting. By patient craft Reb acquired a grip on the sorrel's ears, and, while he hung there, bringing the head down so that the horse could not move, Mullins tested the stirrups and raised himself cautiously into the saddle.

"Let him go."

While one could count ten, Corazón stood expectant, his back bowed, his tail between his legs. The ears were laid flat on the head and the fore feet well advanced. The buster waited, the quirt hanging from two fingers of his right hand. Suddenly the sorrel ducked his head and emitted a harsh scream, leaping, with legs stiff, straight off the ground. He came down with the massive hips at an angle to the shoulders, thereby imparting a double shock; bounded high again; turned back with bewildering speed as he touched the earth; and then, in a circle perhaps twenty feet in diameter, sprang time after time, his heels lashing the air. Never had such pitching been seen on the Anvil Range.

"I swan, he just misses his tail a' inch when he turns back!" roared a puncher.

Mullins sat composedly in the saddle, but he was riding as never before. He whipped the sorrel at every jump, and raked him down the body from shoulder to loins with the ripping spurs. The brute showed no signs of letting up. Through Mullins' tan of copper hue showed a slight pallor. He was exhausted. If Corazón did not give in soon, the man would be beaten. Just then the horse stopped, feet asprawl.

"Mullins,"— the range boss got down from the fence,— "you'll kill that hoss. Between the cinches belongs to you; the head an' hind quarters is the company's."

For a long minute Mullins stared at the beast's ears without replying.

"THE STEER WAS TOSSED CLEAR OF THE GROUND AND CAME DOWN ON HIS LEFT SIDE"

"I reckon that's the rule," he acquiesced heavily. "Do you want that somebody else should ride him?"

"No-o-o. Go ahead. But, remember, between the cinches you go at him as you like — nowhere else."

The buster slapped the quirt down on Corazón's shoulder, but the bronco did not budge; then harder. With the first oath he had used, he jabbed in the spurs, and lay back on the hackamore rope. Instead of bucking, Corazón reared straight up, his feet pawing like the hands of a drowning man. Before Mullins could move to step off, the sorrel flung his head round and toppled backward. I turned away, but I could not shut my ears to the crunch.

"No, he's not dead." The range boss leaned over the buster and his hands fumbled inside the shirt. "The horn got him here, but he ain't dead. Claude, saddle Streak an' hit for Agua Prieta for the doctor."

When we carried the injured man to the bunkhouse, Reb spoke from troubled meditation:

"Pete, I don't believe Corazón is as bad as he acts with Mullins. I've been watchin' him. Mullins didn't ——"

"You take him, then; he's yours," snapped the boss, his conscience pricking because of the reproof he had administered. If the buster had ridden him in his own way, this might not have happened.

That is how the sorrel came into Reb's possession. Only one man of the outfit witnessed the taming, and he would not talk; but when Reb came to dinner from the first saddle on Corazón, his hands were torn and the nail of one finger hung loose.

"I had to take to the horn an' hang on some," he admitted.

Ay, he had clung there desperately while the bronco pitched about the river-bed, whither Reb had retired for safety and to escape spectators.

But at the next saddle Corazón was less violent; at the third, recovering from the stunning shocks and bruisings of the first day, he was a fiend; and then, on the following morning, he did not pitch at all. Reb rode him every day to sap the superfluous vigor in Corazón's iron frame, and he taught him as well as he could the first duties of a cow-horse. Finding that his new master never punished him unless he undertook to dispute his authority, the sorrel grew tractable and began to take an interest in his tasks.

"He's done broke," announced Reb; "I'll have him bridle-wise in a week. He'll make some ropin' horse. Did you see him this evenin'? I swan ——"

They scoffed good-naturedly; but Reb proceeded on the assumption that Corazón was meant to be a roping horse, and schooled him accordingly. As for the sorrel, he took to the new pastime with delight. Within a month nothing gave him keener joy than to swerve and crouch, at the climax of a sprint, and see a cow thrown heels over head at the end of the rope that was wrapped about his saddle-horn.

The necessity of contriving to get three meals a day took me elsewhere, and I did not see Corazón again for three years. Then, one Sunday afternoon, Big John drew me from El Paso to Juarez on the pretense of seeing a grand, an extraordinary, a most noble bull-fight, in which the dauntless Favorita would slay three fierce bulls from the renowned El Carmen Ranch, in "competency" with the fearless Morenito Chico de San Bernardo; and a youth with a megaphone drew us both to a steer-roping contest instead. We agreed that bull-fighting was brutal on Sunday.

"I'll bet it's rotten," remarked Big John pessimistically, as we took our seats. "I could beat 'em myself."

As he scanned the list his face brightened. Among the seventeen ropers thereon were two champions and a possible new one in Raphael Fraustro, the redoubtable vaquero from the dominions of Terrazas.

"An' here's Reb!" roared John — he is accustomed to converse in the tumult of the branding-pen. "I swan, he's entered from Monument."

Shortly afterward the contestants paraded, wonderfully arrayed in silk shirts and new handkerchiefs.

"Some of them ain't been clean before in a year," was John's caustic comment. "There's Slim, I *know* he hasn't."

They were a fine-looking body of men, and two of my neighbors complained that I trampled on their feet. The horses caught the infection of excitement from the packed stands, and champed on the bits and caracoled and waltzed sideways in a manner highly unbecoming a staid cow-pony.

There was one that did not. So sluggish was his gait and general bearing, in contrast with the others, that the crowd burst into laughter. He plodded at the tail-end of the procession, his hoofs kicking up the dust in listless spurts, his nose on a level with his knees. I rubbed my eyes, and John said, "No, it ain't — it can't be."

But it was. Into that arena slouched Corazón, entered against the pick of the horses of the Southwest; and Reb was astride him.

We watched the ropers catch and tie the steers in rapid succession; but the much-heralded ones missed altogether, and to John and me the performance lagged. We were waiting for Reb and Corazón.

They came at last, at the end of the list. When Corazón ambled up the arena to enter behind the barrier, the grand stand roared a facetious welcome; the spectacle of this sad-gaited nag preparing to capture a steer touched its risibilities.

"Listen to me," bawled a fat gentleman in a wide-brimmed hat, close to my ear. "You listen to me! They're all fools. That's a cow-horse. No blasted nonsense. Knows his business, huh? You're whistlin'!"

Assuredly, Corazón knew his business. The instant he stepped behind the line he was a changed horse. The sloping ears pricked forward, his neck arched, and the great muscles of his shoulders and thighs rippled to his dainty prancing. He pulled and fretted on the bit, his eyes roving about in search of the quarry; he whinnied an appeal to be gone. Reb made ready his coil, curbing him with light pressure.

Out from the chute sprang a steer, heading straight down the arena. Corazón was frantic. With the flash of the gun he breasted the barrier-rope and swept down on him in twenty strides. Reb stood high in the strirups; the loop whirled and sped; and, without waiting to see how it fell, but accepting a catch in blind faith, the sorrel darted off at a tangent.

Big John was standing up in his place, clawing insanely at the hats of his neighbors and banging them over the head with his program.

"Look at him — just look at him!" he shrieked.

The steer was tossed clear of the ground, and came down on his left side. Almost before he landed, Reb was out of the saddle and speeding toward him.

"He's getting up. *He's getting up.* Go to him, Reb!" howled John and I.

The steer managed to lift his head; he was

struggling to his knees. I looked away, for Reb must lose. Then a hoarse shout from the multitude turned back my gaze. Corazón had felt the slack on the rope, and knew what it meant. He dug his feet into the dirt and began to walk slowly forward — very slowly and carefully, for Reb's task must not be spoiled. The steer collapsed, falling prone again, but the sorrel did not stop. Once he cocked his eye, and, seeing that the animal still squirmed, pulled with all his strength. The stands were rocking; they were a sea of tossing hats and gesticulating arms and flushed faces; the roar of their plaudits echoed back from the hills. And it was all for Corazón, gallant Corazón.

"Dam' his eyes — dam' his ol' eyes!" Big John babbled over and over, absolutely oblivious.

Reb stooped beside the steer, his hands looping and tying with deft, darting twists even as he kept pace with his dragged victim.

"I guess it's — about — a'— hour," he panted.

Then he sprang clear and tossed his hands upward, facing the judges' stand. After that he walked aimlessly about, mopping his face with a handkerchief; for to him the shoutings and the shifting colors were all a foolish dream, and he was rather sick.

Right on the cry with which his master announced his task done, Corazón eased up on the rope and waited.

"Mr. Pee-ler's time," bellowed the man with the megaphone presently, "is twenty-one seconds, ty-ing the world's re-cord."

So weak that his knees trembled, Reb walked over to his horse. "Corazón," he said huskily, and slapped him once on the flank.

Nothing would do the joyous crowd then but that Reb should ride forth to be acclaimed the victor. We sat back and yelled ourselves weak with laughter; for Corazón, having done his work, refused resolutely to squander time in vain parade. The steer captured and tied, he had no further interest in the proceedings. The rascal dog-trotted reluctantly to the center of the arena in obedience to Reb, then faced the audience; but, all the time Reb was bowing his acknowledgments, Corazón sulked and slouched, and he was sulking and shuffling the dust when they went through the gate.

"Now," said John, who is very human, "we'll go help Reb spend that money."

As we jostled amid the outgoing crowd, several cowboys came alongside the grand stand rail, and Big John drew me aside to have speech with them. One rider led a spare horse, and when he passed a man on foot the latter hailed him:

"Say, Ed, give me a lift to the hotel?"

"Sure," answered Ed, proffering the reins.

The man gathered them up, his hands fluttering as if with palsy, and paused with his foot raised toward the stirrup.

"He won't pitch nor nothin', Ed?" came the quavered inquiry. "You're shore he's gentle?"

"Gentler'n a dog," returned Ed, greatly surprised.

"You ain't foolin' me, now, are you, Ed?" continued the man on the ground. "He looks kind of mean."

"Give him to me!" Ed exploded. "You kin walk."

From where we stood, only the man's back was visible. "Who is that fellow?" I asked.

"Who? Him?" answered my neighbor. "Oh, his name's Mullins. They say he used to be able to ride anything with hair on it, an' throw off the bridle at that. I expect that's just talk. Don't you reckon?"

THE UNPARALLELED INVASION

EXCERPT FROM WALT. NERVIN'S "CERTAIN ESSAYS IN HISTORY"

BY

JACK LONDON

AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF MAPUHI," "THE GOD OF HIS FATHERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

IT was in the year 1976 that the trouble between the world and China reached its culmination. It was because of this that the celebration of the Bi-Centennial of American Liberty was deferred. Many other plans of the nations of the earth were, for the same reason, twisted and tangled and postponed. The world awoke rather abruptly to its danger; but for over seventy years, unperceived, affairs had been shaping toward this very end.

The year 1904 logically marks the beginning of the development that, seventy years later, was to bring consternation to the whole world. The Japanese-Russian War took place in 1904, and the historians of the time gravely noted down that that event marked the entrance of Japan into the comity of nations. What it really did mark was the awakening of China. This awakening, long expected, had finally been despaired of. The Western nations had tried to arouse China, and they had failed. Out of their native optimism and race egotism, they had therefore concluded that the task was impossible — that China would never awaken.

What they failed to take into account was this: *that between them and China was no common psychological speech.* Their thought processes were radically dissimilar. The Western mind penetrated the Chinese mind but a short distance when it found itself in a fathomless maze. The Chinese mind penetrated the Western mind an equally short distance when it fetched up against a blank, incomprehensible wall.

It was all a matter of language. There was no way to communicate Western ideas to the Chinese mind. China remained asleep. The material achievement and progress of the West was a closed book to her. Back and deep down on the tie-ribs of consciousness, in the mind of the English-speaking race, was a capacity to thrill to short Saxon words; back and deep down on the tie-ribs of consciousness of the Chinese mind was a capacity to thrill to its own hieroglyphics. The Chinese mind could not thrill to short Saxon words, nor could the English-speaking mind thrill to hieroglyphics. The fabrics of their minds were woven from totally different stuffs. They were mental aliens. And so it was that Western material achievement and progress made no dent on the rounded sleep of China.

Came Japan and her victory over Russia in 1904. Now, the Japanese race was the freak and paradox among Eastern peoples. In some strange way, Japan was receptive to all that the West had to offer. Japan swiftly assimilated Western ideas, and digested them and so capably applied them that she suddenly burst forth, full-panoplied, a world-power. There is no explaining this peculiar openness of Japan to the alien culture of the West. As well might be explained any biological sport in the animal kingdom.

Having decisively thrashed the great Russian Empire, Japan promptly set about dreaming a colossal dream of empire for herself. Korea she had made into a granary and a colony; treaty privileges and vulpine diplomacy gave her the monopoly of Manchuria. But Japan was not satisfied. She turned her eyes upon China. There lay a vast territory, and in that territory were the hugest deposits of iron and coal in the world — the backbone of industrial civilization. Given natural resources, the other great factor in industry is labor. In that territory was a population of 400,000,000 souls — one quarter of the total population of the earth. Further-

more, the Chinese were excellent workers, while their fatalistic philosophy (or religion) and their stolid nervous organization constituted them splendid soldiers — if they were properly managed. Needless to say, Japan was prepared to furnish that management.

But, best of all, from the standpoint of Japan, the Chinese was a kindred race. The baffling enigma of the Chinese character to the West was no baffling enigma to the Japanese. The Japanese understood the Chinese character as we could never school ourselves nor hope to understand. The Japanese thought with the same thought-symbols as did the Chinese, and they thought in the same peculiar grooves. Into the Chinese mind the Japanese went on, where we were balked by the obstacle of incomprehension. They took the turning that we could not perceive, twisted around the obstacle, and were out of sight in the ramifications of the Chinese mind, where we could not follow.

They were brothers. Long ago, one had borrowed the other's written language, and, untold generations before that, they had diverged from the common Mongol stock. There had been changes, differentiations brought about by diverse conditions and infusions of other blood; but, down at the bottom of their beings, twisted into the fibers of them, was a heritage in common, a sameness in kind, that time had not obliterated.

And so Japan took upon herself the management of China. In the years immediately following the war with Russia, her agents swarmed over the Chinese Empire. A thousand miles beyond the last mission station toiled her engineers and spies,— clad as coolies, or under the guise of itinerant merchants or proselyting Buddhist priests,— noting down the horsepower of every waterfall, the likely sites for factories, the heights of mountains and passes, the strategic advantages and weaknesses, the wealth of the farming valleys, the number of bullocks in a district or the number of laborers that could be collected by forced levies. Never was there such a census, and it could have been taken by no other people than the dogged, patient, patriotic Japanese.

But in a short time secrecy was thrown to the winds. Japan's officers reorganized the Chinese army. Her drill-sergeants made over the mediæval warriors into twentieth-century soldiers, accustomed to all the modern machinery of war and with a higher average of marksmanship than the soldiers of any Western nation. The engineers of Japan deepened and widened the intricate system of canals, built factories and foundries, netted the Empire with telegraphs and telephones, and inaugurated the era of railroad-building. It was these same protagonists of machine civilization who discovered the great oil-deposits of Chunsan, the iron-mountains of Whang-Sing, the copper-ranges of Chinchi; and they sank the gas-wells of Wow-Wee, that most marvelous reservoir of natural gas in all the world.

Japanese emissaries were in China's councils of empire. Japanese statesmen whispered in the ears of Chinese statesmen. The political reconstruction of the Empire was due to them. They ousted the scholar class, which was violently reactionary, and put into office progressive officials. And in every town and city of the Empire newspapers were started. Of course, Japanese editors dictated the policy of these papers, which policy they got direct from Tokio. It was the newspapers that educated and made progressive the great mass of the population.

China was awake at last. Where the West had failed, Japan had succeeded. She had transmuted Western culture and achievement into terms that were intelligible to the Chinese understanding. Japan herself, when she awakened so suddenly, had astounded the world. But at the time she was only forty millions strong. China's awakening, what with her four hundred millions and the scientific advance of the world, was frightfully astounding. She was the Colossus of the nations, and soon her voice was heard in no uncertain tones in the affairs and councils of the nations. Japan egged her on, and the proud Western peoples listened with respectful ears.

China's swift and remarkable rise was due to the superlative quality of her labor perhaps more than to anything else. The Chinese was the perfect type of industry. For sheer ability to work, no worker in the world could compare with him. Work was the breath of his nostrils. Liberty, to him, epitomized itself in access to the means of toil. To till the soil and labor interminably was all he asked of life and the powers that be. And the awakening of China had given its vast population not merely free and unlimited access to the means of toil, but access to the highest and most scientific machine-means of toil.

China rejuvenescent! It was but a step to China rampant. She discovered a new pride in herself, and a will of her own. She began to chafe under the guidance of Japan. But she did not chafe long. In the beginning, on Japan's advice, she had expelled from the Empire all Western missionaries, engineers, drill-sergeants, merchants, and teachers. She now began to expel the similar representatives of Japan. The latter's advisory statesmen were showered with honors and decorations, and sent home. The

West had awakened Japan, and, as Japan had requited the West, so Japan was now requited by China. Japan was thanked for her kindly aid, and flung out, bag and baggage, by her gigantic protégé.

The Western nations chuckled. Japan's rainbow dream had gone glimmering. She grew angry. China laughed at her. The blood and the swords of the samurai would cut, and Japan rashly went to war. This occurred in 1922, and in seven bloody months Manchuria, Korea, and Formosa were taken away from her, and she was hurled back, bankrupt, to stifle in her tiny crowded islands. Exit Japan from the world-drama. Thereafter she devoted herself to art, and it became her task to please the world greatly with her creations of wonder and beauty.

Contrary to expectation, China did not prove warlike. She had no Napoleonic dream, and was content to devote herself to the arts of peace. After a period of disquiet, the idea was accepted that China was to be feared, not in war, but in commerce. It will be seen that the real danger was not apprehended. China went on consummating her machine civilization. Instead of a large standing army, she developed an immensely larger and splendidly efficient militia. Her navy was so small that it was the laughing-stock of the world; nor did she attempt to strengthen it. The treaty ports of the world were never entered by her visiting battleships.

The real danger lay in the fecundity of her loins, and it was in 1970 that the first cry of alarm was raised. For some time all the territories adjacent to China had been grumbling at Chinese immigration; but now it suddenly came home to the world that China's population was 500,000,000. Since her awakening, she had increased by a hundred million. Burchaldter called attention to the fact that there were in existence more Chinese than white-skinned people. He added together the population of the United States, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, England, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, European Russia, and all Scandinavia. The result was 495,000,000. And the population of China overtopped this tremendous total by 5,000,000. Burchaldter's figures went around the world, and the world shivered.

For many centuries China's population had been constant. Her territory had been saturated with population; that is to say, her territory, with its primitive method of production, had supported the maximum limit of population. But when she awoke and inaugurated the machine civilization, her productive power enormously increased. At once the birth-rate began to rise and the death-rate to fall. Before, when population pressed against the means of subsistence, the excess population had been swept away by famine. But now, thanks to the machine civilization, China's means of subsistence had been enormously extended, and there were no famines; her population followed on the heels of the increase in the means of subsistence.

During this time of transition and development of power China had entertained no dreams of conquest. The Chinese was not an imperial race. It was industrious, thrifty, and peace-loving. War was looked upon as an unpleasant but necessary task that must be performed at times. And so, while the Western races had squabbled and fought and world-adventured against one another, China had calmly gone on working at her machines and growing. Now she was spilling over the boundaries of her Empire — that was all, just spilling over into the adjacent territories, with all the certitude and terrifyingly slow momentum of a glacier.

Following upon the alarm raised by Burchaldter's figures, in 1970 France took a long-threatened stand. French Indo-China had been overrun, filled up, by Chinese immigrants. France called a halt. The Chinese wave flowed on. France assembled a force of a hundred thousand on the boundary between her unfortunate colony and China, and China sent down an army of militia soldiers a million strong. Behind came the wives and sons and daughters and relatives, with their personal household luggage, in a second army. The French force was brushed aside like a fly. The Chinese militia soldiers, along with their families,— over five millions all told,— coolly took possession of French Indo-China, and settled down to stay for a few thousand years.

Outraged France was up in arms. She hurled fleet after fleet against the coast of China, and nearly bankrupted herself by the effort. China had no navy. She withdrew into her shell like a turtle. For a year the French fleets blackened the coast and bombarded exposed towns and villages. China did not mind. She did not depend upon the rest of the world for anything. She calmly kept out of range of the French guns, and went on working. France wept and wailed, wrung her impotent hands, and appealed to the dumfounded nations. Then she landed a punitive expedition to march to Peking. It was two hundred and fifty thousand strong, and it was the flower of France. It landed without opposition, and marched into the interior. And that was the last ever seen of it. The line of communication was snapped on the second day. Not a survivor came back to tell what had happened. It had been swallowed up in China's cavernous maw, that was all.

In the five years that followed, China's ex-

pansion, in all land directions, went on apace. Siam was made a part of the Empire, and, in spite of all that England could do, Burma and the Malay Peninsula were overrun; while, all along the long south boundary of Siberia, Russia was severely pressed by China's advancing hordes. The process was simple. First came the Chinese immigration (or, rather, it was already there, having come there slowly and insidiously during the preceding years). Next came the clash at arms and the brushing away of all opposition by a monster army of militia soldiers, followed by their families and household baggage. And finally came their settling down as colonists in the conquered territory. Never was there so strange and effective a method of world-conquest.

It was at this time that Burchaldter revised his figures. He had been mistaken. China's population must be 700,000,000, 800,000,000 — nobody knew how many millions; but, at any rate, it would soon be 1,000,000,000. Burchaldter announced that there were two Chinese for every white-skinned human in the world, and the world trembled. China's increase must have begun in 1904. It was remembered that since that date there had not been a single famine. At 5,000,000 a year increase, her total increase in the intervening seventy years must be 350,000,000. But who was to know? It might be more. Who was to know anything of this strange new menace of the twentieth century — China, old China, rejuvenescent, fruitful, and militant!

The Convention of 1975 was called at Philadelphia. All the Western nations, and some few of the Eastern, were represented. Nothing was accomplished. There was talk of all countries putting bounties on children to increase the birth-rate; but it was laughed to scorn by the arithmeticians, who pointed out that China was too far in the lead in that direction. No feasible way of coping with China was suggested. China was appealed to and threatened by the United Powers, and that was all the Convention at Philadelphia came to; and the Convention and the Powers were laughed at by China. Li Tang Fwung, the power behind the Dragon Throne, deigned to reply.

"What does China care for the comity of nations?" said Li Tang Fwung. "We are the most ancient, honorable, and royal of races. We have our own destiny to accomplish. It is unpleasant that our destiny does not gibe with the destiny of the rest of the world, but what would you? You have talked windily about the royal races and the heritage of the earth, and we can only reply that that remains to be seen. You cannot invade us. Never mind about your navies. Don't shout. We know our navy is small. You see, we use it for police purposes. We do not care for the sea. Our strength is in our population, which will soon be 1,000,000,000. Thanks to you, we are equipped with all modern war machinery. Send your navies. We will not notice them. Send your punitive expeditions — but first remember France. To land half a million soldiers on our shores would strain the resources of any of you. And our thousand millions would swallow them down in a mouthful. Send a million, send five million, and we will swallow them down just as readily. Pouf! A mere nothing, a meager morsel. Destroy as you have threatened, you United States, the ten million coolies we have forced upon your shores — why, the amount scarcely equals half of our excess birth-rate for a year."

So spoke Li Tang Fwung. The world was nonplussed, helpless, terrified. He had spoken truly. There was no combating China's amazing birth-rate. If her population was 1,000,000,000, and was increasing 20,000,000 a year, in twenty-five years it would be 1,500,000,000 — equal to the total population of the world in 1904. And nothing could be done. There was no way to dam up the monstrous overspilling flood of life. War was futile. China laughed at a blockade of her coasts. She welcomed invasion. In her capacious maw was room for all the hosts of earth that could be hurled at her.

But there was one scholar that China failed to reckon with — Jacobus Laningdale. Not that he was a scholar, except in the widest sense. Primarily, Jacobus Laningdale was a scientist, and, up to that time, a very obscure scientist — a professor employed in the laboratories of the Health Office of New York City. Jacobus Laningdale's head was very like any other head, but in that head he evolved an idea. Also, in that head was the wisdom to keep that idea secret. He did not write an article for the magazines. Instead, he asked for a vacation.

On September 19, 1975, he arrived in Washington. It was evening, but he proceeded straight to the White House, for he had already arranged for an audience with the President. He was closeted with President Moyer for three hours. What passed between them was not learned by the rest of the world until long after.

Next day the President called in his Cabinet. Jacobus Laningdale was present. The proceedings were kept secret. But that very afternoon Rufus Cowdery, Secretary of State, left Washington, and early the following morning sailed for England. The secret that he carried began to spread, but it spread only among the heads of governments. Possibly half a dozen men in a nation were intrusted with the idea that had

formed in Jacobus Laningdale's head. Following the spread of the secret sprang up great activity in all the dockyards, arsenals, and navy-yards. The people of France and Austria became suspicious, but so sincere were their governments' calls for confidence that they acquiesced in the unknown project that was afoot.

This was the time of the Great Truce. All countries solemnly pledged themselves not to go to war with any other country. The first definite action was the gradual mobilization of the armies of Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, and Turkey. Then began the eastward movement. All railroads into Asia were glutted with troop trains. China was the objective; that was all that was known. A little later began the great sea movement. Expeditions of warships were launched from all countries. Fleet followed fleet, and all proceeded to the coast of China. The nations cleaned out their navy-yards. They sent their revenue cutters and despatch boats and lighthouse tenders, and they sent their most antiquated cruisers and battleships. Not content with this, they impressed the merchant marine. The statistics show that 58,640 merchant steamers, equipped with searchlights and rapid-fire guns, were despatched by the various nations to China.

And China smiled, and waited. On her land side, along her boundaries, were millions of the warriors of Europe. She mobilized her militia to the number of five times as many millions, and waited for the invasion. On her sea-coasts she did the same. But China was puzzled. After all this enormous preparation, there was no invasion. She did not understand. Along the great Siberian frontier all was quiet. Along her coasts, the towns and villages were not even shelled. Never in the history of the world had there been so mighty a gathering of war-fleets. The fleets of all the world were there, and day and night millions of tons of battleships plowed the brine of her coasts. And nothing happened. Nothing was attempted. Did they think to make her emerge from her shell? China smiled. Did they think to tire her out, or starve her out? Again China smiled.

But on May 1, 1976, had the reader been in the imperial city of Peking, with its population of 11,000,000, he would have witnessed a curious sight. He would have seen the streets filled with the chattering yellow populace, every queued head tilted back, every slant eye turned skyward. And high up in the blue he would have beheld a tiny dot of black, which he would have identified as an aëroplane. From this aëroplane, as it curved its flight back and forth over the city, fell missiles—strange, harmless-looking missiles, tubes of fragile glass that shattered into thousands of fragments on the streets and housetops. But there was nothing deadly about these tubes of glass. Nothing happened. There were no explosions. It is true that several Chinese were killed by the tubes dropping on their heads from so enormous a height; but what were three Chinese against an excess birth-rate of twenty millions?

One tube struck perpendicularly in a fish-pond in a garden, and was not broken. It was dragged ashore by the master of the house. He did not dare to open it, but, accompanied by his friends and surrounded by an ever-increasing crowd, he carried the mysterious tube to the magistrate of the district. The latter was a brave man. With all eyes upon him, he shattered the tube with a blow from his brass-bowled pipe. Nothing happened. Of those who were very near, one or two thought they saw some mosquitcs fly out. That was all. The crowd set up a great laugh, and dispersed.

As Peking was bombarded by glass tubes, so was all China. The tiny aëroplanes, despatched from the warships, contained only two men each, and over all cities, towns, and villages they wheeled and curved, one man directing the ship, the other throwing the glass tubes.

Had the reader been in Peking again six weeks later, he would have looked in vain for the 11,000,000 inhabitants. Some few of them he would have found, a few hundred thousand, perhaps, their carcasses festering in the houses and in the deserted streets, and piled high on the abandoned death-wagons. But for the rest he would have had to seek along the highways and byways of the Empire. And not all would he have found fleeing from plague-stricken Peking, for behind them, by hundreds of thousands of unburied corpses by the wayside, he could have marked their flight.

As it was with Peking so it was with all the cities, towns, and villages of the Empire. The plague smote them all. Nor was it one plague, nor two plagues: it was a score of plagues. Every virulent form of infectious death stalked through the land. Too late the Chinese Government apprehended the meaning of the colossal preparations, the marshaling of the world hosts, the flights of the tiny aëroplanes, and the rain of the tubes of glass. The proclamations of the Government were in vain. They could not stop the 11,000,000 plague-stricken wretches fleeing from the one city of Peking to spread disease through all the land. Physicians and health officers died at their posts; and death, the all-conqueror, rode over the decrees of the Emperor and Li Tang Fwung. It rode over them as well, for Li Tang Fwung died in the second week, and the Emperor, hidden away in the Summer Palace, died in the fourth week.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA AFTER THE UNPARALLELED INVASION OF 1976

Had there been but one plague, China might have coped with it. But from a score of plagues no creature was immune. The man who escaped smallpox went down before scarlet fever; the man who was immune to yellow fever was carried away by cholera; and if he were immune to that too, the Black Death, which was the bubonic plague, swept him away. For it was these bacteria, and germs, and microbes, and bacilli, cultured in the laboratories of the West, that had come down upon China in the rain of glass.

All organization vanished. The Government crumbled away. Decrees and proclamations were useless when the men who made them and signed them one moment were dead the next. Nor could the maddened millions, spurred on to flight by death, pause to heed anything. They fled from the cities to infect the country, and, wherever they fled, they carried the plague with them. The hot summer was on,— Jacobus Laningdale had selected the time shrewdly,— and the plague festered everywhere.

Much is conjectured of what occurred, and much has been learned from the stories of the few survivors. The wretched creatures streamed across the Empire in many-millioned flight. The vast armies that China had collected on her frontiers melted away. The farms were ravaged for food, and no more crops were planted, while the crops already in were left unattended and never came to harvest. The most remarkable thing, perhaps, was the flights. Many millions engaged in them, charging to the bounds of the Empire, to be met and turned back by the gigantic armies of the West. The slaughter of the mad hosts on the boundaries was stupendous. Time and again the guarding line was drawn back twenty or thirty miles to escape the contagion of the multitudinous dead.

Once the plague broke through and seized the German and Austrian soldiers who were guarding the borders of Turkestan. Preparations had been made for such a happening, and, though sixty thousand soldiers of Europe were carried off, the international corps of physicians isolated the contagion and dammed it back.

Such was the unparalleled invasion of China. For that billion of people there was no hope. Pent in their vast and festering charnel-house, all organization and cohesion lost, they could do naught but die. They could not escape. As they were flung back from their land frontiers, so they were flung back from the sea. Seventy-five thousand vessels patrolled the coasts. By day their smoking funnels dimmed the sea-rim, and by night their flashing searchlights plowed the dark and harrowed it for the tiniest escaping junk. The attempts of the immense fleets of junks were pitiful. Not one ever got by the guarding sea-hounds. Modern war machinery held back the disorganized mass of China, while the plague did the work.

But old war was made a thing of laughter. Naught remained to him but patrol duty. China had laughed at war, and war she was getting; but it was ultra-modern war, twentieth-century war, the war of the scientist and the laboratory, the war of Jacobus Laningdale. Hundred-ton guns were toys compared with the microörganic projectiles hurled from the laboratories, the messengers of death, the destroying angels that stalked through the empire of a billion souls.

During all the summer and fall of 1976 China was an inferno. There was no eluding the microscopic projectiles that sought out the remotest hiding-places. The hundreds of millions of dead remained unburied, and the germs multiplied; and, toward the last, millions died daily of starvation. Besides, starvation weakened the victims and destroyed their natural defenses against the plague. Cannibalism, murder, and madness reigned. And so China perished.

Not until the following February, in the coldest weather, were the first expeditions made. These expeditions were small, composed of scientists and bodies of troops; but they entered China from every side. In spite of the most elaborate precautions against infection, numbers of soldiers and a few of the physicians were stricken. But the exploration went bravely on. They found China devastated, a howling wilderness through which wandered bands of wild dogs and desperate bandits who had survived. All survivors were put to death, wherever found. And then began the great task, the sanitation of China. Five years and hundreds of millions of treasure were consumed, and then the world moved in — not in zones, as was the idea of Baron Albrecht, but heterogeneously, according to the democratic American program. It was a vast and happy intermingling of nationalities that settled down in China in 1982 and the years that followed — a tremendous and successful experiment in cross-fertilization. We know to-day the splendid mechanical, intellectual, and artistic output that followed.

It was in 1987, the Great Truce having been dissolved, that the ancient quarrel between France and Germany over Alsace and Lorraine recrudesced. The war-cloud grew dark and threatening in April, and on April 17 the Convention of Copenhagen was called. The representatives of the nations of the world being present, all nations solemnly pledged themselves never to use against one another the laboratory methods of warfare they had employed in the invasion of China.

A GRAMOPHONE LECTURE ON CHINA'S DEATH AT THE DULUTH INSTITUTE OF MICROCOSMOLOGY IN THE YEAR 1977

From the issue of "Puck" for May 25, 1881

A HARMLESS EXPLOSION

ONE OF THE MANY "ME TOO PLATT" CARTOONS PUBLISHED AT THE TIME OF THE GARFIELD-CONKLING DISPUTE

SENATOR PLATT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PART II

THE GARFIELD-CONKLING FEUD

A NEW VERSION OF THIS FAMOUS EPISODE, IN WHICH PLATT SAYS HE TOOK THE INITIATIVE IN RESIGNING FROM THE SENATE, AND DID NOT ECHO CONKLING, AS HIS CRITICS ASSERT— THE ASSASSINATION OF GARFIELD

I FORMED a tender friendship for General Ulysses S. Grant from the day I first met him personally, in the early seventies, when I was serving in Congress. General Grant was just below medium height. He was stockily built, and broad-shouldered. Iron jaws and rigid lips exemplified indomitable pluck, grim courage, and determination. A beard usually cropped close, hair sprinkled with silvery strands, steady, piercing eyes, and a Roman nose, the nostrils dilating when the man was aroused, characterized his personal appearance.

Grant cared little for dress. As, in the army, he preferred to forget gold lace and epaulets, and to go about in a careless uniform and dilapidated slouch hat, so, even as President, he wore the plainest clothing. I have known him frequently to jam the omnipresent big black cigar between his teeth, slip out of the White House by a back exit, and pace alone for miles up and down sequestered Washington streets, endeavoring to solve the great problems of State that confronted him. Though I always found Grant approachable and courteous, he talked little except in monosyllables, listened intently, carefully analyzed every suggestion, and, having once made up his mind, all the king's horses and all the king's men could not swerve him.

He was the most modest, unassuming man in high station I recall. He was as grateful as a child, trustful of and devoted to friends, hurt to the quick if they proved unworthy, and perhaps of too forgiving a spirit in the treatment of his traducers. He was great and magnanimous as commander of the Union armies, greater as President, and as a citizen of the Republic shone with a luster that challenged the admiration of the world.

No wonder that Grant is immortalized.

My Services to Grant

My friend General James S. Clarkson thus bears testimony to my services to General Grant when, in 1884, the former President was suffering mental agony:

"Platt was taken deeply into the confidence and friendship of President Grant — a friendship that lasted until General Grant's death. And it showed itself as having been safely reposed when, in the troublous days of the great soldier and his sons, in their financial fiasco in New York, Mr. Platt came to their help and saved them all from humiliation and injury that time itself could never have cured, nor the official power of the nation averted. This version came to the writer direct from General Grant himself during close party association in the campaign for Blaine in 1884, one of the darkest and saddest years in the General's history; when poverty was at his door, and himself and his deeds apparently forgotten by the American people.

"In conversation, then, the great hero, who had early seen the worth of Mr. Platt and taken him to his heart as a friend, said he had received such help from Mr. Platt as he had never received from any one in his whole life. This faithfulness to friendship, in loyal response to friendship early shown to him, continued in its help to the sons, after the General's death, in such measure as they only know."

So unpopular had the Hayes administration become with the Republicans in New York in

1879 and 1880 that they determined to oppose the President for renomination. Our State Convention, believing that General Grant had proved a splendid Executive for two terms, and that Hayes had proved an unworthy one, instructed the delegation to Chicago in 1880 to fight first, last, and all the time for Grant.

Grant's "Three Hundred and Six" at the Chicago Convention

There is no public act of which I am prouder than of having been a member of the famous band of "three hundred and six" who fought and lost in the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1880 because of their devotion to the Chief Magistrate who served so admirably from 1869 to 1876. In that National Convention Roscoe Conkling was a colossal and commanding figure. Conkling, then Senator and for a number of years successor to Thurlow Weed as the leader of the Republican party in New York State, was one of the handsomest men I ever met. He was over six feet tall, of slender build, and stood as straight as an arrow. His hair was turning gray. A curl described as Hyperion rolled over his forehead. An imperial added much to the beauty of his Apollo-like appearance. His noble figure, flashing eye, and majestic voice made one forget that he was somewhat foppish in his dress.

One of his first acts in the Chicago Convention was to offer a resolution which had been urged by the New York delegation, and which ran like this:

"*Resolved*, As the sense of this Convention, that every member of it is bound in honor to support the nominee, whoever that nominee may be; and that no man should hold a seat here who is not ready to so agree."

This, of course, was aimed at certain Hayes delegates, who had openly threatened to bolt Grant in case he was nominated. The late Senator George F. Hoar, who was in the chair, had just declared the resolution adopted, when Augustus Brandagee, of Connecticut, expressed doubt and demanded a roll call of States.

Senator Conkling sarcastically said: "Plainly and audibly to me and to others, negative votes were given on this resolution. I ask the chair to call the roll, that we may know who it is in Republican Convention that votes No on such a pledge."

The roll call disclosed seven hundred and sixteen votes for the Conkling resolution, and only three against. Senator Conkling then submitted this resolution:

"That the delegates who have voted that they will not abide the action of the Convention do not deserve and have forfeited their votes in this Convention."

Conkling Scents Garfield's Victory

The three negative votes on the previous resolution had been cast by West Virginia. Mr. A. W. Campbell, of that State, was vigorously opposed to the second resolution. General James A. Garfield of Ohio, who eventually was the nominee for President, but whose name had hardly been whispered, was quite vehement in his opposition.

Senator Conkling, even while Garfield was speaking against the resolution, wrote a note reading:

"I congratulate you upon being the dark horse."

When General Garfield ceased talking, Conkling handed the note to John D. Lawson, better known as "Sitting Bull," and said: "Please give this to General Garfield."

Conkling had thus early scented defeat for Grant and victory for Garfield. But we Grant men had sworn to die with our boots on. Conkling finally consented to withdraw the second resolution; and after three days of preliminary wire-pulling and skirmishing the balloting for candidates for President began.

James F. Joy named James G. Blaine of Maine as the choice of Michigan. Messrs. F. M. Pixley of California and William P. Frye of Maine followed with seconds. Mr. E. F. Drake presented the name of William Windom, of Minnesota. When Senator Conkling arose to propose Grant, the enthusiasm became tremendous and overpowering. Not only the "three hundred and six" but the great majority of spectators in the galleries joined in a demonstration that was simply indescribable.

"He Hails from Appomattox"

Conkling mounted a reporters' table. He was in magnificent voice. Those in the most distant corners of the great auditorium distinctly heard every word he uttered. The Senator had a way of clearly pronouncing his vowels that made his voice carry a long distance. The speech delivered by Conkling on that memorable day is generally accepted as his greatest short address.

There was pandemonium that continued for twenty minutes when he dramatically began:

> "And when asked what State he hails from,
> Our sole reply shall be,
> He hails from Appomattox,
> And its famous apple tree."

And ten thousand leathern-lunged men shouted their acclaim at him as he retired.

William O'Connell Bradley, of Kentucky, afterward Governor, seconded the motion of Grant in an eloquent address.

Then Garfield presented John Sherman of Ohio.

Frederick Billings, of Vermont, presented the name of George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, while J. B. Cassoday, of Wisconsin, named Elihu Washburne, of Illinois.

The Nomination of Garfield

The placing of candidates in nomination consumed the better part of June 6, the fourth day of the Convention. An adjournment was then ordered until morning. All night the "three hundred and six" labored to strengthen their position. They fought against a combination whose cries were, "Anything to beat Grant" and "No third term."

Three hundred and seventy-eight votes were required to nominate. The anti-third-termers united to prevent us from getting the seventy-two we needed. On the morning of June 7 the first ballot was taken. It showed Grant with 304; Blaine, 284; Sherman, 93; Edmunds, 34; Washburne, 30; and Windom, 10. New York cast fifty-one votes for Grant, seventeen for Blaine, and two for Sherman, except on the seventeenth ballot, when Grant lost one and Blaine gained one. During the day delegates from various States called upon Conkling and offered to support him if he would desert Grant. He angrily spurned the suggestion, replying:

"I am here as the agent of New York to support General Grant to the end. Any man who would forsake him under such conditions does not deserve to be elected, and could not be elected."

On the sixth day we mustered three hundred and thirteen votes for Grant, and it was thought by some that the Grant stampede had begun. They were mistaken. On the thirty-sixth ballot the break to Garfield came. New York gave him twenty of her seventy votes. The total was 399. Grant got 306, Blaine 42, Washburne 5, and Sherman 3.

Senator Conkling moved to make the nomination of Garfield unanimous, and the Convention adopted his suggestion. Chester A. Arthur of New York was made the nominee for Vice-President. The convention then adjourned.

New York the Pivotal State

The friends of General Grant departed from the Chicago Convention, after that protracted struggle, sorrowed, disappointed, and ugly. Soon thereafter the Democratic Convention was held, and General Winfield Scott Hancock was nominated as its candidate with unanimity and enthusiasm. The masses of the Democratic party rallied to their work with great cheerfulness and hope, and for two months the Hancock boom grew in its proportions and it seemed as if it were sure to sweep the country, and that Garfield's chances for election were growing small by degrees every day.

It was generally understood that New York was the pivotal State and that Republican successes hinged upon success there. The organization of that party in New York was entirely in the hands of General Grant's friends. The chairman of the State Committee, Chester A. Arthur of New York, was the candidate for Vice-President. I was the chairman of the Executive Committee. Both of us belonged to the "three hundred and six" who had so stubbornly insisted upon Grant's candidacy.

Garfield Eloquent but Untrustworthy

Both Conkling and I distrusted the Republican candidate for President. Garfield was strong intellectually, but he lacked moral courage. He was perhaps the ablest parliamentarian in Congress, a born orator, and could sway the multitude as no other man of his day could. He demonstrated that while on the stump during the Presidential campaign of 1880, and even earlier, when he uttered the celebrated phrase, "God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives," at a time when the North seemed panic-stricken over the assassination of President Lincoln.

Garfield was leonine in stature, slow in motion, wore a full beard, as did President Hayes and as Governor Hughes does, and was a most attractive man to meet. He was prone to raise expectations that were rarely fulfilled. He was of an emotional and religious nature, and religious people, therefore,— particularly those who did not know him personally,— were inclined to believe in him. His desertion in Chicago of John Sherman, to whose Presidential candidacy he was pledged, had been typically Garfieldesque.

Up to the first of August, 1880, no steps had been taken by the State Committee to do any work or to perfect any plans, so thoroughly disheartened and demoralized were they. The friends of Garfield saw how desperate his fortunes were growing, and that some immediate remedy must be applied or the canvass would go by default. They realized that it was necessary to pacify, appease, and arouse Senator Conkling

and his friends, and that, in order to do this, a meeting must in some way be brought about between Garfield and Conkling. This was a difficult task, because everybody understood that in Conkling's state of mind it would be absolutely impossible to persuade him to go to Mentor (Garfield's home), or even half way there, on such a mission.

Dorsey Tries a Garfield-Conkling Meeting

Ex-Senator Stephen W. Dorsey, who at that time was one of Garfield's confidential friends and close advisers, conceived the plan of bringing Garfield to New York to meet Conkling, upon the pretext of a great meeting of leading Republicans of the country, to be held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York City, to consult as to ways and to provide means for conducting the campaign. Accordingly, invitations were sent out all over the country to the magnates of the party, summoning them to the conference, which was to take place in August, 1880.

This conference was a mere cover and a farce. Dorsey and the other promoters of the scheme assumed that there could be no doubt that Mr. Conkling would readily consent to be present at the conference, and to hold an interview for the purpose of making terms with the prospective President. But they were mistaken. Mr. Conkling came to New York on business two or three days before the conference, and then for the first time learned about the proposed plan from Mr. Dorsey.

Conkling Refuses to Meet Garfield

He refused absolutely to become a party to it, giving as his private reason that he knew Garfield so well that he was sure he would not keep any promise made or regard any obligation taken under such circumstances, but publicly alleging that he could not become a party to any bargain or treaty, which would surely be charged upon him if he remained and took part in the proceedings. However, to satisfy his friends, he assured them that he would abide by their action in whatever they decided to do, and carry out their promises as far as he consistently could. He advised great caution and urged them not to trust to verbal promises. The importunities of friends had no effect in dissuading him, and he left New York immediately, leaving no information as to his destination.

Garfield came, as arranged. The chagrin, mortification, and indignation which he manifested (only, of course, to the inner circle) when he found that Conkling was absent and would not be present may be left to the imagination. Telegrams, explaining the great embarrassment and begging him to return, were sent to various points where it was thought Mr. Conkling might be; but he had taken himself to a place where he knew no importunities could follow.

Morton to Finance the Campaign

On the morning of the second day after Garfield's arrival, a meeting was arranged to take place at the rooms in the Fifth Avenue Hotel occupied by the Hon. Levi P. Morton, to bring General Garfield in conference with a few of Mr. Conkling's friends. There were present at that interview General Garfield, General Arthur, the Hon. Levi P. Morton, Richard Crowley, and myself.

There were three primary motives for the consultation: to pacify Garfield for Conkling's absence; to have an understanding with General Garfield as to his future relations and intentions toward the controlling power in the State of New York, namely, the Grant-Conkling "machine"; and, thirdly, if the former were arranged to the mutual satisfaction, to adopt ways and means for procuring money to carry on the canvass for the latter purpose. The presence of the Hon. Levi P. Morton was invoked, the scheme being to put Mr. Morton at the head of a special finance committee consisting of a dozen of the wealthiest and most influential bankers and business men, who should be charged with that duty. General Garfield himself had already urged Mr. Morton to assume that onerous and thankless burden, but up to that time he had refused.

My Terms to Garfield

There was an embarrassing silence for a few minutes after the above-mentioned gentlemen had taken their seats in Mr. Morton's rooms. It was broken by General Garfield asking why Mr. Conkling was not there, and expressing in strong terms his disappointment and indignation. An effort was then made by all of Mr. Conkling's friends present to convince Mr. Garfield that it was just as well that he was not there; that we were authorized to act for him; that Mr. Conkling's excuse for his absence seemed to us a valid one, and that, with him absent, no charge of bargain, trading, or treaty of peace could be maintained.

Our combined assurances and arguments seemed to mitigate his wrath, and he finally declared that if we would agree to have Mr. Conkling make two or three speeches in Ohio, at such points as he might designate, he would accept the situation and treat with us as Mr.

Conkling's representatives. This settled, a subject that was of the most vital importance was broached by my saying:

"Mr. Garfield, there seems to be some hesitation on the part of the other gentlemen present to speak, but I may as well say that we are here to speak frankly and to talk business. The question we would like to have decided before the work of this campaign commences is whether, if you are elected, we are to have four years more of an administration similar to that of Rutherford B. Hayes — whether you are going to recognize and reward the men who must do the work in this State and bear the brunt of the battle in the campaign, or whether you are to counsel with and be guided by the advice of the seventeen men who rebelled from the delegation at Chicago, disobeyed the instructions, and thereby, as is frequently stated, made your nomination possible. If the latter is your purpose, it is our wish to retire from the active work of the canvass, and permit you to place in command such men as you may desire, and relieve us from all obligation except the usual support of the ticket by all good Republicans. We cannot afford to do the work and let others reap the reward."

Garfield's Pledges to Me

General Garfield replied with great earnestness and at some length. He disavowed having any close relations with the Hayes administration, saying that he had never received any favors or special consideration from Mr. Hayes during his whole term; that he had no sympathy whatever with his Southern policy and did not agree with him in his Civil Service plans; that he thought his treatment of Grant and his friends had been unwise and unjust; and he otherwise spoke very disparagingly of Rutherford B. Hayes. He declared that he knew that the dominant powers in the State of New York were the friends of Grant and Conkling, that they were in control of the party machinery, and that he could not be elected without their cordial support. He did not want to change the order of things, but he desired us to take hold with zeal and energy and insure his election.

If this were done, he assured us, the wishes of the element of the party we represented should be paramount with him touching all questions of patronage; and, while it would be his duty to give a decent recognition of and show proper gratitude to the rebellious element at Chicago that had rendered his nomination possible, yet, in disposing of favors, he would consult with our friends and do only what was approved by them. These assurances were oft repeated and solemnly emphasized, and were accepted and agreed to by all present.

Mr. Garfield was then assured that the canvass, which had languished, would from that moment be pushed with the utmost energy and enthusiasm. I myself retired from that conference to make arrangements for a special train to pass over the Erie railroad through the southern tier of counties, to start the boom and stir up the people. I sent telegrams to every point of any consequence along the line, stating the time of the arrival of the train, and urging the faithful to rally and welcome the distinguished traveler. The response was magical; people turned out by the thousands, and the campaign was enthusiastically inaugurated.

Morton's Price for Financing the Campaign

When the general conference broke up, General Garfield and Mr. Morton retired to an inner room for a private interview. The substance and result of that interview, as disclosed by Mr. Morton, were these: Mr. Morton would not undertake the labor entailed in circulating a subscription to obtain the large amount of money necessary for such a national canvass without definitely knowing what his future status was to be. It was settled that if Mr. Morton would undertake the important work, he should have the option, if Mr. Garfield were elected, of the Secretaryship of the Treasury, the Ministership to England, or else should be made the principal financial agent of the Government for funding the bonded debt. Upon this understanding, Mr. Morton went out, organized his finance committee, pushed operations vigorously, and raised the sinews of war that were vital to the victory that followed.

The campaign in the State of New York was from that moment pushed with untiring and sleepless energy. No equally exhaustive and "red-hot" canvass was ever before made. In both city and country people were aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. A procession of more than fifty thousand men, merchants and business men of New York City, paraded the streets, beginning in the early evening and not reaching the end until four o'clock in the morning.

Manufacturers were enrolled in a separate organization of the party, and a list of every manufacturing firm, corporation, and organization, with the name of every operative, was obtained, and the shops were flooded with every manner of argument to persuade laboring men. The organization of the party did its whole duty, lived up to its agreement with General

Garfield, and triumphantly carried the State, thereby saving him from inevitable defeat.

It was with some difficulty that the friends of Mr. Conkling persuaded him to make the promised speeches in Ohio, and it was not until General Grant consented to go with him and be present at the mass meetings that Mr. Conkling yielded to the demands of his friends.

Garfield's Thanks to Me

That General Garfield himself was satisfied that the pledges given him at the Fifth Avenue conference were in good faith, and that he returned to his home convinced of the loyalty of the New York Republican organization, he himself bore testimony in this letter addressed to me:

"MENTOR, OHIO, August 17, 1880.

"*My dear Platt*: In the hurry of our parting, I did not have time to express adequately my gratitude for your kindness in making such perfect arrangements for our journey. I cannot now think of a single point in all the arrangements that could have been better. The remainder of our journey was a continuation of what you saw, and I hope no mistakes were made and some good done.

"Please let me know how things are looking from your end of the line.

"Very truly yours,

"J. A. GARFIELD.

"Hon. T. C. Platt,
State Republican Committee,
New York, N. Y."

Garfield Embraces Conkling

It was after delivering an address at Warren, Ohio, that General Grant insisted that he and Conkling call upon General Garfield at Mentor. The late Senator Simon Cameron arranged the meeting. He had personally warned Garfield that he could not be elected unless Grant and Conkling were with him. Garfield instructed Cameron to go to Warren and urge Conkling to visit him. Conkling pleaded that Mentor was too far away, and argued that he must continue without hindrance to fulfill his contract to speak for the ticket.

Cameron secured a special train and put Grant and Conkling aboard it. The party arrived at Mentor in a pouring rain. They drove to the Garfield home. As Conkling stepped out of the carriage, Garfield rushed out from the porch bare-headed, and, clasping Conkling in his arms, exclaimed pathetically:

"Conkling, you have saved me! Whatever man can do for man, that I will do for you."

Conkling exacted a pledge that, in case of his election, in all appointments for the Federal service in New York State Garfield would consult the United States Senators, the Vice-President, the Governor, and the State Committee, and that he would make no appointments for New York unless they were approved by these officials. To this Garfield agreed.

I saw Conkling on his return. He told me of the pledge. I asked:

"Have you any faith in Garfield?"

Conkling made a wry face, sneered, and replied:

"Not much, but we will try him out."

I am Elected Senator

Immediately after Garfield's election I heard myself talked about for the United States Senate to succeed Francis Kernan, Democrat. I had so recently identified myself with the United States Express Company that I was very reluctant to return to public life; but friends insisted that I should declare myself a candidate. I knew that I would have the bitter opposition of the Garfield men, and of James G. Blaine, who was about to become Secretary of State in the Garfield Cabinet. It seemed to me that there had been trouble enough in the party without looking for more. The campaign began, however, and I was finally forced to participate as an avowed candidate. The canvass began immediately after the election returns showed that the Republicans had carried the Legislature.

The caucus of the Republican members was held on the night of January 13, 1881. Long before the roll call ended, it became apparent that I was the victor. Out of one hundred and five votes I received fifty-four on the first ballot, and my choice was then made unanimous.

"A Stalwart of the Stalwarts"

It was during this contest that the term "Stalwart" became so popular.

Alfred R. Conkling, nephew of the late Senator, asserts that his uncle coined the term "Stalwart" at a meeting of us three at Wormley's Hotel, Washington, in 1875. He says that Conkling addressed me:

"Let me introduce my nephew, Alfred."

I looked the young man over, and remarked: "You resemble an Englishman more than you do an American."

"He is a Stalwart man," was Senator Conkling's reply.

Since the nephew reminded me of this incident, I have had a pretty accurate recollection

that it is correct. In any event, Senator Conkling was the first man I ever heard use the word in politics.

I was really put forth as a "Stalwart of the Stalwarts." As such I was elected. Nothing pleased me more than to get this message from Conkling:

"I congratulate the Republican party in the State of New York on the choice of a Senator who never apologized for being a 'Stalwart.'"

Garfield Reiterates His Pledges

In January, 1881, Senator Conkling received from President-elect Garfield a letter bidding him to come to Mentor and consult about New York appointments and other Empire State affairs.

Here is President-elect Garfield's letter, verbatim, inviting Conkling to visit him:

"MENTOR, Jany. 31, 1881.

"*Dear Senator:* As the time is near at hand when I must enter upon my new duties, I would be glad to consult you upon several subjects relating to the next administration, and especially in reference to New York interests. It does not seem possible for me to visit Washington at present, and I write to express the hope that you will do me the favor to visit me here at as early a date as possible.

"Very truly yours,
"J. A. GARFIELD.

"Hon. Roscoe Conkling,
Washington, D. C."

Conkling responded. There was a long consultation between him and the President-elect, who reiterated his pledges to make no New York appointments without consultation with the United States Senators and the other organization leaders. Conkling came back quite as skeptical as ever of Garfield's intention to fulfill his promises.

Garfield was inaugurated. The fact that Conkling and I stood directly behind the President at the ceremonies, and seemed on most friendly terms with him, caused those who were ignorant of the situation to believe that we were really political allies.

Blaine Wants "Stalwarts" Removed

Their mistake was emphasized when, a few days after qualifying, without consultation with us or with any New York representatives, Garfield announced the removal of General Edwin A. Merritt as Collector of the Port of New York. Merritt had proved himself a most faithful and experienced officer, and we could discover no reasons for his decapitation, except that the President desired a place for William H. Robertson as a reward for his championship at Chicago and during the campaign.

I had been sworn in as United States Senator the day before Garfield took the oath of office. Conkling and I called upon the President on Inauguration Day to offer our congratulations, and were received with great cordiality. During the conversation the President voluntarily referred to the agreement made by him with Arthur, Morton, Crowley, and me at New York the preceding August, and with Conkling at Mentor, and reassured us that the contract then outlined would be fulfilled.

Despite this, rumors continued to multiply that Blaine was very busy trying to induce the President to make virtually a clean sweep of Stalwart office-holders in New York. They became so prevalent that I began to believe there was a deal of foundation for them.

On March 18 I was compelled to go to New York to attend to some private business. Lest there might be some misunderstanding, I addressed a letter to the President, explaining my absence from Washington, and requesting that the agreement as to consideration of New York appointments might be kept at least until my return. Here is a copy of the letter:

"U. S. SENATE CHAMBER,
"WASHINGTON, March 18, 1881.

"*My dear Mr. President:* I am called away to New York for two or three days, and beg to request that no action shall be precipitated on the important New York nominations until I return and can see you.

"I have waited, expecting that you would, as stated in our last interview, call for me when you needed any advice from me in these matters. I hope you will give me an opportunity to be heard before action is taken.

"Yours sincerely,
"T. C. PLATT.

"His Excellency,
President Garfield."

No summons came to either Conkling or me during my visit to New York. Meantime we continued to hear mutterings from the White House that were unwelcome to our ears.

Garfield Denies that He Pledged Himself

These rumors were to the effect that Garfield had told certain of his intimates that he had uttered no promise of any kind to me and

others at the August New York conference, or to Conkling at Mentor, or to others; that, even if he had, he could not, because of the pressure brought upon him by Secretary Blaine and others who had stood for his nomination, make good.

In view of these reports, Conkling and I were not surprised at the announcement of General Merritt's removal. When we learned that Merritt was to go, Conkling and I made up our minds to recommend a man for his successor. Sunday night, March 21, after a conference with me, Senator Conkling called at the White House, purposing to suggest Levi P. Morton for Merritt's job.

The President informed Conkling that he was not ready to consider New York appointments. Conkling assured me that Garfield again reaffirmed his New York and Mentor promises. On March 23, within forty-eight hours after Conkling's call, the President sent to the Senate these nominations: William H. Robertson for Collector of the Port; General Stewart L. Woodford of Brooklyn and A. W. Tenney of New York for United States District Attorneys; and C. D. MacDougall of Auburn and Louis F. Payn of Columbia for United States Marshals.

Payn was our friend; the others were not. Though greatly angered, we at first offered no protest. However, our patience soon became exhausted, especially about the nomination of Robertson, whom Conkling thoroughly detested, and who had constantly fought the organization we had established. It developed that, after Conkling's call upon the President, Secretary Blaine had visited Garfield and induced him to nominate Robertson.

I Induce Conkling to Resign

Inasmuch as the Collectorship was the most desirable and lucrative New York office in the gift of the President, Conkling and I were naturally inclined to resent Robertson's nomination. I have been portrayed as a "Me too," an "Echo," and the "Dromio" of Conkling. It has been the impression among my critics that in exhibiting my protestations by resigning from the Senate I merely followed the example of Conkling.

Here are the facts. When I was informed that Robertson's nomination had been submitted to the Senate, I went to the desk and examined the official document, which I considered a gratuitous insult to the New York Republican organization. I then walked over to Conkling and said:

"I shall send my resignation to Governor Cornell to-night."

Conkling, with a look of impatience, turned upon me and replied:

"Young man, do not be too hasty about this matter!"

We then went to the rear of the Chamber and talked it over.

Conkling insisted that we should wait and fight it out in the committee to which the Robertson nomination had been referred. I replied:

"We have been so humiliated as United States Senators from the great State of New York that there is but one thing for us to do—rebuke the President by immediately turning in our resignations, and then appeal to the Legislature to sustain us."

I finally induced Conkling, on May 14, to join me in offering our joint resignations. He made up his mind after Vice-President Arthur and Postmaster-General James, the only member of the Garfield Cabinet from New York, had voiced their protest along with Governor Cornell and other New York Republican leaders.

Garfield Rebukes Senators

Cornell sent a trusted friend to Washington, personally to warn the President that the proposed change in the custom-house would disrupt the Republican party in New York. A caucus of Republican United States Senators unanimously declared its unqualified disapproval of the President's course. A committee was deputized to wait upon the President, offer a remonstrance, and notify him that, unless the Robertson nomination was withdrawn, the Republican party of New York would be hopelessly divided, and the State might be surrendered to the Democracy. The President received the committee in high dudgeon. He hardly waited for a declaration of its mission before he roared:

"I do not propose to be dictated to! Any Republican Senator who votes against my nominations may know that he can expect no favors from the Executive. Senators who dare to oppose the Executive will henceforth require letters of introduction to the White House."

This settled Conkling's and my determination to resign. On the night of May 14 we sent to Governor Cornell, by special messenger, the following letter:

Our Letter of Resignation

"WASHINGTON, May 14, 1881.

"Hon. ALONZO B. CORNELL,
Executive Chamber, Albany, N. Y.

"*Sir:* Transmitting, as we do, our resignations respectively of the great trust with which New York has honored us, it is fit that we acquaint you, and through you the Legislature and people

of the State, with the reasons which, in our judgment, make such a step respectful and necessary.

"Some weeks ago the President sent to the Senate, in a group, the nominations of several persons for public offices already filled. One of these offices is the Collectorship of the Port of New York, now held by General Merritt; another is the Consul-Generalship at London, now held by General Badeau; another is Chargé d'Affaires to Denmark, held by Mr. Cramer; another is the mission to Switzerland, held by Mr. Fish, a son of the former distinguished Secretary of State. Mr. Fish had, in deference to an ancient practice, placed his position at the disposal of the new administration, but, like the other persons named, he was ready to remain at his post if permitted to do so. All of these officers, save only Mr. Cramer, are citizens of New York. It was proposed to displace them all, not for any alleged fault of theirs, or for any alleged need or advantage of the public service, but in order to give the great office of Collector of the Port of New York to Mr. William H. Robertson as a 'reward' for certain acts of his, said to have 'aided in making the nomination of General Garfield possible.' The chain of removals thus proposed was broken by General Badeau's promptly declining to accept the new place to which he was sent.

"These nominations summoned every member of the Senate to say on his oath whether he 'advised' such a transaction. The movement was more than a surprise. We had been told only a few hours before that no removals in the New York offices were soon to be made, or even considered, and had been requested to withhold the papers and suggestions bearing on the subject, which had been sent to us for presentation should occasion arise, until we had notice from the President of his readiness to receive them. Learning that the Vice-President was equally surprised, and had been equally misled, we went to Mr. James, the Cabinet officer from our State, and learned that, though he had spent some time with the President on the morning of the day the nominations were sent in, no disclosures of an intention to send them had been made to him, and that he first knew of the matter by hearsay following the event. After earnest reflection and consultation, we believed the proceeding unwise and wrong, whether considered wholly in relation to the preservation and integrity of the public service and the public example to be set, or in relation also to the integrity of the Republican party. No public utterance of comment or censure was made by either of us, in the Senate or elsewhere; on the contrary, we thought that the President would reconsider an action so sudden and hasty, and would at least adopt less hurtful and objectionable modes of requiting personal or individual service.

"In this hope, the following paper was prepared and signed, and presented by Mr. James to the President, who was subsequently informed that you had authorized your name to be added also:

The Remonstrance to the President

"*To the President.* We beg leave to remonstrate against the change in the Collectorship of the Port of New York by the removal of Mr. Merritt and the appointment of Mr. Robertson. The proposal was wholly a surprise. We heard of it only when the several nominations involved in the plan were announced in the Senate. We had only two days before this been informed from you that a change in the customs office at New York was not contemplated; and, quite ignorant of a purpose to take any action now, we had no opportunity until after the nominations to make the suggestion we now present. We do not believe that the interests of the public service will be promoted by removing the present Collector and putting Mr. Robertson in his stead. Our opinion is quite the reverse, and we believe no political advantage can be gained for either the Republican party or its principles. Believing that no individual has claims or obligations which should be liquidated in such a mode, we earnestly and respectfully ask that the nomination of Mr. Robertson be withdrawn.

"CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
"T. C. PLATT,
"THOMAS L. JAMES,
"ROSCOE CONKLING.

Business Men Uphold Us

"Immediately after the nominations were published, letters and telegrams in great numbers came from every part of the State, from its leading citizens, protesting against the proposed changes and condemning them on many grounds. Several thousands of the leading mercantile firms of New York — constituting, we are informed, a majority of every branch of trade — sent us remonstrances. Sixty of the eighty-one Republican members of the Assembly, by letter or memorial, made objection. Representatives in Congress, State officials, business men, professional men, commercial, industrial, and political organizations, are among the remonstrants, and they speak from every section of the State. Besides the nominations already referred to, there were awaiting the action of the Senate several citizens of New York named for officers connected with the courts, district attorneys and marshals. These were all reappointments. Most of them had been originally commissioned by Mr. Hayes. They were certified by the judges of the courts and many other eminent persons, who attested the faithfulness and merit of their service, and

recommended their continuance. They were not presented by us.

"We have not attempted to 'dictate,' nor have we asked the nomination of one person to any office in the State. Indeed, with the sole exception of the written request set forth above, we have never even expressed an opinion to the President in any case unless questioned in regard to it. . . .

"The Legislature is in session. It is Republican in majority, and New York abounds in sons quite as able as we to bear her mission and commission in the Senate of the United States.

"With a profound sense of the obligations we owe, with devotion to the Republican party and its creed of liberty and right, with reverent attachment to the great State whose interests and honor are dear to us, we hold it respectful and becoming to make room for those who may correct all the errors we have made, and interpret aright all the duties we have misconceived.

"We, therefore, inclose our resignations, but hold fast the privilege, as citizens and Republicans, to stand for the constitutional rights of all men, and of all representatives, whether of the States, the nation, or the people.

"We have the honor to be,

"Very respectfully, your obedient servants,

"ROSCOE CONKLING,

"THOMAS C. PLATT.

"To His Excellency, Governor Cornell,
Albany, N. Y."

Postmaster-General James at first agreed to unite with us and resign from the Cabinet; but Garfield and Blaine got at him, and he changed his mind.

"This —— Ingrate in the White House"

Lou Payn was at Albany, in consultation with Governor Cornell, when news reached them, on May 15, that Conkling's and my resignations were on the way.

"What does this mean, Marshal?" asked the Governor, in alarm.

"It means," responded Payn, "that Platt and Conkling have resigned their seats in the Senate; that a messenger will be here at noon to-day with copies of their resignations, and a letter explaining why they have resigned."

Cornell, who was bent on succeeding himself the following year, saw premonitions of disaster, and in tones of trepidation asked:

"Well, Marshal, what is to be done?"

"Send for Speaker Sharpe and our other friends and consult as to the best line of getting even with this —— ingrate in the White House!" roared Payn.

While Sharpe, Cornell, Payn, and others of our supposed allies were aimlessly discussing a course of action, our joint letter of resignation and its written justification were read to the Legislature. Payn told me afterward that he had rarely witnessed more of a sensation in the Senate and Assembly than it produced.

The next day the Garfield organs flayed Conkling and me, and declared that we had both gone to private life, where we belonged. Their gross wilful ignorance of the real cause of our voluntary retirement from the Senate, and the inception of it, was disclosed when in editorial and cartoon I was pictured as a small boy sticking out of Conkling's pocket, with a card labeled "Me too!" tied to one of my hands.

That I had no selfish motive in assuming the attitude I had must be apparent when I say that I offered, if some other Stalwart than myself could be agreed upon for my seat, to pay all the expenses of his and Conkling's canvass. I sincerely believed that Conkling's return would prove a sufficient rebuke to Garfield. I was more than willing to go back to my private business, if a reëlection for Conkling could be assured.

Lou Payn Predicts Our Defeat

Conkling and I returned to New York from Washington, May 21. There we met Vice-President Arthur, Superintendent of Insurance John F. Smyth, State Senator Robert H. Strahan, Speaker George H. Sharpe, Stephen B. French, Louis F. Payn, and A. B. Johnson.

There was a long conference. A majority of those who participated decided that we owed it to the Republican organization to resent the contumely Garfield had heaped upon it and us by seeking of the Legislature an immediate reëlection. Conkling, disgusted, and seemingly anxious to quit public life, protested against any such course. But he finally agreed to it, when it was impressed upon him that the very existence of the organization which he and I had helped to build up was at stake.

Lou Payn prognosticated that we would both be defeated. Speaker Sharpe angrily turned upon Payn and exclaimed:

"We shall win this battle without any trouble!"

"Huh! but you will be the first to desert us," retorted Payn.

Both of these predictions were verified.

Immediately there began the bitterest Senatorial contest that I can recall in the history of the State. The Garfield administration, determined that we should not be returned, at first put up former Vice-President William A.

Wheeler against Conkling, and later Elbridge G. Lapham, of Ontario. Chauncey M. Depew was for a while regarded as the administration choice against us; but the administration finally picked Warner Miller. The Legislative balloting began May 31. The entire month of June and more than half of July were consumed in balloting and fighting.

I became convinced on the night of June 30 that by remaining in the field I was very much injuring Conkling's chances for reëlection. Seventy-seven votes were required to nominate. The thirty-first ballot taken that day had resulted as follows: For Conkling's seat: Wheeler, 43; Conkling, 32; Lapham, 17; Sherman S. Rogers, 4; Cornell, 2; Lieutenant-Governor Hoskins, 1 — Republicans; and O. B. Potter, Democrat, 53. For my seat: Depew, 51; Platt, 28; Cornell, 11; Lapham, 2; Tremain, 1; Crowley, 7 — Republicans; Kernan, Democrat, 53.

I Withdraw on July 1

During that night I consulted with Conkling, Payn, and other friends, and urged that I was simply ruining Conkling's chances of going back to Washington, and argued that I should be allowed to withdraw. I felt that I could be spared from the Senate much better than Conkling. Conkling and Payn vehemently protested that I should stick. Before morning I had completely made up my mind, and told Conkling so. I requested Payn to go to Speaker Sharpe and ask him formally to withdraw my name.

"I will do nothing of the kind. We are in this struggle to the finish, and you must not retire," implored Payn.

"Then, if no one will carry this message to Sharpe, I will do so myself," I replied.

Finally Payn acceded to my wishes. On the morning of July 1 he notified Sharpe. On the way to the capital Payn happened to meet Richard Crowley, who was really the personal choice of Vice-President Arthur for the Senate.

"I am now on my way to announce the withdrawal of Senator Platt," said Payn.

"For goodness' sake, don't do it. That will jeopardize my candidacy," replied Crowley.

"Can't help that. Platt's mind is made up, and when it is made up, that settles it" returned Payn, as he hastened on to call Speaker Sharpe out of the chair and communicate my desires. Sharpe promised to respect them.

When the joint convention of the two Houses was called to order, Speaker Sharpe announced:

"I have been voting for Thomas C. Platt for Senator. At his request, and in the interest of the Republican party, I withdraw his name. I vote for Crowley."

As a result of my withdrawal Crowley got fourteen more votes and Cornell five. The remainder of my friends scattered among the other candidates. On hearing of my retirement, John J. O'Brien came rushing into my room, and begged that I reconsider.

"Do this, and we shall adjourn the Legislature *sine die*, and you and Conkling will have secured your vindication," he urged.

"I came here seeking a reëlection; I find it impossible to secure it. I am injuring Conkling's chances for a return to Washington every hour I remain a candidate, therefore I have concluded finally to withdraw," was my answer.

The Shooting of Garfield on July 2

In the midst of spiritless balloting on July 2, we were all shocked by the news of the assassination of President Garfield. I was simply stunned. So were Conkling, Vice-President Arthur, and everybody else. Arthur was overcome with grief, particularly when he read in the despatches that Charles Guiteau, the murderer, when asked, "In God's name, why did you shoot the President?" replied:

"I am a Stalwart, and I want Arthur for President."

During the day Arthur received a message from Secretary of State Blaine acquainting him with the horrible tragedy, and asking him to hurry to Washington. Arthur, Conkling, and I took the first available train for New York. We all shed tears during the trip.

We all realized that our political enemies would try to associate us with a crime committed by a crazy man. We found New York almost as much excited as during the draft riots of 1863. On reaching the Fifth Avenue Hotel, evidence of insanity among others than Guiteau was manifested. The proprietors of the hotel had received a card, written in a scrawling hand, which read:

Gens: We will hang Conkling and Co. at nine P. M. sharpe. THE COMMITTEE.

Arthur hurried on to Washington, where he was soon to succeed Garfield. Conkling and I went at once to our rooms, where we found other warnings intimating that, if Garfield died, Arthur, Conkling, and I should pay the penalty. Conkling was warned that he must give up the fight for the Senatorship.

I was not much alarmed over the threats of bodily chastisement, but I was at the dreadful popular misunderstanding of our course, which

muddle-brained men twisted into a physical assault upon the President of the United States. In my anxiety for the recovery of the President, I lost all interest in the conflict at Albany, and joined with the millions of American people in praying that he might be restored to us.

New Senators by Orders from Washington

While President Garfield lay upon his death-bed, the battle for Conkling's place and mine was resumed, though I took no part in it. Conkling managed his campaign from New York.

On July 7, sixty-two "Half-breeds" and "Featherheads"— as adherents of the Garfield administration had been nicknamed during the contest — called a caucus of the Republican legislators, to be held the next day. Depew withdrew from the race. Warner Miller was nominated for my seat, and Lapham for Conkling's. Miller's selection was brought about by Senators Robertson, Madden, McCarthy, Wagner, Woodin, and other representatives of the national administration. After four ballots, upon orders from Washington, there was a stampede for Miller, which carried him to victory. Lapham was later chosen by a large majority.

But the Conkling men fought to the finish. They took up Wheeler and other candidates and tried to defeat Lapham. In each case they were whipped.

On July 16 Miller was formally chosen to succeed me, chiefly through the defection of Speaker Sharpe, as prophesied in May by Lou Payn. On July 22 Lapham was also elected, Senator Halbert, the Conkling campaign manager, finally throwing the entire Conkling vote to Lapham.

Conkling's pride was hurt by the disaster that befell him. He gradually relinquished his interest in politics, and returned to the practice of his profession, in which he shone brilliantly until his tragic death in the blizzard of 1888.

I Succeed Conkling as Leader

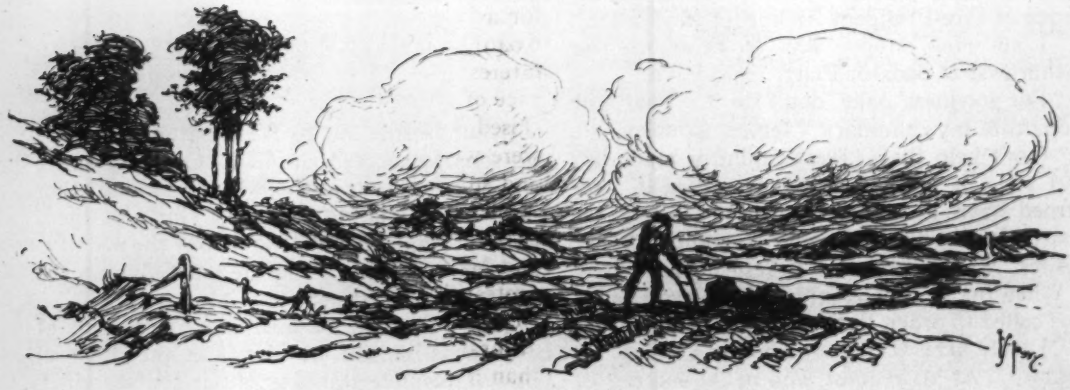
Conkling's Stalwart leadership title really fell upon me after our joint defeat for reëlection to the Senate. In answer to accusations frequently uttered by "Half-breeds" in the early eighties, and by my opponents since, that I plotted to unhorse Conkling, while pretending to be his devoted deputy, let me quote St. Clair McKelway, editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, in an article headed "Thomas Collier Platt — the Recognized Republican Boss," printed August 5, 1900:

"Mr. Platt, so long as he was in alliance with Mr. Conkling as leader, was true to him, and remained true in times when nearly all of the other lieutenants proved failures."

I served Conkling faithfully as long as he was willing to lead. When, disheartened, and stung by the refusal of the Legislature to send him back to the Senate, Conkling voluntarily quit politics, all his old allies marshaled themselves about me and hailed me as his heir.

Those who have attacked me for espousing the cause of Blaine, Conkling's bitterest enemy, in 1884, must remember that three years had elapsed since Conkling had been active in political affairs. Indeed, he had withdrawn from the field entirely, and neither I nor any of his former lieutenants could induce him to lift hand or voice in behalf of any candidate for office.

[IN THE NEXT INSTALMENT OF HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, SENATOR PLATT WRITES ABOUT NEW YORK CITY — ITS REFORMS AND REFORMERS]



A DEPARTMENT OF DOLLARS VS. A DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

BY

IRVING FISHER

PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY AT YALE UNIVERSITY

THREE national party platforms, including both the Republican and the Democratic, pledged support to legislation by Congress for the conservation of human life. The question is, Will these pledges be kept?

The National Conservation Commission, although originally constituted wholly with reference to conserving lands, waters, minerals, and forests, speedily came to the conclusion that what needed conservation most was human life itself. In their official report, edited by the eloquent Governor Blanchard of Louisiana, we find:

"The spirit and vigor of our people are the chief glory of the Republic. Yet, even as we have neglected our natural resources, so have we been thoughtless of life and health. Too long have we overlooked that grandest of our resources, human life. Natural resources are of no avail without men and women to develop them, and only a strong and sound citizenship can make a nation permanently great. We cannot too soon enter on the duty of conserving our chief source of strength by the prevention of disease and the prolongation of life."

The Conservation Commission also issued a report on National Vitality, prepared by members of the Committee of One Hundred on National Health.

At present there is little conservation of life except in the cases of animals and plants. These have commercial value. The absurdity of the situation, which is not confined to the National Government, is well illustrated in a Western State. The dairies separate milk into two parts—the skimmed milk, to be used in feeding the swine, and the cream, to be used in making butter. The law actually compels the dairies to sterilize the hog's part, but does not compel them to sterilize the part used for human consumption!

Secretary Hurty of the Indiana State Board of Health satirizes the situation by a "parable" in which he contrasts the condition of an American woman with that of an American hog. A woman wrote to Washington for information about tuberculosis. She was told that the Government had no information to give, and a year or two later she died of this preventable disease. At the same time a neighboring farmer wrote to Washington about his sick hog, and was given the benefit of the latest scientific knowledge and the services of veterinary experts, who saved the hog's life. The parable ends:

"Moral, Be a hog and worth saving!"

Commercial interests seem to get what legislation they want. Not only does the Department of Agriculture save millions for the farmer, and the Department of Commerce help the merchants, and the Department of the Treasury step into Wall Street when there is a tight money market, but a large part of Congressional legislation, especially tariff legislation, is framed to suit particular interests.

But the trouble is not simply that the almighty dollar gets more attention from Congress than the life and limb of our people. The shocking and outrageous fact is that the almighty dollar has actually opposed the protection of human health. Senator Owen, in his great speech in the Senate on Thursday, March 24, on his bill for a National Department of Health (Senate 6,049), pointed out that in 1901 the commercial interests of San Francisco concealed the existence of plague to prevent their port from being closed. Rather than lose a little money, they were willing to run the risk of plague entering and spreading throughout the country!

In vain did the representative in San Francisco of our little bureau (the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service) raise its voice in protest. This Bureau was, and is, under the Department of the Treasury, the head of which, naturally, has been more interested in financial than hygienic considerations. The commercial

interests, through the Secretary of the Treasury, compelled the little bureau to suppress the facts, although such suppression was a violation of law and of treaties with foreign countries.

In the old yellow fever days the Southern ports concealed the existence of the scourge, lest their commerce should be injured. When, recently, a United States Senator showed the prevalence of hookworm disease in certain Southern States, the Senators from those States protested, for fear the tourist business might be affected. Commercial opposition almost invariably endeavors to conceal itself, but it is bound to show its presence in various ways.

A talented writer recently prepared an article showing the advantages of a National Department of Health. Scarcely had he begun to write it when he was approached by representatives of some "interests," who stated that they were authorized to offer big money to writers who would join in an effort to "kill the Owen Bill." Fortunately, the result in this case was simply to stimulate the writer to do his part in defense of the public health, although he probably lost thereby something like two thousand dollars. The dollar is not almighty with everybody.

This writer inquired of his visitors who was behind the movement to defeat health legislation. The answer was, "The Christian Scientists and irregular practitioners of medicine." But, on further questioning, he elicited the confession that certain commercial interests that now prey on ill health were behind it also.

There are other interests, equally secret, which are steadily at work against health legislation. All these interests find it difficult to invent excuses for opposing a bill the ultimate effect of which is to save human life. Undoubtedly they are able to find plenty of quackish physicians who side with them; but thus far the effect of their efforts has been merely to draw attention to the absurdity of their claims.

A recent number of the Washington *Herald* stated that a Charles W. Miller of Iowa "is in Washington to form a national organization to oppose the bill in Congress for a Department of Health." According to the latest reports, he has been urging dairymen to oppose the bill, lest a Department of Health interfere with interstate commerce in diseased milk or cattle.

In a statement, Dr. Miller said:

"I do not think there is a member of Congress who can divest himself of the suspicion that there is nobody sincerely behind the bill except the organization doctors. There are those who oppose the centralization idea in medicine, those who are at war with the American Medical Association, which is in reality a great doctors' trust."

Can Congress be made to think so ill of the great American Medical Association, comprising, as it does, most of the respectable physicians in the United States? Moreover, Congress should realize that this movement is far broader than a doctors' movement. In fact, its real strength comes from other quarters.

The Committee of One Hundred on National Health originated in the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and is led by the same economists and philanthropists who have, in coöperation with physicians, been active in the fight against the great white plague. They have realized that the fight against consumption is only the first skirmish in the greater fight against disease. The movement has the support of the life-insurance companies (for once dollars have the same interest as lives!), of the labor organizations, and of the farmers' associations, including the National Grange and the Farmers' Educational and Coöperative Union. It has had the indorsement of President Cleveland, President Roosevelt, President Taft, of numerous members of both Houses of Congress, as well as of the Governors of States and the Conference of the State Boards of Health.

At the recent hearing before the Senate Committee on Health, over one hundred persons were present, and they showed so much enthusiasm that the Chairman had to request them to abstain from applause. When, a few months ago, President Taft addressed a great audience in Chicago, he was surprised to find that every time he mentioned health conservation the audience broke into hearty applause. There is no idea at present growing so rapidly in popularity as the idea that conservation is important, and conservation of health most important of all.

We have strong hopes that Congress will act on this question at the next session; but, if the secret opposition is to be overcome, all those who appreciate what national health conservation means for them personally, and for the country at large, should write to their Congressmen. A little simple legislation would result in an enormous saving of human life. This has been shown by the report on National Vitality of the Conservation Commission, twice printed as a Senate document. If their constituents will say the word, Congressmen are ready to vote for national health conservation, but if their constituents are silent, they will give ear to the secret interests. If you believe that health is above dollars, that the Bureau of Health ought not to be under a Department of Dollars, and that we need a Department of Health more than a Department of Dollars, tell your Congressmen so.

THE REAL KAISER

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

"TWENTY years," wrote Matthew Arnold, "cut all meaning from a name." It depends. Twenty years have not cut all meaning from the Kaiser's name. They have, on the contrary, adorned, amplified, and confirmed it until its resonance fills the world. Much has happened, a vast amount of human history has been manufactured, since the Crown Prince, an untried stripling of twenty-nine, ascended his ancestral throne. There have been wars and revolutions, the disruption of old kingdoms, the dazzling emergence of new ones, a rewriting of the map, and a shifting of the balance, of the world's politics. Emperors and Presidents have been assassinated; statesmen have shone for a moment, and flickered and died; event has pressed upon event; one discovery has breathlessly followed another.

If the Kaiser and his country in these twenty convulsive years have held, and more than held, their own, it has not been through any lack of competitive distractions. Russia, a Power whose mere immensity had for a century oppressed the imagination of Europe, has reeled, through an unbroken series of defeats, into the blackness of chaos and anarchy. Japan, twenty years ago an unconsidered factor in the plans of statesmen, has thrilled the entire world with all the qualities that make a nation victorious and keep it great; has marched irresistibly to the mastery of the Far East; and is now organizing

an astounding campaign of commercial triumphs. China, numerically the greatest Power in the world, but immemorially inert, disjointed, and nerveless, has felt the quickening of new life, and lifts its scarred and battered head with a frown that is half a protest and half a threat.

A wave of national self-consciousness and self-assertion has passed from East to West, agitating Siam, upsetting sovereigns and governments in Persia and Turkey, and gravely perplexing the rulers of India and Egypt. The United States has bounded out of her long, innocuous isolation; has felled at a blow an ancient member of the European family of nations; has been swept by the spirit of expansion; has planted herself in the West Indies, and has strewn the Pacific with stepping-stones from San Francisco to Manila. The hardy and democratic people of Norway, after beating for long against the bars, have wrenched them apart, and stepped on to the European stage with a quiet but intense assertion of nationality. Another people, the Hungarians, not less virile and incomparably more gifted and attractive, with a thousand years of self-contained history behind them, have in the last two decades taken long and irretraceable strides toward the same goal of conscious nationalism. France, barely escaping a military dictatorship, has been stretched on the rack of the Dreyfus case, amid universal anguish and abhorrence. Great Britain, expanding ponderously from the Cape to Cairo, has fought and conquered the Boers and added their territories to her Empire. Italy has had her Adowa, and Greece her Domokos. What is compendiously called the "Labor Question" has posed its insoluble conundrums with a growing and menacing insistence to the peoples and rulers of all countries; and incredible inventions and discoveries have revolutionized our conceptions of matter and deeply affected our daily scheme of life.

Yet, amid all the clash and competition of these prodigious developments, the Kaiser has not only kept, but clinched, his hold upon the interest and imagination of the world. He is today, as he was twenty years ago, the most talked of man in the universe. People differ about him, but no one is indifferent to him. No event, however dramatic and unexpected, no personality, however many-sided and compelling, has been able for more than a moment to rival the supreme and inexhaustible fascination of his character and actions. When other excitements have passed away, the abiding excitement of the Kaiser has remained. He has won the applause of the world, and its derision; he has amazed it, amused it, repelled it, scandalized it: but he has never failed to interest it. A strong son of the strongest, most tenacious, most intelligent and successful ruling house that the world has yet produced, the sovereign of a State that after centuries of disunion now dominates the Continent by the laboriously disciplined might, virility, and mental alertness of its people, and a monarch in whose lightest word and most casual deed there is apparent a tingling individuality — William II. is easily the outstanding figure of our time.

Few of those who had known him from his boyhood could have doubted that he would one day prove a ruler fit to wield the scepter of the Great Elector and Frederick the Great. Intelligence, character, a will of his own, were quick to show themselves. The manner in which he faced and overcame a physical disability that might have ruined or embittered the life of a weaker man was in itself a certificate of high and strong qualities. From his birth, the Kaiser's left arm has been virtually useless. He did not sit down under the handicap, or whine about it, or make himself out a martyr of circumstances, or plead his affliction as an excuse for aimless self-indulgence. Instead, he trained the right arm to do the work of two. He slowly taught himself, with a patience and grit that must have been a daily, an hourly discipline in fortitude and perseverance, to row, to swim, to play tennis, to handle a boat, to skate, to ride, to play the piano, to fence, and to shoot — and to do none of these things badly, but all of them with more than average skill. At the covert-side, on the grouse moor, in a deer drive,— and more especially at the great annual event in the German sporting calendar, the Hubertus Hunt of November 3, when the wild boar is the noble quarry,— the Kaiser is amply capable of holding his own.

No doubt, he inherited from his English mother his passion for the wholesome life and accomplishments of the open air; but it must have needed all his native Hohenzollern tenacity to enable him to enjoy the one and excel in the other. Look at it whichever way you please, it takes a man to win such a match as that with fate. No weakling could have done it; no one with any serious flaw in his character could have done it. Properly considered, there is in the Kaiser's list of recreations a certificate of immense fitness for the post. In the feat of bringing down a brace of rocketing pheasants with a swift right and left there is something more to admire than its mere dexterity; there is what it stands for as a token of self-mastery, of that "infinite capacity for taking pains" which, if it be not genius, is at least as solid a foundation as one could wish for the head of any State — King or President. A man, any man, but a prince

especially, who has conquered his disabilities so finely, has established a strong presumption in his favor. He has proved that he can succeed in little things; there is a reasonable anticipation that he will not fail in great things.

The Princes of the Prussian royal house have never been permitted to slouch through life as mere do-nothings. Their upbringing has always been stern, simple, arduous, and severely practical. It was not books, but bayonets, that raised the Hohenzollerns from petty margraves to the dignity of the imperial title; and bayonets, not books, have consistently held first place in their scheme of education. The parade-ground has been their class-room, and the regiment their home. They have triumphantly proved that the pen is not always mightier than the sword. Action and the qualities that make the ruler and the soldier have from the first been their note and preoccupation.

The present Kaiser was from infancy drenched in the spirit of his house. He was born in 1859, just on the eve of those flaming successes that, in a series of shattering demonstrations, were to vindicate the Hohenzollern theory of statecraft and kingship. When a boy of five, he watched from his nursery window the hundred Danish guns dragged in triumph through the streets of Berlin. Two years later the capital was greeting with frenzied acclaim the victors of Sadowa; and in his eleventh year the stupendous drama of the Franco-Prussian War was unrolled before his eyes. There was not much fear that an eager, high-mettled, romantic boy, amid the thrill and stir of an Empire in the making, with his grandfather and father the chief decorative figures in an unexampled epoch, and himself enrolled in his tenth year as a second lieutenant in the victorious army, passing and repassing from the school-room to the parade-ground, would fail to show the martial instincts of his ancestors.

But the Kaiser's education was not merely that of a soldier. He is, indeed, the first of his house to make some pretensions to general culture, and to have passed through the mill of a modern upbringing — an upbringing far more exacting and of far wider range in the case of princes than in the case of most boys. The liberalism of his father and mother, against all the Hohenzollern traditions, against, too, the scandalized opposition of Bismarck and the old Emperor, insisted on sending him to a public school and afterward to a university. The German "gymnasium," in its mixture of social classes, its excessive concentration upon book-learning, and its lack of the pastimes, the corporate life, and the subtle character-forming atmosphere of the famous English seminaries, is not so very different from the ordinary type of public school in America and Scotland. The Kaiser endured its microscopic discipline for three years, showing himself, by all accounts, a diligent but not a brilliant pupil, and ultimately ranking tenth among the seventeen candidates examined for leave to pass on to a university.

Boys, as a rule, take the broad facts of their surroundings for granted, and rarely have the independence and detachment of mind to criticize them effectively. It was not until some years later that the Kaiser was able to formulate a careful judgment of the system that had held him in its iron grip. Almost the first speech, indeed, that led people to think of him as a statesman in embryo was devoted to a slashing, vivacious attack on the gymnasium. Of the twenty fellow pupils in his class, eighteen, he said, wore spectacles; their minds were overworked and their bodies neglected; the philologist and the grammarian dominated the curriculum; the boys grew up ignorant of life, of German history, and of the German language; the national basis was wanting; "useless classical lore" and the "old monkish education of medieval times" were training, not ardent young Germans of sound political principles, men who would "take up the fight against Social Democracy," but flaccid Romans and emasculated Greeks. No one, however, can doubt that, whatever its defects, the open and impartial competitions of the gymnasium at Cassel were an admirable training for a future Emperor; the Kaiser owed to them much of the modernity of which he has often and not unjustly boasted.

Many tales are told of this period of his life, and one of them, at least, is illuminating. A professor, it is said, wishing to curry favor with his royal pupil, informed him overnight of the chapter in Xenophon that was to be made the subject of the next day's lesson. The young prince did what many boys would not have done. As soon as the class-room was opened on the following morning, he entered and wrote conspicuously on the blackboard the information that had been given him. One may say unhesitatingly that a boy capable of such an action has the root of a fine character in him, possesses that chivalrous sense of fair play which is the nearest thing to a religion that may be looked for at that age, hates meanness and favoritism, and will, wherever possible, expose them. There is in him a fundamental bent toward what is clean, manly, and aboveboard.

At the University of Bonn, as at the public school of Cassel, Prince William shaped well in the essentials of character and disposition. He

THE KAISER AT THE AGE OF ONE YEAR

AT ELEVEN YEARS

HE WAS BROUGHT UP IN A STERN, ARDUOUS, AND SEVERELY PRACTICAL WAY. AGAINST THE HOHENZOLLERN TRADITIONS AND THE OPPOSITION OF BISMARCK, HE WAS SENT TO A PUBLIC SCHOOL AND AFTERWARD TO A UNIVERSITY. INTELLIGENCE, CHARACTER, AND A WILL OF HIS OWN WERE QUICK TO SHOW THEMSELVES

was a youth among youths separated to some extent, inevitably, by his position, but sitting side by side with them in the lecture-room, and throwing himself impetuously into the life of the corps, attending its symposia of beer, tobacco, and song, and following with an almost passionate keenness its duels of punctilio. The most swashbuckling student of them all never left Bonn more enthusiastically convinced that the best that life in a German university had to offer was to be found in the comradeship of the corps and the contests of the dueling-ground. Etiquette debarred the young Prince from taking part in duels himself, but he absorbed their spirit through every pore of his being; he publicly compared them with the jousting tournaments of the Middle Ages, and as Kaiser he has sanctioned and upheld them, and all their accompaniments and implications, in the face of the law and of a rising but still timorous public opinion.

For the rest, the shadow of the throne began to close around his undergraduate days. The Princes of the Prussian royal house reach their majority at eighteen, and two days aftér leaving Cassel, at an imposing ceremonial, William was solemnly invested with the order of the Black Eagle. At Bonn he had followed a selected course of lectures in jurisprudence, history, social and political economy, and languages. The ablest professors of the most professorial country in the world were at his disposal, and the times were rich in events to supply his studies with the reality, the living background, the tangible and immediate reference to the world around him, that give tuition its salt and fruitfulness. Lectures on history, law, and political economy were no mere abstractions to a Prince who was not, who could not be, unmindful of the destiny before him — especially at a time when the Berlin Congress, the Russo-Turkish War, the alliance with Austria, Nobiling's attempted assassination of the Emperor, and Bismarck's struggles, first with the Socialists, then with the Free-Traders, and thirdly with the Catholic Church, lent to every scrap

AT EIGHTEEN YEARS

AT TWENTY-TWO YEARS

HIS LEFT ARM BEING VIRTUALLY USELESS, THE KAISER WITH PATIENCE AND GRIT TAUGHT HIMSELF TO ROW, TO SWIM, TO PLAY TENNIS, TO HANDLE A BOAT, TO SKATE, TO RIDE, TO SHOOT, AND TO PLAY THE PIANO; AND HE DOES ALL OF THESE THINGS WITH MORE THAN AVERAGE SKILL

of information he acquired a vital, personal, and concrete significance. William, moreover, developed early, and has never lost, a quick and ready power to assimilate. He left Bonn as well grounded in book-learning, and as fully equipped with the faculty to apply it, as any Prince need hope to be — that is to say, considerably better grounded and far more completely equipped than the average graduate anywhere.

In 1881, being then in his twenty-third year, he married Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. If it was a marriage of affection, and of this there seems to be no doubt, it was also a happy stroke of policy. The Princess' father had never withdrawn his claim to the Elbe Duchies, even after their incorporation with the Kingdom of Prussia; and the marriage of his daughter to the Prince who stood second in succession to the imperial throne was a soothing solution of what might have developed into a drama rich in strife. The union was intensely popular, chiefly because Prince William, unlike his father, had taken a thorough German for his wife.

In Berlin of the early eighties, and, indeed, throughout all of Germany, nothing was more resented than the influence, the not always judicious influence, which the wife of the Crown Prince — Princess Victoria of Great Britain, a clever, liberal, and intriguing woman of great force of character — exercised at court and in politics. It was one of the factors that provoked the anti-English sentiment which has since permeated the German mind; it was a constant thorn in Bismarck's side; and the acclamation with which the young Prince's marriage to *eine echt Deutsche Prinzessin* was everywhere greeted was partly due to the conviction that this union would ultimately mean the emancipation of the imperial house from English modes of thought and living, English traditions, and English views of what was best for Germany's progress.

As such things go, the marriage between the Hohenzollern Prince and the Holstein Princess

may be pronounced a domestic as well as a public success. Seven children have been born to them, and every veritable picture that has been drawn of their home life tells of real comradeship and affection on a basis as near that of simplicity and naturalness as any royal household could hope to secure.

The Kaiser is no sybarite, and luxury and coddling have found scant place in the education of his children. Throughout the social life of Germany, the balance inclines in favor of the man as decisively as in America it leans to the side of the woman; and no one need ask whether the Kaiser, who is a thorough German, a King, an Emperor, and a disciplinarian to boot, is the master at Potsdam. The subjection of the woman to the man he accepts unquestioningly as a law of nature. This is the old German ideal, and the modern attempts to challenge it he classes with Hauptmann's dramas and the impressionist school of painting, as a vagary to be sternly discountenanced, or rather as a disease to be stamped out. The rule of primitive life that would confine women to church, kitchen, and children finds nowhere, not even in Germany, a more thoroughgoing defender than the Kaiser. In all such matters, as in all matters of literary and artistic taste, he is both a Tory and a Philistine.

Happily, the Empress, whether by instinct or of necessity, has long since accommodated her-

THE CROWN PRINCE AND HIS OLDEST SON, LITTLE PRINCE WILLIAM

AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GERMAN EMPRESS AND HER CHILDREN
LUXURY AND CODDLING HAVE HAD NO PLACE IN THE BRINGING UP OF THESE ROYAL CHILDREN. THE KAISER IS A FIRM BELIEVER IN THE DOCTRINE THAT A MAN SHOULD BE MASTER IN HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD AND IS A STRICT DISCIPLINARIAN

self to the subordinate rôle of the typical German *Hausfrau*. She has all of the "domestic" virtues. She is kindly, modest, warm-hearted, benevolent; charitable, not merely as a duty, but by nature; a mistress of the most difficult of all professions, the profession of keeping house; absorbed in her family and in good works; with neither instinct nor inclination for political intrigue or for setting herself up as an arbiter of fashions in dress or letters or art. In short, hers is an amiable, wholesome, unpretentious, rather negative personality, and her main public achievement, so far, has been the building of a vast number of churches in an impossible style of architecture.

The Kaiser could not have found a wife more precisely suited to his temperament. Her poise and restfulness, her submissiveness and tenderness, create the very atmosphere that a man so domineering and hard driven, so abounding in life, so volcanic and egotistical, finds most soothing and most fortifying. It is well, perhaps, for the peace of the fireside, that William should be an Emperor, with all the distractions and anxieties and the intolerable load of work that the position entails. As a mere husband he would

present as formidable a problem as feminine diplomacy has ever been called upon to solve.

The young couple were provided with an establishment in the Marble Palace at Potsdam, and William threw himself with redoubled ardor into his military duties. He is a soldier before he is a husband or a father, almost before he is an Emperor or a human being. On the very morning of his wedding he drilled his company as usual, and sunrise of the next day found him rushing off to Potsdam to decorate a subaltern. The first proclamation that he issued as Emperor was addressed, in ringing periods, to his army:

"Thus we belong to each other, I and the army; thus we were born for each other; and firmly and inseparably will we hold together, whether God's will gives us peace or storm."

Perhaps he was never happier than when, as Crown Prince and Colonel of the Hussars of the Guard, he exercised his troops on the Tempelhof Field, and swung home at their head down the Unter den Linden, crowded with cheering Berliners; or when, as Emperor, he commanded an army corps at the manoeuvers before the astonished eyes of the foreign attachés. The easy histrionics of militarism, the splendor and full stage effects of a regimental setting,— with himself in the center, the war-lord of the mightiest host in Europe,— all this yields him a passionate delight. No monarch has preached so ardently the whole gospel of a soldier's duty. His rhetoric never kindles into so bright a blaze as when he is celebrating the anniversary of St. Privat or Sedan, or recalling the glorious deeds of Frederick the Great, or addressing the new recruits in terms of imperious exaltation.

But the Kaiser is no toy soldier. It is true, he revels in military peacocking, in the spectacular and elaborated scenes that minister to his vanity, in the ceremonies that furnish him with themes for martial eloquence. But his interest in the army is far from being confined to the rhetoric and drama to be extracted from it. His house made the Prussian army, and the Prussian army made his house; and, if he claims much from it, he never forgets that he owes much to it.

No professional soldier ever showed himself more earnest in his duties, more zealous for the tone of his regiment, or a stricter disciplinarian, than has the Kaiser, from the first days of his lieutenancy. He studied strategy at the feet of Moltke, and tactics on the field itself; he carried his researches far enough into military history to feel warranted in lecturing on Roman tactics; he made himself a dashing cavalry officer. Nothing has been too large and nothing too small to engage his attention. He has drafted schemes remodeling the whole organization of the army, and has severely trounced the Reichstag for rejecting them; and he has equally concerned himself — not by deputy, but in person — with the thousand and one details of armament and equipment — with smokeless powder and quick-firing guns, with bayonets and balloons, with boots and bicycles, with uniforms and spurs. Even now, at the annual manoeuvers, he will often sit for fifteen hours in the saddle, noting, questioning, criticizing, free with curt words of praise or blame. It is, indeed, one of the characteristics of the Kaiser, that, though a man of large vision and oratorical and emotional temperament, he finds an inexhaustible pleasure in the minutiae of whatever subject he takes up.

I do not say that all of his military reforms have been judicious, or that as a commander in the field, while alert and full of daring and resource, he would not also be capable of prodigious blunders, or that his overfondness for pageantry and massed effects has not hindered technical progress. But I do say that he has fought favoritism and weeded out incompetents and set his face against extravagant living with merciless ardor; and that he has done as much as any of his predecessors to bind the army to his throne and person with the strong links of reciprocal interest and devotion.

Every soldier is made to feel that the imperial eye is upon him; that his sovereign is the fount of honors, orders, decorations, and promotions; and that, through his secret "Military Cabinet," there is little about the personal and professional life of each officer, and the spirit and efficiency of each regiment, that the Kaiser does not know. Every soldier knows, too, that William II. is not only his King, but his active commander-in-chief, imbued to the full with the military caste spirit, zealous to uphold the social and official superiority of the uniformed over the ununiformed, sharing all the prejudices of his officers (their prejudice, for instance, in favor of the duel, and against the admission of Jews into the corps), and continually, by word and deed, proclaiming the inferiority of all civilians and the special and irrefragable ties that knit the army to the fortunes of his house.

But, although soldiering was the chief, it was not the only part of his princely upbringing. Insatiable to see and learn and master, he was, at his own request, attached to one Department of State after another, now studying the administrative system, attending local assemblies, and inquiring into the conditions of industry; now attaching himself for months at a time to the Minister of Finance; now, for half a year or

THE MOST TALKED OF SOVEREIGN IN THE WORLD, WHO BELIEVES THAT HE WAS APPOINTED BY DIVINE POWER TO RULE THE GERMAN EMPIRE

more, working in the Wilhelmstrasse under the immediate supervision of Bismarck; now visiting foreign capitals on diplomatic missions or for sport and pleasure.

Was ever Prince, one may ask, more wisely trained for rulership than this one? Could one conceive a better preparation for sovereignty than to have been initiated into the craft of kings by William I., into the art of war by Moltke, into statesmanship by Bismarck? Among these giants the young Prince lived and moved, obscured by them, admiringly learning from them, but all the time forging opinions and a character of his own. The militant ring of his speeches, his open enthusiasm for the great measures of army reform that Bismarck forced through the Reichstag, the reputation he enjoyed for being wholly out of sympathy with the views of his civilian-minded father and his English mother, and the vividness of his personality, began to attract notice, to stimulate curiosity, and to make him the rising hope of the conservative and military forces. But no one suspected, when in 1887 he entered his twenty-ninth year, that the day was near when he would be called to the highest office of all. Suddenly, poignantly for Germany, for Europe, and for himself, the scene was shifted, was transformed. A new age rushed to the footlights; a new man held the stage.

II

If ever a nation was stretched on the rack, that nation was Germany in 1887 and 1888. At home, faction fought with faction; the ceaseless subterranean struggle between Bismarck and the Crown Princess and her husband broadened out in rings of intrigue. Abroad, France was clamorous for *la revanche*, and Russia was massing troops on the German frontier. The grand old Emperor, then ninety-one years old, was visibly declining; and it began to be rumored that his son was smitten with an incurable malady. It was a heartrending time, a mournful, lingering tragedy dragged out under the eyes of the whole world. The fierce war of the medical specialists in attendance on the Crown Prince, the alternations of hope and despair, the brutal accusations, the blunders, the misunderstandings, made up as dire an ordeal of anxiety and passion as any country had ever, in time of peace, been called upon to weather.

It was monstrously charged against Prince William that he was at the head of a cabal to keep his father from the throne. There was not, of course, a word of truth in it; but it explains much of his subsequent conduct, and especially his attitude toward his mother, if we remember, first, that the Crown Prince had resolved not to ascend the throne if he were proved to be incurably affected with cancer; second, that his English physician, after at length accepting the diagnosis of his German colleagues, still persisted in raising unwarrantable hopes and suggesting groundless doubts; and, third, that Prince William — like Bismarck, and like nine Germans out of ten — believed that his father only mounted the throne as the result of an English plot to deceive him as to his real condition.

With as full a meed of honor, love, and glory as any sovereign in history, the venerable Emperor died on March 9, 1888. His son succeeded him, a doomed man; reigned pitifully for ninety-nine days; and on June 15 breathed his last. For months before, all eyes had been turning toward the young Prince, who, for his part, rushed to embrace the attention he was too conscious of exciting. He seemed to sink the son in the coming Emperor. He should have kept in the background. Instead, he took every chance of posing before the people in full pageantry of war. He might at least have held his tongue. Instead, his speeches multiplied in vehemence and fervid imagery, and the war-drum throbbed louder than ever through his impetuous periods. Considering the shadow that lay across his father's life, Europe found it hard to forgive him his struttings and pirouettings, his theatrical effects. Both then and for many years after, the outside world saw in him only a prancing German edition of Harry Hotspur, dashing, wilful, heady, with an instinct for flashy and inopportune display, and terribly given to sounding the charge. Small wonder that the nations of Europe drew fearfully together, prepared for anything, apprehensive of everything, unable to banish the dread that a youth so free with the vocabulary of chauvinism, so greedy of notice, at the head of the most powerful and assertive of Continental peoples, meant war.

The Kaiser was at no pains to allay these fears. Within a few hours after his father's death he had issued thrilling and exalted addresses to his army and navy. Within six weeks, with quivering and, as Europe thought, unseemly haste, he had visited St. Petersburg, Stockholm, and Copenhagen; and, that neither Denmark nor France might be under any illusions as to where he stood on the North Schleswig question and Alsace-Lorraine, he declared, on his return, that "we would rather leave our united eighteen army corps and our forty-two millions of inhabitants lying on the field of battle than relinquish one single stone of what was won by my father and Prince Frederick Charles."

He plunged into affairs of state, rejuvenating

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE EMPRESS

THEIR MARRIAGE WAS A UNION OF AFFECTION AND AT THE SAME TIME A HAPPY STROKE OF DIPLOMACY. THE EMPRESS IS DESCRIBED AS BEING WARM-HEARTED AND AN EXCELLENT HOUSEKEEPER. HER ONLY PUBLIC ACHIEVEMENT HAS BEEN THE BUILDING OF A LARGE NUMBER OF CHURCHES IN WHAT HAS BEEN CRITICIZED AS AN IMPOSSIBLE STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE

the services, reorganizing the ministerial and diplomatic bureaus, turning the royal household inside out; he commanded an army corps at the manoeuvers; and, before the astonished and scandalized world could draw its breath, he was off again on another tour,— this time to the capitals of his allies in the Dreibund,— and signalized his return by a sharp rebuke to the press for its impertinence and disloyalty in discussing his family affairs.

Plainly, here was a new type of monarch, or, rather, a type so old and long departed that, before the coming of the Kaiser, its reappearance at the end of the nineteenth century would have been thought incredible. Here was no timid "constitutional" ruler, hiding his impotence under legal fictions; no *fainéant* king, fit only to mumble commonplaces at the opening of charity bazaars. Here was a man with a medieval faith in monarchy as an unexhausted, ubiquitous, paternal, well-nigh infallible force; a man spiritually convinced that leadership was his mission, and bringing to the fulfilment of that mission every artifice and accessory that the most modern man of business or the most enterprising journalist or the adroitest electioneering agent or bagman could suggest; a man whose qualities and defects, whose magnificent, humorless self-assurance, whose earnestness, energy, and will power, whose crusading, elegiac temperament, whose vanity and inordinate sense of the divinity that doth hedge a king, were all shaped and directed to the single end of action.

Of such a combination the world could make nothing; it could simply gasp. For some years after his accession, laughter, amazement, and a half-scandalized applause followed the Kaiser wherever he went and in all that he said or did. He was the *enfant terrible* among sovereigns, continually startling the world by some freakish impulse, some grotesque oration, some new display of hollow versatility. William flashing round Europe with unbridled pomp; William mounting the pulpit; William flinging the doctrine of divine right in the very face of trium-

phant democracy; William scolding his nobles and citizen-subjects and glorifying his army: William as the perfervid, peripatetic orator; William proclaiming his mastery of the aims and spirit of the expiring century; William "dashing to pieces all who oppose me"; William settling a great strike, as a father ends a nursery dispute, with vigorous, even-handed rebukes and exhortations to employers and workmen alike; William devising new uniforms and court dresses, new dances and pageants, and making his court the most splendid, ornate, and ceremonious in Europe; William saving society with an International Labor Conference; William hunting for colonies, building a fleet; painting pictures, composing poems; William dismissing Bismarck and becoming, in truth, William the Second to None — in all his characters he intrigued, mystified, shocked, or disturbed a wondering world.

But we have grown used to the Kaiser now. It may be that the first hot flush of youth has passed, and left him less exuberant; it may be that our earlier impressions were wrong, and that we have come not only to a kindlier but to a juster estimate of both the man and the monarch. In any case, there has been a change. No one now thinks of the German Emperor as a menace to European peace. No one now imagines that he will ever wage a war for mere glory, or personal vanity, or, indeed, for anything but the defense of his Empire. The nervousness he once excited has died away; the merriment he once provoked he has lived down. Or, if we are occasionally forced to a smile, it is not at the man, but only at some quaint way in which he displays himself. The world rocked with laughter over the "mailed fist" speeches at Kiel, but it was sobered by the seizure of Kiaochau that followed swiftly upon them. The lesson of that famous *coup* endures, and to-day the world is never so much beguiled by the Kaiser's extravagances of speech as to forget that there may be, and usually is, a serious purpose behind them.

So, too, with his insistence on the divine right by which he holds his title. "*Sic volo, sic jubeo.*" "There is only one master in this country, and I am he; I shall suffer no other beside me." "The ways into which I and my government have struck are the right ways, nor can I deviate from the path which I have prescribed to myself, and for which I have only to answer to God and my conscience." "*Suprema lex regis voluntas.*" "This 'kingship by the grace of God' expresses the fact that we Hohenzollerns accept our crown only from Heaven, and are responsible to Heaven for the performance of its duties. I, too, am animated by this view, and am resolved to act and govern on this principle."

Sentences such as these fall on modern ears with a startling, almost a repulsive unfamiliarity. I am not concerned to defend them or the theory of government they embody. It is a theory that in practice not only produces innumerable trials for lèse-majesté, than which I can hardly imagine a more futile way of wasting time, that not only exposes the monarch to flatteries and intrigues, derides Parliaments, and mocks at a free press, but that also is fatal to the political virility and self-reliance of the people.

Nevertheless, there is another side to it that ought not to be overlooked. The Kaiser has the highest possible conception of what he owes to the nation, and of what the nation owes to him. Believing with all the might of his earnest and deeply religious nature that he and his are the agents appointed by Heaven to lead the German Empire to greatness and success, he realizes that the position exacts terrible obligations.

There is nothing ridiculous — there is, on the contrary, much that is fine and inspiriting — in the Kaiser's sense of responsibility to a higher Power than man, once it is grasped that he does not appeal to the divine right as a reason for shirking duty, but for sanctifying it. Year in and year out, it has braced him to a sum total of exertion that, without some such support, would prove too much for any human being. The Kaiser's assumption of the divine right throws a heavier burden on himself than on any one else. It turns him into a harder worker than any of his subjects. It sets before him a sustaining ideal which, if he regards it as little less than blasphemous for others to question, he also regards it as little less than impious for himself to fall below. By the power of that inner force, he is enabled to levy unstinted toll on himself, and to claim as severe a tribute from his subjects. Never sparing himself, always taking his stand on the solid principle of duty, he expects all others to do likewise.

It is this sense of the paramountcy of duty, far more than any fear of revolution, that inspires those periodic harangues in which his soldiers are warned that the time may come when, in obedience to orders, they will have to shoot down their own fathers and brothers in the streets. Were the Kaiser a private in his own army, there would be at least one German soldier for whom such reminders would be superfluous.

The drawback to any and every régime of paternal absolutism is that the human mind is limited. The Kaiser will not admit it, but his acts prove it. It is not given to one man to know more about everything than anybody else knows about anything; and the Kaiser, who is a good deal of a dilettante, and believes himself omniscient, at times speaks from a lamentable

THE KAISER TALKING WITH THE CAPTAIN OF A MERCHANTMAN

half-knowledge, and occasionally has to call in the imperial authority to back up his verdicts against the judgment of experts.

Unquestionably, his mind is of an unusual order. It is a facile, quickly moving instrument; it works in flashes, it assimilates seemingly without effort; it is at its best under the highest pressure. The Kaiser is not to be laughed at for wanting to know all there is to be known, but he may justly be criticized for failing to distinguish between the attempt and its failure.

The Germans, no doubt, prefer for the head of their State a man of powerful volition and initiative, and not a mere figurehead or puppet. But the Kaiser has obtruded his personality upon his subjects in a way that they are fast finding insupportable; he has Hohenzollerned them just a shade too much. They would be better pleased if his genius were a trifle less universal. They are beginning to resent his offhand, half-baked *obiter dicta* on art, religion, poetry, the drama, cures for consumption, aëroplanes, Parisian fashions, clay-modeling, the construction of yachts, and so on. For there is no limit to the range of the imperial accomplishments. He is a painter and a sculptor, a poet and a composer, a critic and a connoisseur; he has inspired libretti, and corrected them; he has furnished plot and dialogue and designed style effects for plays, the production of which he has subsequently directed in person. At more than one concert in his palace he has seized the conductor's baton and himself conducted the orchestra.

The Kaiser is not merely the patron of arts and sciences, but their dictator. Thus a committee of literary experts awards the Schiller prize to Hauptmann; the Kaiser withholds it. The Berlin municipality wishes to run cars down Unter den Linden; the Kaiser, in the name of art, forbids it. Models for the national monument to William I. are sent in by the score; the Kaiser sweeps them aside and settles the proper design himself. He is periodically at loggerheads with his Academy over the merits of particular pictures; he forbids the new school of German artists to exhibit at the St. Louis Exhibition; he lectures painters on chiaroscuro, sculptors on the chiseling of draperies, and the whole world on art in general. He fills the capital, the country, and even foreign cities with statuary in the gorgeous, allegorical style that alone he favors.

In the same spirit and with the same assurance, he blossoms out into a patron of a cure for consumption that turns out to be no cure at all; and bestows the Black Eagle upon a foreign officer who a few months later is court-martialed for the very feat that won the Kaiser's precipitate admiration.

Is it all *charlatanerie?* Is it all of a part with his speech in Russian to the regiment of which the Czar had made him honorary colonel — a studied trumpery effort designed for a momentary effect? Is the Kaiser just glitter and tinsel, impulse and rhapsody, with nothing solid beneath? Is it his supreme object to make an impression at any cost, to force, like another Nero, the popular applause by arts more becoming to a *cabotin* than a sovereign? Vanity, restlessness, a consuming desire for the palm without the dust, an intense and theatrical egotism — are these the qualities that give the clue to his character and actions?

I do not think so altogether. The Kaiser has "scattered" too much. In an age of specialists on many subjects, he speaks like an amateur. He is always the hero, and often the victim, of his own imagination; like a star actor, he cannot bear to be outshone; he is morbidly, almost pruriently, conscious of the effect he is producing. And on all matters of intellect and taste his influence makes for blatant mediocrity. But he is not meretricious; at bottom he is not by any means as superficial and insincere as he often seems.

"Right thou feelest, rush to do," was Emerson's reading of "freedom's secret." It is the Kaiser's, too, just as it is Mr. Roosevelt's. But in Mr. Roosevelt's case the "rush to do" has to break down endless barricades of Dutch cautiousness before it can become effective. The Kaiser has no such safeguards. He is one of those men in whom an instinct becomes an immutable truth, an idea a conviction, and a suspicion a certainty by an almost instantaneous process; and, the process completed, action follows forthwith. The Kaiser is always resolved to do the right thing; the right thing, by some quaint but invariable coincidence, is whatever he is resolved to do.

Happily, as a rule,— say seven times out of ten,— his instincts and emotions are sure guides. He is a man who may be touched on many sides, whom things stir quickly and deeply. Above the range of glowing sympathies, there is his strong imaginative and his yet stronger dramatic sense to appeal to. No one manages to throw such feeling and grace into little international courtesies. One thinks of his telegrams of condolence to the widows of Marshals MacMahon and Canrobert; of his pardoning of two French spies on the day of President Carnot's burial; of his message to Mr. Rudyard Kipling when he lay at death's door; of his presence and sympathy, so bitterly resented by his own countrymen, at Queen Victoria's funeral — of numberless other attentions and compliments that showed understanding, magnanimity, and per-

fect tact. Again, no one is happier than he in addressing the peoples of the various States of his Empire. His speeches on such occasions, full of apt and stirring local allusions, of fire and feeling, are models of what such things should be.

The Kaiser, indeed, may always be trusted to seize the spirit of the moment. Whatever he feels he feels intensely as long as he feels it. He likes to do the big thing in the big way, and he likes still more to know that he is doing it. It is an instinct that has been with him all his life. He has not, to be sure, always acted upon it. It has sometimes to struggle hard against his prejudices and impulsiveness and his sense of offended kingship. He must at all times be the first and central figure. But, once that is granted, the pettiness in his nature rarely holds out for long against so much in his nature that is generous, so much that is ardent.

The Kaiser who dismissed Bismarck, and then humiliated him by virtually ordering the official world of Vienna to take no notice of Count Herbert's marriage, was no doubt the real Kaiser. But it was not less the real Kaiser who, hearing of the ex-Chancellor's illness, at once offered him one of the royal castles to winter in, sent him a present of the finest Marcobrünner cabinet from the Potsdam cellars, received him in Berlin with sovereign honors, visited him at Friedrichsruh in unprecedented state, and severely trounced the Reichstag for refusing to congratulate the great founder of the Empire on his eightieth birthday. It was the real Kaiser who conceived the International Labor Congress; but it was also the real Kaiser who strove hard to prosecute the Social Democrats in the Reichstag for refusing to cheer him.

Inevitably, with a man so impatient of restraint, so overweeningly sure of himself, so spasmodic and fanciful, mistakes as glaring as his successes, if not as frequent, are bound to occur. It is one of the privileges of the Kaiser's position that he is able to make others pay for his blunderings; and it is one of the characteristics of his temperament — a temperament never for long depressed, always quick on the rebound, and endowed with the faculty of shutting out whatever is troublesome — that he can go on as if he had never known a check or made a false step. He misleads no one as often as he misleads himself.

In the larger matters of politics he has often been at fault. He has never understood, he never will understand, the movement of Social Democracy; and the bitter vehemence of his attacks, so far from weakening, have stimulated it. He has failed signally either to terrorize the Poles or to gain them over. Obsessed by the specter of Revolution, he has rasped on the intelligence of his subjects by placing the German police at the service of Russian absolutism and by striving in vain to stifle freedom of thought and speech and to bring education under the control of the churches; and his manifold transgressions of the spirit of the Constitution, his repression of the Chancellorship into an almost abject subservience, his reduction of the Reichstag and of universal suffrage into a mere screen for personal and autocratic rulership, his impulsive harangues on domestic and international affairs, and his many impromptu and unauthorized strokes of policy, from the Kruger telegram to the *Daily Telegraph* interview, have from time to time filled Germany with rage and mortification and have powerfully reinforced the gathering resolve of the German people to be themselves the German government.

Yet William II. remains a great sovereign, with a long and splendid record of services to the State. He has presided over, and has done much to forward, the magnificent industrial expansion of his country during the last two decades. It is owing to him more than to any other man that Germany, while increasing both the numbers and the efficiency of her army, has become also the second naval Power in the world. William II. is not only as emphatically the creator of the German fleet as his grandfather was of the German army: he is also the creator of Greater Germany. He has plunged his subjects into *Weltpolitik;* he has enormously enlarged their possessions and their sphere of interests; he has broken down both their provincialism and their particularism; he has accustomed them to look beyond Europe and Berlin to wider fields of action; he has exorcised the narrow and stubborn spirit of localized patriotism and driven a sense of imperial oneness and loyalty deeply into the popular consciousness.

It speaks well for him that he should have done something to mitigate the fiscal predominance of the agrarians, and that he should have set his face like a flint against the revival of the *Kulturkampf* in any form; and it speaks better still that he should have abandoned the duplicity of Bismarck's foreign policy, and should have dropped the reinsurance treaty with Russia which the Chancellor had concluded behind the backs of his Austrian ally. The Kaiser to-day holds a position of actual and potential power almost Napoleonic in its range and effectiveness. A wave of his hand, and the French dismiss their Foreign Minister; a word from him, and Russia lays down her historic guardianship of the Balkan Slavs, and England trembles for her naval ascendancy. He is more than the most brilliant, engaging, and forceful ruler in Europe. He is not less than its Dictator.

FIVE "WHITE SLAVE" TRADE INVESTIGATIONS

THE REVELATIONS MADE AND RESULTS OBTAINED BY THE STUDY OF THIS SERIOUS QUESTION BY FEDERAL, STATE, AND CITY AUTHORITIES

AS the July number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE goes to press—the middle of May—the so-called "White Slave" Grand Jury of New York City is focusing the attention of the country by its campaign against the trade in women in New York, made as a result of the purchase of several girls from New York dealers.

The investigations of this Grand Jury, which began the first of January, and the active work of its inquiry, were principally in charge of District Attorney Charles S. Whitman, James B. Reynolds, Assistant District Attorney, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the foreman of the jury.

District Attorney Whitman's Statement

The story of the investigations resulting in the arrest of "white slave" dealers early in May is succinctly told in Mr. Whitman's statement given out at the time of the arrest, which is as follows:

> In order clearly to establish the existence of the white slave traffic Assistant District Attorney James B. Reynolds arranged to make actual purchases of girls in the Tenderloin and other sections of the underworld from those reputed to be large dealers. Skilled investigators who were not known in New York were engaged and put to work in the heart of the Tenderloin.
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> They were represented as purchasers of girls. Friendly and confidential relations were established with some of the most influential white slave dealers. By these means valuable first-hand information was obtained regarding the white slave trade. The agents were told the prices paid for girls, the methods employed in the business, and, in some cases, the corrupt relations existing between the traders and certain police officials.
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> Past and present conditions of the traffic were contrasted frequently, the trading during the present winter being described as exceptionally light because of the general alarm caused by the sitting of the "White Slave" Grand Jury. One large dealer told the agents that though two years ago he could have sold them all the girls they wanted at $5 or $10 apiece, he would not risk selling one in New York now for $1,000.
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> In spite of this general caution, purchases for cash were made of four girls, two through an East Side dealer, who boasted of formerly having made large sales in other cities, and two from a so-called black and tan dealer. Two of the girls are under 18.

Harry Levinson, from whom two of the girls were secured, has confessed his guilt. The other two persons arrested are Belle Moore and Alexander Anderson, and they are on trial as this is written. Raids on various agencies for the traffic told of by Levinson disclosed that their keepers had heard of the investigation and left the city.

This investigation was the result of an article by George Kibbe Turner in the November, 1909, McCLURE'S, entitled "Daughters of the Poor," which gave a history of the development in Europe of the business of procuring and exploiting girls by pimps, its growth in New York City, and its spread from that city throughout the United States, and even to South Africa and South America. An article giving a description of conditions in New York, making statements nearly identical with Mr. Turner's, and in some ways stronger, appeared simultaneously in the New York *Evening Post*. The agitation following these articles furnished the chief issue in the New York City election last fall, in which Tammany Hall was defeated.

The Federal Immigration Commission

There has been great progress in stamping out the traffic in women in the United States during the past six months. The credit for this is due principally to the thorough investigation by Federal agencies, aided by private associations in the various cities of the country, which have awakened the public's attention and convinced it of the necessity of action. The first of the Federal reports was that of the Special Immigration Commission, presented by Mr. Dillingham in the United States Senate on December 10.* This report, prepared by a Commission whose active head was Professor J. W. Jenks, of Cornell University, describes its work and discoveries in part as follows:

* Published as Senate Document Number 196, 61st Congress, second session.

The importation and harboring of alien women and girls for immoral purposes and the practice of prostitution by them — the so-called "white slave traffic" — is the most pitiful and revolting phase of the immigration question. This business has assumed large proportions, and it has been exerting so evil an influence upon our country that the Immigration Commission felt compelled to make it the subject of a thorough investigation.

The investigation was begun in November, 1907, under the active supervision of a special committee of the Immigration Commission; and the work was conducted by a special agent in charge, with numerous assistants.

The investigation has covered the cities of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Butte, Denver, Buffalo, Boston, and New Orleans.

How Women Are Sold by Their Managers

. . . With rare exceptions, not only the innocent women imported into this country, but the prostitutes as well, are associated with men whose business it is to protect them, direct them, and control them, and who frequently, if not usually, make it their business to plunder them unmercifully. Now this system of subjection to a man has become common. The procurer or the pimp may put his woman into a disorderly house, sharing profits with the "madam." He may sell her outright; he may act as an agent for another man; he may keep her, making arrangements for her hunting men. She must walk the streets and secure her patrons, to be exploited, not for her own sake, but for that of her owner. Often he does not tell her even his real name. If she tries to leave her man, she is threatened with arrest. If she resists, she finds all the men about her leagued against her; she may be beaten; in some cases when she has betrayed her betrayer she has been murdered.

The ease and apparent certainty of profit has led thousands of our younger men, usually those of foreign birth or the immediate sons of foreigners, to abandon the useful arts of life to undertake the most accursed business ever devised by man.

The records of the Bureau of Immigration show that more prostitutes and procurers are arrested and deported from the port of New York than any other port. Next in importance comes Montreal, Canada, representing the port of entry of Quebec, and then, in order, Seattle, Washington, San Francisco, California, San Antonio, Texas, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, and so on.

Those who recruit women for immoral purposes watch all places where young women are likely to be found under circumstances which will give them a ready means of acquaintance and intimacy, such as employment agencies, immigrant homes, moving-picture shows, dance-halls, sometimes waiting-rooms in large department stores, railroad stations, manicuring and hairdressing establishments.

Nearly All Women Controlled

The strongest appeal to the instincts of humanity in every right-minded person is made by a consideration of the brutal system employed by these traffickers in every way to exploit their victims, the hardened prostitute as well as the innocent maiden. It is probable that a somewhat larger proportion of the American girls are free from the control of a master; and yet, according to the best evidence obtainable,— according to the stories of the women themselves and the keepers of houses,— nearly all the women now engaged in this business in our large cities are subject to pimps, to whom they give most of their earnings, or else they are under the domination of keepers of houses, a condition that is practically the same.

It is the business of the man who controls the woman to provide police protection, either by bribing the police not to arrest her, or, in case of arrest, to secure bail, pay the fine, etc., to make all business arrangements, to decide what streets, restaurants, dance-halls, saloons, and similar places she shall frequent.

Just How the Trade Is Organized

There has been much talk in the newspapers of a great monopolistic corporation whose business it is to import and exploit these unfortunate women, trafficking them from country to country. The Commission has been unable to learn of any such corporation, and does not believe in its existence. Doubtless the importers and pimps have a wide acquaintance among themselves, and doubtless in many instances they have rather close business relations one with another; and inasmuch as all are criminals, any one escaping arrest can naturally appeal to another anywhere in the country for protection. Even a pimp whom he has never seen will give him shelter if he comes with a proper introduction. There are two organizations of importance, one French, the other Jewish, although as organizations they do not import. Apparently they hate each other; but their members would naturally join forces against the common enemy.

In several cities there are French headquarters — that is, a meeting-place where the French importers, procurers, and pimps congregate, receive their mail, transact business, drink, gamble, and amuse themselves in other ways. Through these mutual acquaintanceships, sustained by common interests and a knowledge of their common affairs, they assist one another in the business.

There are large numbers of Jews scattered throughout the United States, although mainly located in New York and Chicago, who seduce and keep girls. Some of them are engaged in importation, but apparently they prey rather upon young girls whom they find on the street, in the dance-halls, and similar places, and whom, by the methods already indicated, — love-making and pretense of marriage,— they deceive and ruin. Many of them are petty thieves, pickpockets, and gamblers. They also have various resorts where they meet and receive their mail, and transact business with one another, and visit. Perhaps the best-known organization of this kind throughout the country was one legally incorporated in New York, in 1904, under the name of the New York Independent Benevolent Association.

It is, of course, difficult to prove by specific cases the relation of the police to this traffic, and to establish by specific evidence the fact generally accepted that the girls and disorderly-house keepers regularly pay the police for protection; but high police officials, prosecuting officers, and social workers in all quarters assert that in many, if not all, of our large cities much corruption of this kind exists.

The Commissioner-General's Report

The second report, of an entirely independent investigation, was included in the annual report for 1909, issued in February, of Daniel J. Keefe, Commissioner-General of Immigration. This investigation was necessarily restricted to the

consideration of the importation and distribution throughout the country of foreign women. The paragraph dealing with this subject briefly describes the work and its results, and the conclusions reached by the Commissioner-General, as follows:

> As a preliminary to perfecting plans for the exertion of special efforts toward ridding the country of alien prostitutes and procurers, the Bureau had Inspector Marcus Braun conduct, in the first months of the past fiscal year, a general investigation covering all of the largest cities of the United States. As the result of this investigation and of the work which has since been accomplished, the Bureau is satisfied that an enormous business is constantly being transacted in the importation and distribution of foreign women for purposes of prostitution, which business also includes the seduction and distribution of alien women and girls who have entered the country in a regular manner for legitimate purposes, and to some extent of American women and girls. In some cities the traffic is more or less connected with local political conditions, and the police and other municipal authorities are either implicated or else helpless to assist in even the partial eradication of the evil.

Federal and State Legislation

The results of the Federal investigations of this traffic in women have been shown in the passing by Congress, and signing by the President, on March 26, of a bill which imposes a long imprisonment or a large fine for every one engaged in the business. This bill was proposed by the Immigration Commission. Three others are now being considered in the committees of Congress. One is directed against the traffic in the country in general, another to cut it off in the Territories and the Panama Canal, and the third in the District of Columbia.

In the meanwhile, aroused public sentiment throughout the country has brought about action in various States and cities, and laws against the procuring and selling of women have been passed in Maryland, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Virginia, Massachusetts, Ohio, South Carolina, and New York, and a similar bill is before the Legislature of Louisiana.

The New York State Report

The law in New York is due in no small part to the work of the State Commission of Immigration, whose report on this subject, transmitted to the Legislature last year, said:

> In the State of New York, as in other States and countries of the world, there are organized, ramified, and well-equipped associations to secure girls for the purpose of prostitution. The recruiting of such girls in this country is largely among those who are poor, ignorant, or friendless.

Outside of New York, work has been progressing actively in various large cities of the country. In Chicago the society headed by Adolf Kraus, and whose work is in charge of Clifford G. Roe, is making great progress in stamping out the traffic in that city. This movement in Chicago, as Mr. Kraus has explained, is a sequel to the article on conditions in Chicago printed by Mr. Turner in McCLURE's for April, 1907.

The Investigation in Seattle

In Seattle, Washington, disclosures concerning the traffic, made by the investigation of the Federal Grand Jury, which adjourned May 11, was summarized by Elmer E. Todd, United States District Attorney there, as follows:

> There are between seven and eight hundred men in Seattle who live from the revenue from the "white slave" traffic, almost all of whom could be reached by the State courts if proper effort were made. It was established by the Grand Jury that the Federal Government has gone as far as the law allows. It is now up to the State authorities, who could break up this business in short order.

It would be impossible to detail the prosecutions and convictions of "white slave" traders which have taken place in the past few months in the large cities of the country. The New York Grand Jury will be one of the last to report, of the various important Federal and local bodies which have made thorough investigations of this very serious question in the past year; the confirmation of the findings of the other investigations which have been brought out by its work — as so far announced — is interesting and valuable. It is the more so because this investigation, as may be seen from Mr. Whitman's statement, was so handicapped by the advance publicity given it that it could not hope to get the insight into ordinary normal conditions, such as was secured by preceding investigations. In the meanwhile, the general progress in clearing the country of this great evil is most encouraging.

THE TAFT INTERVIEW

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER'S interview with President Taft in the June McCLURE'S has been widely discussed by the newspapers. It was to be expected that some would disagree with the President on certain issues, but a majority of the papers find commendable features in his statement. The interview is referred to universally as an unprecedented journalistic achievement.

"The article is an entire first-person defense by Mr. Taft," says a New York despatch to the Philadelphia *North American*, "of his course as President, and in certain respects is more intimate than any public speech that he has delivered."

"President Taft has set a precedent that may become popular with his successors," says the Washington correspondent of the Brooklyn (New York) *Times*. "He has shown beyond all cavil that he had a high opinion of the power of the press, otherwise he would not have given an interview to George Kibbe Turner, of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. If any newspaper had given an assignment to one of its reporters to get an interview on public questions with the President of the United States, the reporter would have laughed outright, thinking his city editor crazy. . . . But President Taft has set a new wrinkle and has submitted to the interviewer. And by so doing he has made a hit. . . . Members of the House who have read the interview say that the President has done a wise and clever thing."

"The reader will find in this carefully written and edited interview," says the New Haven (Connecticut) *Journal-Courier*, "the most comprehensive impression yet given the country of his [the President's] controlling purpose."

The Philadelphia *Record* says that the wisdom of the President discussing his purposes unofficially as he has done is open to some question, and continues:

"He is following the example of Mr. Roosevelt, and a continuance of the policy will inevitably alter the status of the Chief Magistrate. It is a fundamental principle of English administration that the King is not in politics. Of course, the President is not a King, and he must be the choice of a political party and in a large way the exponent of its policies. But it used to be unparliamentary to mention the President in Congressional debates. Now the President is almost as freely mentioned as any member of the body in which the orator is speaking. The Chief Magistrate of the whole nation is becoming avowedly the leader of a party and the exponent of a policy.

"Andrew Johnson appealed to the public at large because he was conducting a fight for existence with Congress. The circumstances were unprecedented, and will never be repeated, and precedents established by Mr. Johnson do not carry great weight. His example, however, has been extensively followed by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft."

"It is, we believe," says the New York *Times*, "without precedent in the history of the office that a President should in an unofficial and rather familiar way explain and defend his own action. . . . It is in substance a defense against the comments upon the Administration which have been so frequent and so serious during the last six months. In some regards the defense is strong and may prove effective. This is especially true as to the policy of the Administration regarding public lands and the conservation of resources involved in the regulation of them.

"It may also be expected that the statement of what has been done in the reorganization and reform of the business methods of the Government will produce a favorable impression. The account is in no wise overdrawn, quite the reverse, and Mr. Taft and his Cabinet deserve much credit for what has been done and what has been made possible."

The bulk of the comment in all of the papers is devoted to what Mr. Taft said about his tariff policy. His explanation does not satisfy the *Times*, which regrets that the President "sadly misunderstands the feeling he has aroused."

The *Evening Post* (New York) indorses the President's assertion that "the chief interest of the public in a tariff is as to whether it raises or lowers the cost of the necessaries of life," and continues:

"This plain statement of the case is not the less useful in that it repudiates the time-worn

arguments with which the protectionist campaigns of 1888 and 1890 made the country familiar. President Harrison's contemptuous reference to the 'cheap man inside the cheap coat,' and the constant appeal to the hypothesis that high prices must mean high wages, not to mention high profits, and that therefore we ought gladly to submit to taxation for the purpose, may fairly be considered to-day as discarded arguments. This is a distinct gain to common sense, as is also the discarding of the extraordinary theory, urged by Mr. McKinley in defense of his own tariff bill of twenty years ago, that, in some mysterious and occult way, 'the foreigner pays the tariff tax.' The last-mentioned notion, always sufficiently foolish in the light of the actual purposes and results of protectionist legislation, probably received its *coup de grâce* in Mr. William L. Wilson's famous analysis. The foreigner, Mr. Wilson pointed out, — conceding the theory for the sake of argument,— must either be paying this tax-money willingly into the United States Treasury, or paying it unwillingly. But if the first supposition is correct, we are then confessedly a pauper nation, and if the second is correct, we are a pirate nation. The laughter of the keen-witted American at this *reductio ad absurdum* had very much to do with the subsequent reluctance of politicians to revive the argument."

The Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican* does not approve Mr. Taft's explanation of his tariff policy entirely, but it thinks "the error was due to a failure to understand the extent and intensity of the popular feeling in certain sections of the country concerning the tariff schedules. It was a mistake which a much more experienced and acute judge of political conditions might have made. The result is that the President got an inadequate revision, which has caused immense discontent, and now is in danger of losing very much of that general program which he fancied his understanding with Aldrich and Cannon would make certain of achievement. . . . One cannot but be convinced that, in the midst of his troubles, the President is earnestly and ardently striving to meet his obligations, as he understands them, and is seeking patriotically to promote the best interests of the country."

"It becomes more than ever apparent," says the same paper, in commenting upon the explanation of the Pinchot episode, "that in his general policy Secretary Ballinger was in harmony with the President, and that, in the President's opinion, the Ballinger 'prosecution' has been engaged in an attack not so much upon the Secretary of the Interior as upon the Taft administration."

The Philadelphia *Record* thinks the President's reasons for signing the tariff bill are sound, but it expresses the belief that if he had "insisted on larger concessions to the pledges of the platform and the very evident demands of his own party he would have got more than he did."

The New York *World* sympathizes with Mr. Taft's efforts to preserve harmony in his party, but does not approve his methods.

"There is no great merit in wrecking one's party," says the *World*. "Had Mr. Cleveland shown a little more tact at the beginning of his second Administration he might have held the Democratic party together and saved the country from much political evil. Had Mr. McKinley shown no more tact after the Spanish-American war than Mr. Taft has displayed, the Republican party would have divided on the issue of imperialism and political chaos would have followed, with a Democratic party in no condition to assume the responsibilities of government."

"No honest observer of his course," says the Louisville (Kentucky) *Herald*, "since he entered the White House will doubt that he made a sincere effort to keep that promise [to carry out his predecessor's program] and to live up to that conception of the duty which confronted him. There may be divergent opinions as to how wisely he has proceeded or how fully he has given expression to the Roosevelt ideals, but that he has earnestly tried, up to the measure of his power and in the light of his understanding, is beyond fair dispute."

"Nothing could be plainer to an unprejudiced observer of the President's course from the day of his inauguration to the present time," says the *Christian Science Monitor*, "than that he has been earnest, persistent, and sincere in his efforts to hold the representatives of his party in Congress strictly to the pledges made in the Republican national platform of 1908."

MICHEL ANGELO'S "DAWN"

BY

MARGARET STEELE ANDERSON

DAWN — midnight — noonday — what are times to thee?
Man's Grief art thou — that moanest with the light
And starest dumb at evening, and at night
Dost wake and dream and slumber fitfully!
Thou art Distress — that cannot cry aloud,
That cannot weep, that cannot stoop to tear
One fold of all her garment, but with air
Supremely brooding waits the final shroud.

Dust, long ago, the princes of this place
Forgot the civic losses which in thee
Great Angelo lamented; but thy face
Proclaims the master's immortality.—
So sit thee, marble Grief! This very day
How burns the art when long the hand is clay!